BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1940

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 21, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1940

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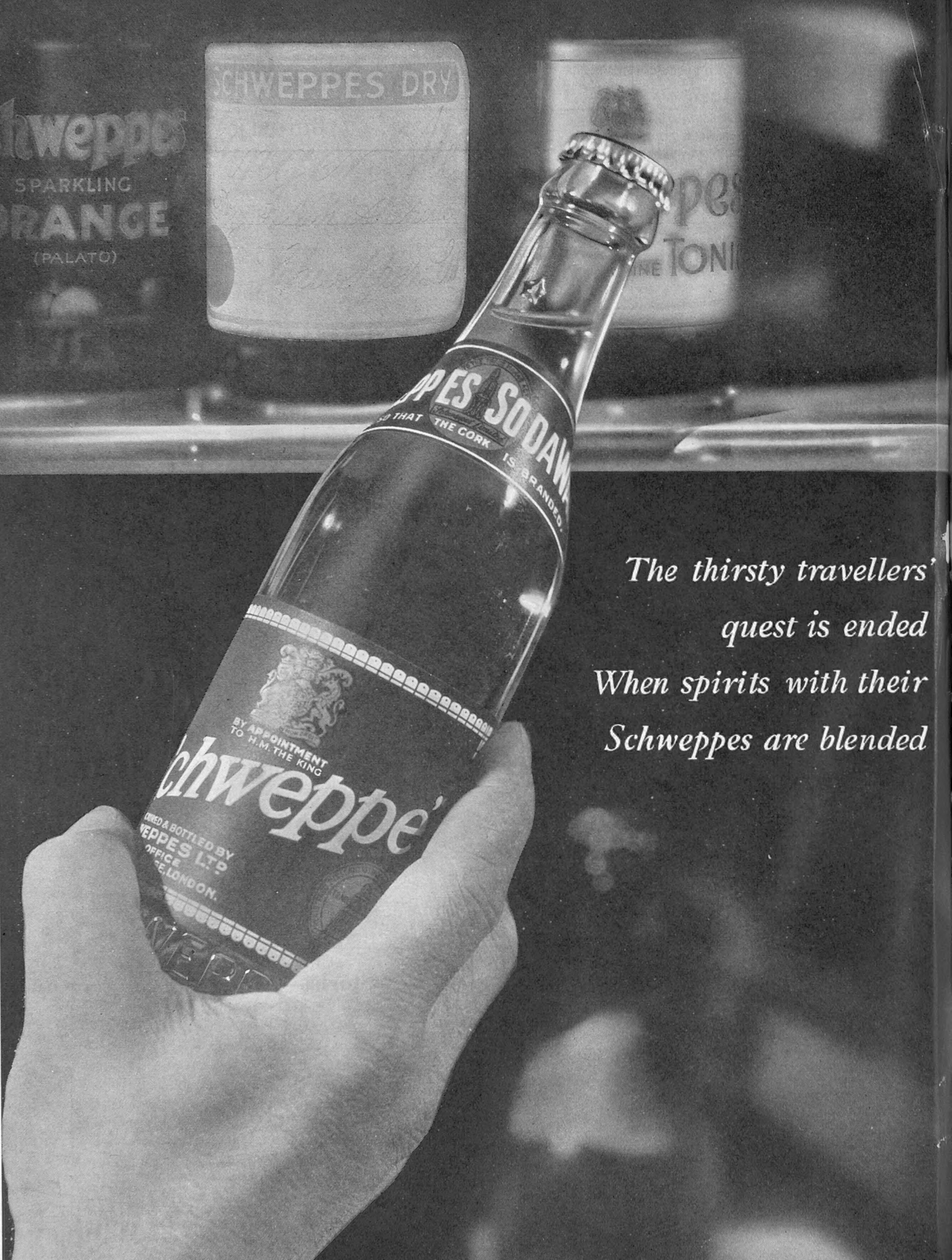


The thirsty travellers'
quest is ended
When spirits with their
Schweppes are blended

Decisive Battles of the World

Frederick wins Silesia and starts the Prussian Jackboot marching down the path of endless wars of conquest

Battle of Leuthen, December 5, 1757

AT Leuthen, Frederick established his new Prussian state as the most formidable military power in Europe, and set its foot on the path of growth by conquest. Incidentally, in this battle he demonstrated the principles of speed, surprise, hitting power, and flank attack, which have dominated German military thought and action down to the present day.

Prussia was the youngest of the European kingdoms at that time; its Hohenzollern ruling house had come up by way of Nuremberg and the mangravate of Brandenburg. The second king, who had soldiered under Marlborough and Eugene in the Netherlands, built himself an army. He used the methods of a wild beast trainer; but they suited that brutish material.

This hard and violent militarist handled his son, Frederick, in the same way. Soldiership must be "stamped into him," declared his father. Frederick had to rise at six, and live like a soldier on campaign. He was forced to study artillery, fortifications, all details of military science. He rebelled and resisted, and was beaten, abused, menaced with death. In the end, he was broken in; and when he succeeded his father, at the age of twenty-seven, he was iron-hard, crafty, cynical, implacable, enduring and adroit.

He found himself with an 84,000-strong army, a family claim to Silesia, and the enmity of the three greatest military powers, Austria, France and Russia. He decided to attack, and launched his first war in 1741, when he was twenty-eight, and his second three years later. He won both, and the prize—Silesia.

He learnt as he went along, and constantly improved his inherited fighting machine. He invented horse artillery; and, discovering that the Austrians lay on the reverse side of slopes, equipped himself with howitzers to hit them there. He drilled his men in rapid loading, until they could fire three shots to the enemy's one. He devised the famous oblique order, which improved his army's mobility and enabled it to take the enemy in flank—"an army of 100,000 men taken in flank may be beaten by 30,000 in a very short time," he remarked. He was an adept at the art of misleading the enemy by pretending to be stronger than he was.

He was forty-four, and a veteran general, when he saw France and Austria draw together, and feared for his war loot, Silesia. He immediately struck, invading Saxony with an army of 70,000. By the spring of next year, he found himself fighting Austria, France, Russia and Sweden, the allies having 350,000 soldiers against his 145,000. The Russians smashed one of his armies, an allied force entered Berlin, the French army marched into Saxony: Frederick seemed lost.

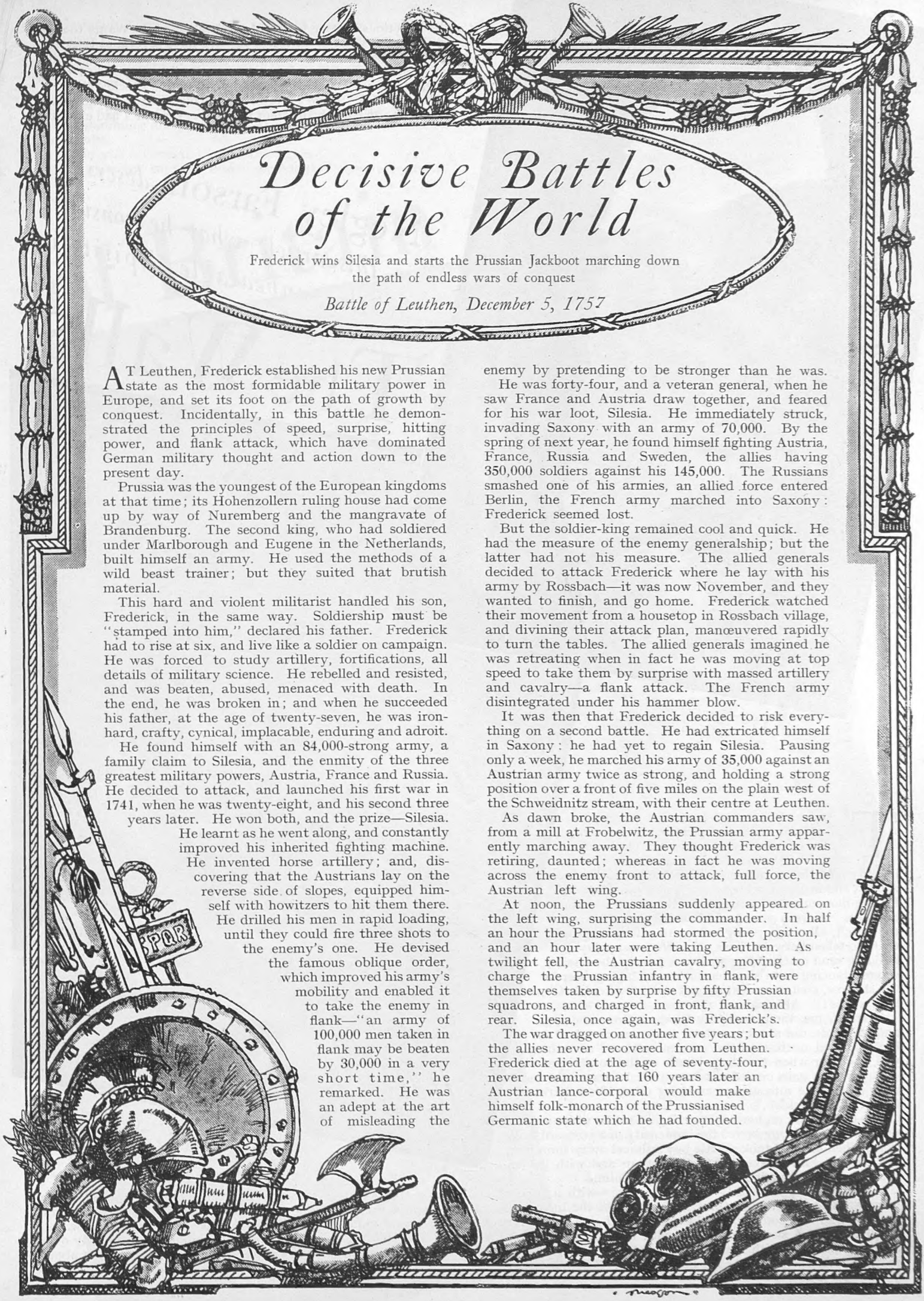
But the soldier-king remained cool and quick. He had the measure of the enemy generalship; but the latter had not his measure. The allied generals decided to attack Frederick where he lay with his army by Rossbach—it was now November, and they wanted to finish, and go home. Frederick watched their movement from a housetop in Rossbach village, and divining their attack plan, manœuvered rapidly to turn the tables. The allied generals imagined he was retreating when in fact he was moving at top speed to take them by surprise with massed artillery and cavalry—a flank attack. The French army disintegrated under his hammer blow.

It was then that Frederick decided to risk everything on a second battle. He had extricated himself in Saxony: he had yet to regain Silesia. Pausing only a week, he marched his army of 35,000 against an Austrian army twice as strong, and holding a strong position over a front of five miles on the plain west of the Schweidnitz stream, with their centre at Leuthen.

As dawn broke, the Austrian commanders saw, from a mill at Frobelwitz, the Prussian army apparently marching away. They thought Frederick was retiring, daunted; whereas in fact he was moving across the enemy front to attack, full force, the Austrian left wing.

At noon, the Prussians suddenly appeared on the left wing, surprising the commander. In half an hour the Prussians had stormed the position, and an hour later were taking Leuthen. As twilight fell, the Austrian cavalry, moving to charge the Prussian infantry in flank, were themselves taken by surprise by fifty Prussian squadrons, and charged in front, flank, and rear. Silesia, once again, was Frederick's.

The war dragged on another five years; but the allies never recovered from Leuthen. Frederick died at the age of seventy-four, never dreaming that 160 years later an Austrian lance-corporal would make himself folk-monarch of the Prussianised Germanic state which he had founded.



It's not infectious. Poor little tot, she's a savage. Wants to sleep *under* the bed instead of on top of it. We have several of these sick ones in a house near the beach, trying to teach them how to live. Makes you wonder what democracy is, doesn't it? Good thing, though—shock a lot of people who ought to be shocked."

I leaned back. I had come down here for a convalescence, but I was getting an entirely different tonic from the one I had expected to get. I had torn myself loose from the London intellectuals—and I was back among the people of England again. The two were quite different. The others seemed unreal now.

The Heinkel came over and, after circling undecidedly over our heads, went inland. I guessed she must have been at about 25,000 feet. Other people on the beach also suspected she was

Negley Farson describes in this article what he considers is the unbeatable Spirit in

The Walls

THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF ARTHUR'S CASTLE, TINTAGEL

NORTH CORNWALL COASTLINE

THE white gulls wheeled slowly around the red cliffs of the West Country. There were some fifty people on the beach. The adults were "locals" or people from nearby towns inland; for the vacationists had cancelled their August and September bookings. And these children, for the moment, had no parents—they were London evacuees. A fresh young girl had led them down to the beach, all clinging, for safety, to a long red tape that stretched between them. Now they were playing: building sand castles, digging moats to trap the hissing waves, dancing from sheer ecstasy, and falling over in the shallow, cool, intoxicating salt water. "Look! Oh, look at *me*!" Always look at *me*.

It struck me, then, that only these children, the dogs, and the birds, did not know there was a war on. And the birds seemed nearest to the awareness that "something was up"; for when the three planes of the coastal patrol shot past, the gulls circled out from their ledges on the red cliffs and broke into angry, creaking cries, like a harbour full of rusty tackle.

The girl lay flat on her back, gazing up at the white smoke of the clouds, drifting across the immensity of a postcard-blue sky. When one girl took a little boy's shovel away from him, and pushed him in the chest, she got up and with golden-hearted patience made her give it back to him.

"They're little horrors!" she said to me—with a tone of great affection for them in her voice. One of the little girls, the one who had conscripted the shovel, had sore eyes—very small eyes—and she was covered with red spots. She kept scratching herself with her dress. Constantly. "What's the matter with her?" I asked. She replied: "Blood disease.

a German. I don't know why; to a layman's ears the sound of a heavy bomber's motors are practically indistinguishable from three "Spitfires" or three "Hurricanes." That is, if one of her motors is noticeably "out of step." But we *knew* this was a Hun.

She came back, circled undecidedly again, directly over our heads. But nobody got up. They just looked up. Then from around the red cliffs of the point there came the bangs of huge slamming doors. The Heinkel had dropped its "stick" of bombs.

"She was a German!" said the girl.

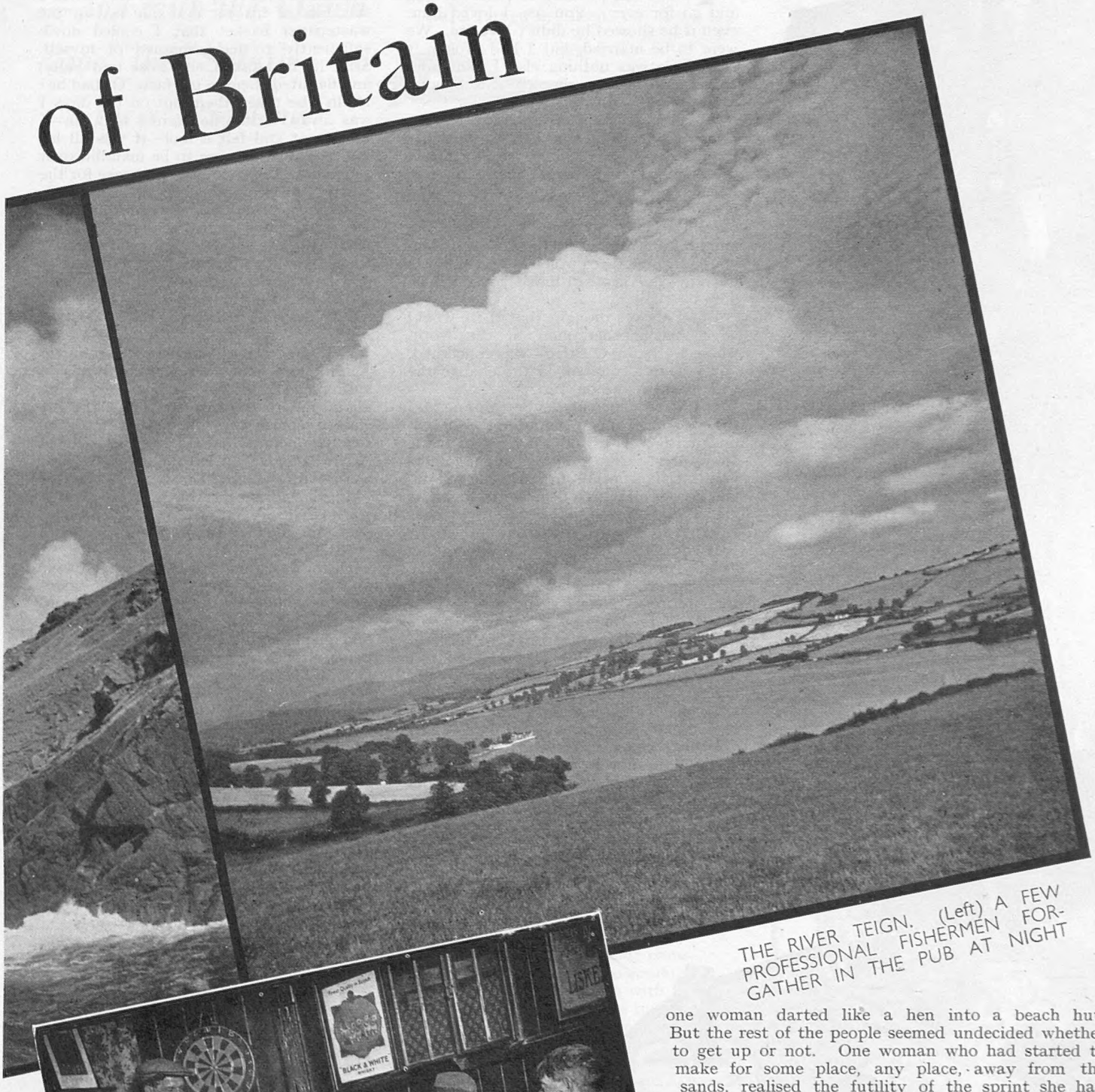
"Yes, miss," said the beach attendant; "they're trying to get that railway bridge at X. Dropped five bombs there yesterday. But *they* never hit anything."

The beach attendant had been in the *Warrior*, at Jutland.

The girl in charge of the children hastily stood up. She collected her charges, like a hen her chicks, and led them back against the side of the red cliffs. There are no air raid shelters in this locality—not yet. (There is also no funk.) And she did not tell them why she wanted them to stand there. But she was obviously a good enough hearted person for them to believe this wasn't a silly, or punitive, order. They obeyed.

When the Heinkel came back and circled over us again,

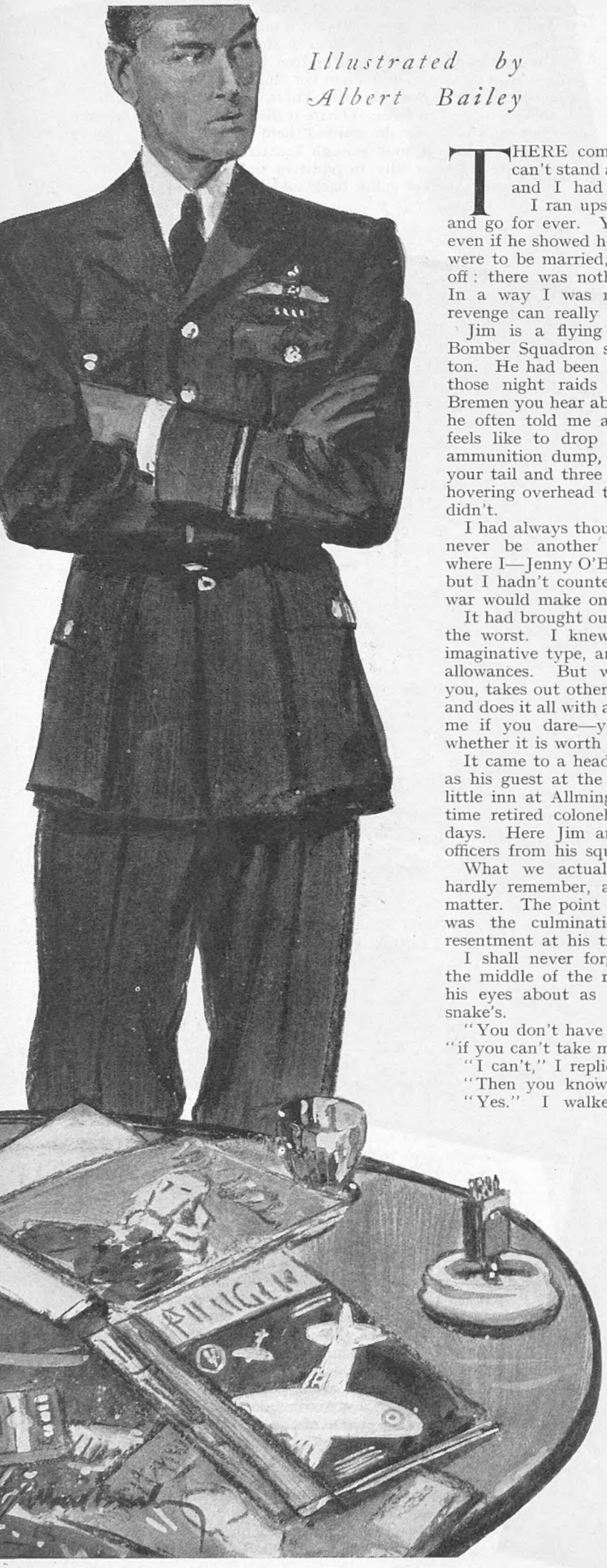
# of Britain



THE RIVER TEIGN. (Left) A FEW PROFESSIONAL FISHERMEN FORGATHER IN THE PUB AT NIGHT

one woman darted like a hen into a beach hut. But the rest of the people seemed undecided whether to get up or not. One woman who had started to make for some place, any place, away from the sands, realised the futility of the sprint she had started on, and walked slowly back to her green canvas chair. As she passed mine, she said: "One place is as good as any other, I suppose?" There we sat, watched the Heinkel turn, and pass straight overhead as she went out to sea—and safety? Not exactly, we learned later. We heard the high, waspy whine of the "Hurricanes" after her. And that night, on the nine o'clock news, "an aeroplane brought down off the south-west coast," made us think they had got this one.

Now this was panic! This beach scene. These were the people whom the London intellectuals were trying to give the jitters to —trying to inculcate (*Continued on page* 62)



Illustrated by Albert Bailey

Bomber

THERE comes a time when you can't stand any more from a man, and I had reached that point.

I ran upstairs to pack my bag and go for ever. You see, I loved him, even if he showed he didn't love me. We were to be married, but I had broken it off: there was nothing else I could do. In a way I was relieved, if achieving revenge can really give you relief.

Jim is a flying officer in the 34th Bomber Squadron stationed at Allmington. He had been going out on some of those night raids over Hamburg and Bremen you hear about on the radio, and he often told me about them: what it feels like to drop your "eggs" on an ammunition dump, to have a "110" on your tail and three other Messerschmitts hovering overhead to finish you off if he didn't.

I had always thought that there would never be another man in the world where I—Jenny O'Brien—was concerned, but I hadn't counted on the change the war would make on Jim.

It had brought out the best in him and the worst. I knew he was the nervy, imaginative type, and I'd tried to make allowances. But when a man forgets you, takes out other girls, is rude to you, and does it all with a defiant air—criticise me if you dare—you begin to wonder whether it is worth going on.

It came to a head while I was staying as his guest at the "Trout Fisher," the little inn at Allmington, where in peace time retired colonels spent fishing holidays. Here Jim and a number of the officers from his squadron were billeted.

What we actually clashed about I hardly remember, and it doesn't really matter. The point was that our quarrel was the culmination of my growing resentment at his truculence.

I shall never forget Jim standing in the middle of the room, his face white, his eyes about as friendly as a rattlesnake's.

"You don't have to like me," he said, "if you can't take me as I am——"

"I can't," I replied, exasperated.

"Then you know what you can do."

"Yes." I walked haughtily up to him and then with a gesture that was a bit theatrical I drew off my engagement ring. I held it out to him, but typical of Jim, he spoilt the effect by refusing to hold out his hand for it. I dropped the ring and it bounced off his boot on the carpet. Then I turned round and went out.

I was so het-up I walked up two flights of stairs and went into the bedroom of the floor above mine. When I was back in the right room I started to pack. I came across a bundle of Jim's letters and it eased my anger considerably to set them alight in the fireplace. His photograph stood on the table. I ripped it from the frame and tore it up. It was only when I saw bits of his ear and one eye in the wastepaper basket that I cooled down sufficiently to feel ashamed of myself. Still, he had taken out Rose and Sally, and flaunted them in my face. Or had he? Hadn't he taken them out on the days I was away? Still he hadn't told me—I found out and felt a fool—it was all his fault. I wasn't going to be maudlin over souvenirs. I opened my jewel case for the R.A.F. brooch mounted in diamonds which he had given me on my birthday. He could have that back—to give his precious Sally, or Rose, or whoever was to be the next girl friend. I'd take it down to him that moment. That would show him, if nothing else did, that I was finally through with him.

I WENT down to the bar expecting to find him, but though there was a sprinkling of R.A.F. officers lounging about the room, Jim was not there. I walked across the lounge and into the reading room, where officers of the local A.A. batteries, A.R.P. and H.G. men were sitting about. Not a sign of him.

In the corner of the writing room I spotted Hazel King, whose brother Harry was one of the air gunners in Jim's outfit.

Hazel was the green-eyed, imaginative, unstable, Irish type. Her enthusiasms were as sudden as they were violent and inexplicable. She was full of prejudices and deep-seated loyalties which she would defend tooth and nail, her bright eyes flashing. I liked her, for she got me with those green eyes of hers, her gaiety and impulsiveness. Also it was always fun to be with Hazel—you never knew what she would be up to next.

It was a subdued girl who lounged in a chair and stretched her long legs across the carpet.

"Where is everybody?" I asked, and I tried to sound non-committal.

Hazel looked at me in her penetrating way.

"Don't try and fool me. You want to know—where Jim is. And don't tell me the wind made your eyes red."

"Has he gone out?" I asked.

"Yes, darling. Out to Germany."

So he had gone, with all that bitterness still between us. Well, it served him right. Perhaps he had phoned Sally, or one of the others for sympathy. I didn't care anyway.

I sat beside Hazel, lit a cigarette and tried to look as unconcerned as she was.

"Where's your brother?"

"Right at this moment I calculate him 15,000 feet above Holland."

"Who else went?"

Hazel glanced round the lounge at the faces of the women. "You can check for yourself. There's Eileen Saunders knitting for dear life. Patsy is alone, so Ken must have gone. Kathleen, Helen, Ruth, alone too—so that ticks off Mac, Tommy and Ginger. The bridge fiends haven't got Sparks and Strachey, nor Jack Hoard, so they've pushed off too."

I glanced at the pale, tired face of a

Command

The Women Waited —and with the Dawn came the Solution to their Problems

By Cecilie Leslie

woman who was looking vacantly about the room. "There's the Cornwallis woman too."

"Oh her——" Hazel wasted sympathy on no one. "She's going bats, I think. It's the third night she's been sitting there in the same chair, giving us all the jitters. They told her Bob's missing, but she refuses to believe it. Says she *knows* he's coming back, dreamed it, or saw it in her tea leaves. I tried to cheer her up, but she wasn't listening most of the time. If they don't take her away, someone will put her in the loony bin."

If Jim did not return I wouldn't go off my rocker like the Cornwallis girl. I'd be sorry, terribly sorry—but no one could expect me to be exactly heartbroken after the way he had behaved.

Hazel rose.

"Let's go and eat. Eileen Saunders is dining with me—why do I encourage bores?"

Eileen Saunders was one of those women whose individuality exists by proxy; she was pointed out as "the wife of" the cheerful, adorable Alec Saunders, Jim's wing-commander, and as "the mother of" her two flaxen-headed boys. Eileen was indeed devoted wife and mother, darning socks and clucking after her three charges. For some strange reason she had taken a fancy to me, and signalled me out as her special confidante. Her confessions, however, were tame ones: flat stories about her sons' mischief, and Alec's untidiness.

AS the three of us sat down to dinner Hazel told Eileen: "I met Alec on his way out and he asked me to give you a letter."

Eileen gave an affectionate chuckle. "So like him—Alec forgets everything. I suppose he forgot to stamp it too."

"Stamps? Oh, I didn't look. I expect so. I've got it in my coat pocket. I'll let you have it later."

"That's all right, dear. He has missed the post tonight."

Hazel looked away and I watched her fingers beat nervously on the tablecloth. She was on edge, too, though she tried to conceal it.

"Did—did you actually see Jim go out," I asked her. She shook her head.

"I don't suppose he left a message—telephoned any one?"

"Good heavens—no. They hadn't time. I don't believe Alec had time to say good night to his kids—or to you, did he?"

Hazel turned to Eileen.

"No, dear, he didn't."

For a few moments we talked of other things. Suddenly Hazel put down her knife and fork and blurted out:

"Come on, for God's sake—let's talk about it. Do you think they'll get back—do you——?"

Her hands were trembling, and I thought she would break down. Eileen ignored the outburst.

"As I was saying, just as I took the snap Jimmy put out his tongue. He is such a little monkey." Hardly altering the monotonous tone of her voice she turned to Hazel. "Now don't worry. I'm sure your Harry will come back safely. I know just how you feel. I had a very dear brother who used to race at Brooklands and I——"

"It isn't only Harry," Hazel started, then checked herself, stumbling on, "it's —it's all of them. Harry, and Jim and Alec, and all of them."

With an effort Hazel pulled herself together and tried for the remainder of the meal to join in our small talk. But she wasn't very successful.

We strolled back to the lounge for coffee and I watched her light a cigarette, pull at it once or twice, and stub it out. She was churning up for another outburst and I felt at a loss to sidetrack her.

In an effort to turn the spotlight on herself Eileen started complaining about her health.

"I'm really feeling very ill. I've felt dizzy and faint all day. I'm going to leave you two very soon and go to bed."

I should have given Eileen the sympathy she invited, but I hardly listened to her—anyway she was always full of aches and pains. Hazel made no attempt to condole, and sat sipping her coffee with that far-away look in her eyes. She turned to me, and with typical unexpectedness said:

"I meant to tell you—I am engaged."

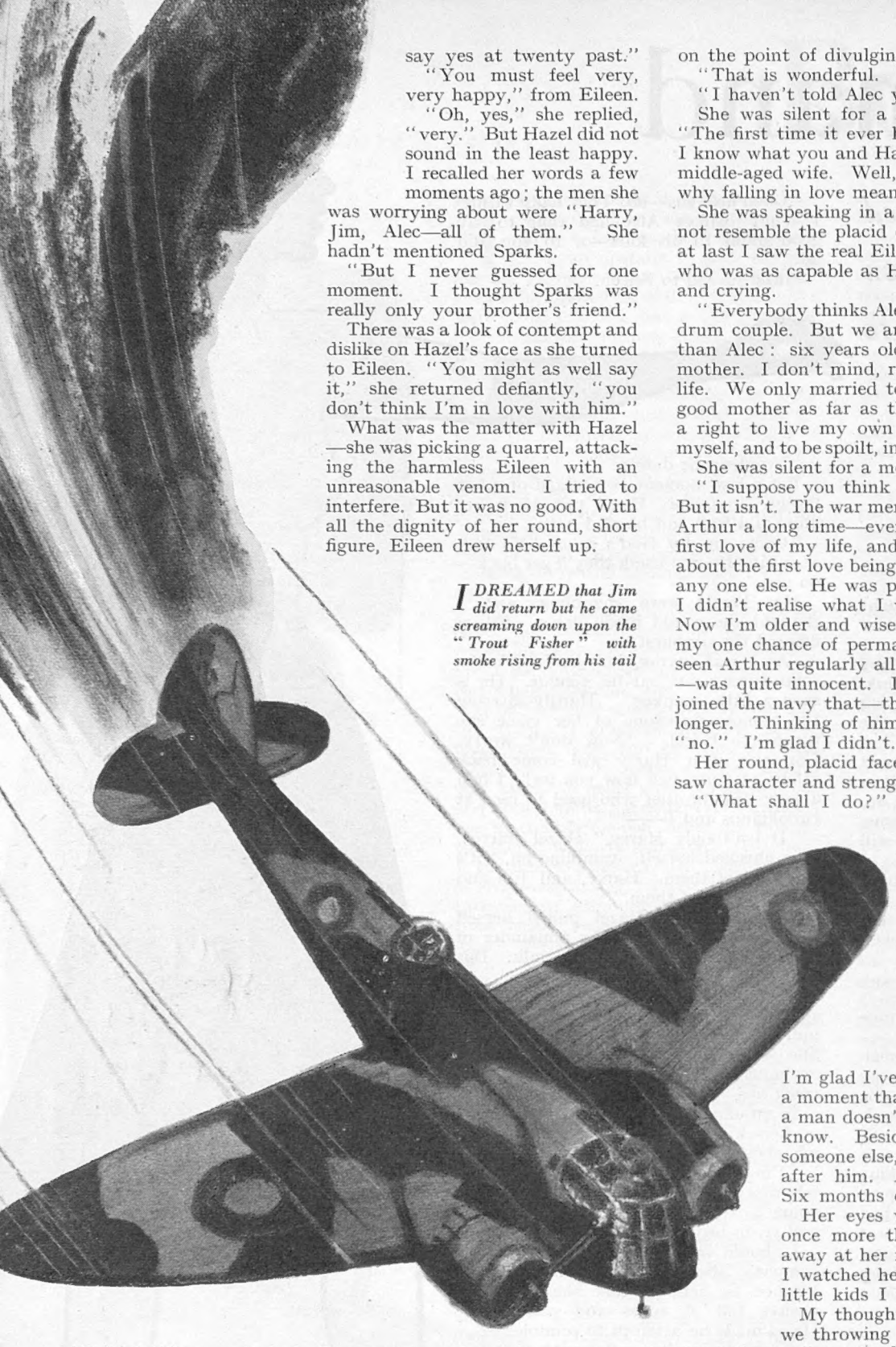
Eileen and I both looked at her in astonishment, and for a moment I thought —Jim. Hazel had always liked Jim. My heart contracted—not that I cared for Jim, I told myself.

"Oh, my dear, how lovely——" You could trust Eileen to say the conventional thing.

"When," I asked, "when exactly did you decide—and who is it?"

"You all know him — Sparks Strachey. Nice, fat Sparks." Hazel laughed and I felt relieved. "You want to know when, Jenny," she looked at her watch, "the time is eight-thirty. Well, I decided to

WITH a gesture that was a bit theatrical I drew off my engagement ring. I held it out to him, but typical of Jim, he spoilt the effect by refusing to hold out his hand for it



I DREAMED that Jim did return but he came screaming down upon the "Trout Fisher" with smoke rising from his tail

say yes at twenty past."

"You must feel very, very happy," from Eileen.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "very." But Hazel did not sound in the least happy. I recalled her words a few moments ago; the men she was worrying about were "Harry, Jim, Alec—all of them." She hadn't mentioned Sparks.

"But I never guessed for one moment. I thought Sparks was really only your brother's friend."

There was a look of contempt and dislike on Hazel's face as she turned to Eileen. "You might as well say it," she returned defiantly, "you don't think I'm in love with him."

What was the matter with Hazel—she was picking a quarrel, attacking the harmless Eileen with an unreasonable venom. I tried to interfere. But it was no good. With all the dignity of her round, short figure, Eileen drew herself up.

"I think I'll go up to bed. I haven't been feeling too good anyway." I liked her for the way she said that. There was no hostility in her voice.

As impulsively and as unreasonably as she had picked the quarrel, so Hazel now got to her feet and put her arms round Eileen. "Please, darling. I'm so sorry. I'm on edge. Please forgive me."

"But I really don't feel well," Eileen persisted. "I know you are worried. I am not in the least hurt." She said it as if she meant it.

I offered to go with her to her room and Eileen seemed glad that I did. We neither of us mentioned Hazel, and it was only when Eileen was sitting on the edge of her bed that I realised she was quite genuine about her ill health. She looked very white, and leant against the pillows.

"There's some brandy in a flask on the mantelpiece. Let me have it," she said. After a few moments she walked over to the window and stood leaning against the sill.

"I am going to tell you something, Jenny, because I know I can trust you. I am going to have a baby."

So here at last was the secret I had felt Eileen had been on the point of divulging so many times. I was interested.

"That is wonderful. You and Alec must be very happy."

"I haven't told Alec yet."

She was silent for a moment, and then it all came out. "The first time it ever happened to me—I fell in love. Oh, I know what you and Hazel think of me—that I'm just a dull middle-aged wife. Well, that's true enough—and that's just why falling in love means so much to me."

She was speaking in a small, tight voice, a voice which did not resemble the placid drone of her usual disclosures. Here at last I saw the real Eileen: a shy, determined little person, who was as capable as Hazel or myself for loving and hating and crying.

"Everybody thinks Alec and I are the happily married humdrum couple. But we aren't a bit. You see I'm much older than Alec: six years older, and, well—he treats me like his mother. I don't mind, really, I haven't ever entered into his life. We only married to have the children, and I've been a good mother as far as that's concerned. Now I feel I have a right to live my own life, to love someone, to be petted myself, and to be spoilt, instead of mothering people all my life."

She was silent for a moment.

"I suppose you think this is just wartime hysteria, Jenny. But it isn't. The war merely brought it to a head. I've known Arthur a long time—ever since I was seventeen. He was the first love of my life, and it's true, you know, what they say about the first love being the sweetest. I've never really loved any one else. He was poor, and I was so young and stupid I didn't realise what I was doing. I married Alec instead. Now I'm older and wiser and I see so clearly I threw away my one chance of permanent happiness—poor or rich. I've seen Arthur regularly all these years—but our friendship was—was quite innocent. It was only when war came, and he joined the navy that—that I couldn't bear to cheat him any longer. Thinking of him dead, drowned, I—I—couldn't say "no." I'm glad I didn't. But now, now this—has happened."

Her round, placid face was lined, yet for the first time I saw character and strength in her commonplace features.

"What shall I do?" she asked me desperately.

There was only one thing she could do, and she knew it. I suppose she really wanted me to confirm it, give her the final shove that would send the peaceful security of her married life cascading over the precipice.

"You must tell Alec," I said.

"I meant to, this morning, but couldn't face him."

"When he comes back, you can tell him."

"Yes, yes. I'll tell him tomorrow. I'm glad I've talked to you, Jenny. I thought for a moment that it was best not to tell him. What a man doesn't know can't hurt him. But he must know. Besides I feel my loyalty now belongs to someone else, and I will be able to go to him, look after him. Alec and I can share the children. Six months each. It would work."

Her eyes were now dry and she had become once more the domesticated little hen, clucking away at her future plans; my sympathy ebbed as I watched her regain her normal smugness. Poor little kids I though: six months each!

My thoughts turned to Jim and myself. Were we throwing away our chances of happiness? Did the Sallys really matter? What if he did date them (when I was away, my conscience prompted), would Jim or I really find any other person whom we loved as much? A small feeling of shame crept into my mind. We had so much on our side. Unlike Eileen or Alec who married merely to found a family, we, who wanted that too, were in love also. Maybe if Jim apologised, I temporised, I might make it up. But then Jim never apologised, so it was hopeless. I wasn't going to eat humble pie.

I was too busy undressing Eileen and helping her to bed to think about myself. I said good night, and rejoined Hazel.

"I am a pig," she started impulsively, "I should be kicked. But—there's something about Eileen that brings a devil out of me. But she's a good woman, you know."

I nodded.

"I should love her. It's because I know she's a good woman—and I'm not—that I behave badly. I can't get the better of that smugness of hers, and that gentleness. Even now I don't really feel penitent. You should, you know," Hazel looked at me defiantly, and I knew something was coming. "You should feel as guilty as hell when you happen to be in

love with her husband." She flicked the ash off her cigarette, held my eyes with a challenging—go-on-criticise-me—look.

I didn't say a word.

Hazel ground out her cigarette, strolled to the bar and ordered herself a drink. I watched her slim legs and the arrogant carriage of her head. She was superbly beautiful, and I had already half-guessed that her announcement about the bulky Sparks could not be true. While Hazel and the lean, gay, adorable Alec—well, I understood that.

Hazel returned, plumped herself down with two glasses.

" That 's yours. I 'm not going to break down and weep," she told me, " so don't you start moralising, Jenny. And don't ask me silly questions, either, about Fatty Sparks."

Hazel's full red lips were trembling, and she had smudged the lipstick in one corner.

" It doesn't matter if I do tell you about Alec. I 'm going to marry Porker Sparks. See ? You can cheer if you like. Virtue triumphing over Evil. Ver-ry bea-u-ti-ful."

Hazel wanted my help, and yet I knew she would snub me if I gave it to her. I sat silent, watching her, letting her work it out on me, if she wanted to.

" I knew Alec was for me," she said, " the first time I saw him tumbling into this bar. And he says it was the same with him. It happens like that, or not at all. I 've got it so I 'd do anything for him. Yes, Jenny, I love that goddam man so much I 'll even give him up."

She gulped her drink, avoiding my eyes, worrying her cigarette.

" Alec said he 'd marry me, too—when he was free. You see, he has discovered something about Madame—he won't tell me what it is—he 's the loyal English type. But whatever it is, it must be very serious, or he would never decide to break up his home. We were going to make the break to-morrow. He had forty-eight hours' leave and we were going away together."

She stopped abruptly and I was left searching for something to say. At last I asked : " Why aren't you going off with him ? "

" Pure sentiment," she replied angrily. " Pure, silly, sentimental bathos. I happen to see him rolling about the lawns with his two kids, and—well, there you are. I just couldn't."

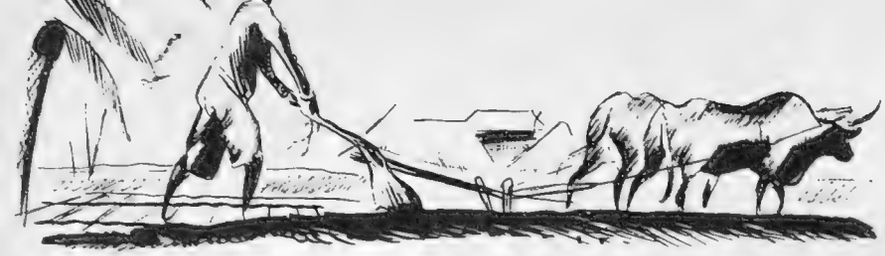
At first I wanted to tell her—you go ahead : if Eileen has so little feeling for her family, why should an outsider have more consideration ; but I said nothing. If Eileen behaved badly, there was no reason why Hazel should too. I loved Hazel for what she had just told me.

" Couldn't do it," Hazel repeated, her head flung back against the sofa cushions, her eyes closed. " So I 'm not going to give Eileen the letter he forgot to post. I 'm going to tear it up, and I 'm going away. Only one thing——"

I had the impression Hazel was no longer talking to me, but to herself. She was arguing with her conscience and she spoke aloud so that I should be witness, and so keep her to her decision.

" Only one thing—I must see him before I go. Just once. To say good-bye." (*Continued on p. 52*)

At last we saw them, like a flight of geese, far out to the west, and we counted them as they came nearer and nearer



Fruits of

"AN army," remarked Napoleon, "marches on its stomach." It was the Corsican conquistador's way of explaining that a war-machine is necessarily leashed to its food-supply. Now war is totalitarian, an armed struggle between whole peoples; and one must extend the Napoleonic maxim accordingly. The new one is that the power of a people to wage war depends ultimately on its power to maintain its communication lines to its digestive system, and to cut the enemy's.

Food, in short, even more than 'planes, bombs and bullets, is the high-light of this giant war. The topic is going to be with us for a long time: for food is a world business. Some countries have great surpluses that they cannot move, while others crouch under the shadow of a famine which they believed had been for ever banished; and, one way and another, strange things are happening to food, and the habits of generations and centuries are being changed.

Food means Brillat-Savarin and the Ritz to some people, money and markets to others, a political headache to most governments; but to the average person it means a few stable items, bread and meat, vegetables, milk, potatoes, sugar, cheese, tea, and beer.

The average citizen seldom stops to think where his food comes from. When he is asked—as he was lately in Britain—to use one less spoonful of tea in every pot, and is told that if he does this he will save 50,000 tons of tea a year, he is astounded. The complex processes of our enormous industrial civilisation have concealed food facts from him. He has been spoon-fed in big cities.

Now his eyes and mind are being opened. Rationing, the drive for more home food production, Government advertisements on food economy and preparation and preservation, anti-food-waste laws with Draconian penalties attached, and such queer news as fortification of a new straight-run-flour white bread and calcium and Vitamin B1, progressively demolish the mental barriers of indifference and unawaredness. As for the nutrition experts, those neglected specialists, they are having the time of their lives; while the scientists, who have long ignored food as a subject of study, bombard one another with rival theories concerning calories, protein, and vitamins.

BEFORE viewing larger aspects, consider the food picture within the relatively small compass of this embattled island. A century ago we managed to sustain our population of 17,000,000 on home-produced food. It was the golden age of agriculture. Now we have a population of 48,000,000, and we normally need 50,000 tons of food dumped daily on our docks from the outside world.

We Britons eat 1,400,000 tons of beef a year, and the cattlemen have to raise more than 6,250,000 bullocks to provide that quantity of red meat. The home farmers manage to provide a fair proportion: we maintain a herd of 8,500,000 cattle (cows, bulls, heifers) on our 21,000,000 acres of grass and rough grazing lands, along with 25,000,000 sheep, 900,000 horses, 5,000,000 pigs, and 60,000,000 chickens.

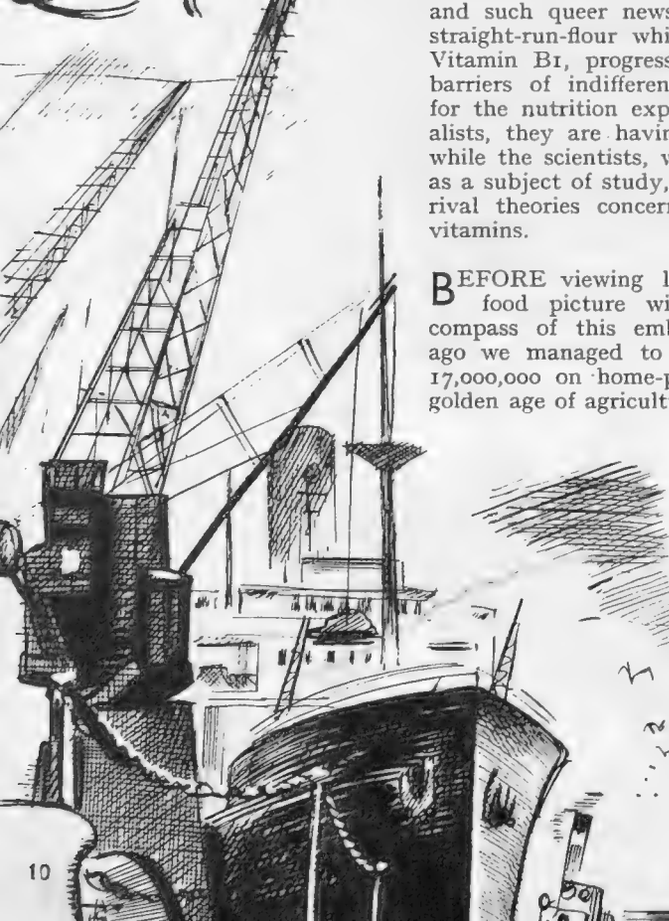
The home farmers manage to provide nearly half of the 23,000,000 sheep we need annually to feed us with the 515,000 tons of mutton and lamb we stoke into our stomachs. They leave us short of our pork needs, though, by 50,000 tons a year, and of our bacon and ham needs by 375,000 tons a year. The Danish farmers up to the Nazi occupation made good this, and a large part of our egg and poultry deficit, shipping in some £30,000,000's worth of food every twelve months, and taking out 60,000 tons of pig-iron, 1,400,000 tons of coke, 3,800,000 tons of coal, 15,000 tons of tin-plate, 7100 tons of textiles, and 16,000 tons of drawn and rolled tubes: a neat exchange of agricultural for industrial products which is off for the duration of this war. We would need 26,000,000 pigs to meet our full annual consumption of pork, ham, bacon, lard and sausages, and 80,000,000 chickens to lay the 4,000,000,000 eggs to eat.

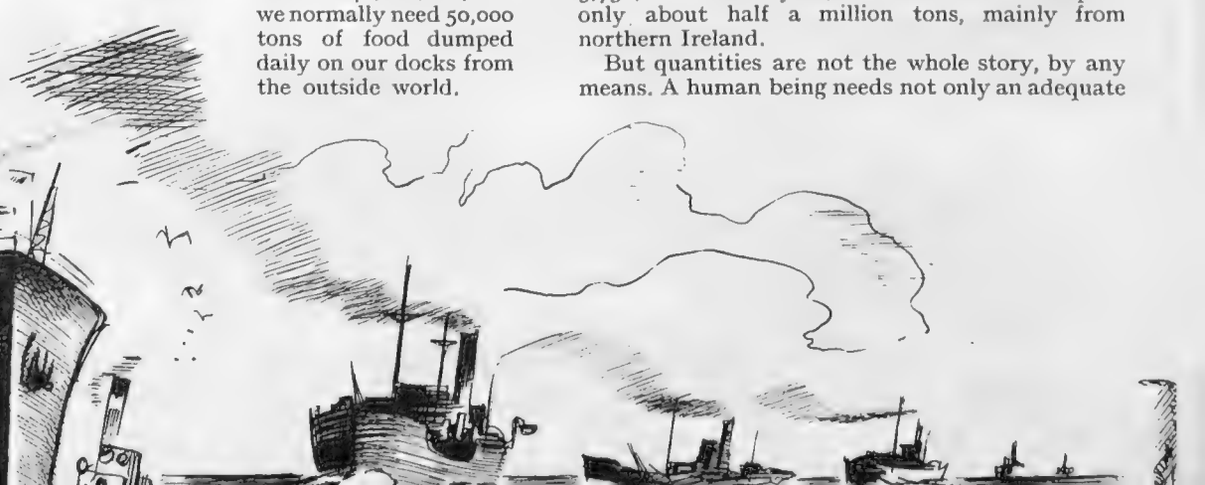
But our cattle yield half of the million tons of butter we eat in a year, a fourth of the 185,000 tons of cheese, and all the 1,400,000,000 gallons of milk we consume. We are also, fortunately, rich in rabbits, the chicken-dish of the poor. More than two-thirds of the 47,000,000 rabbits we annually consume are home-bred.

EVERY year we eat some two million tons of fruit and nuts, half home-grown, half tropical produce, fresh, dried, preserved. But wheaten bread is our main diet item, and we grow only a fifth of the 6,500,000 tons of wheat we need every year—and that only with the aid of a heavy subsidy to bridge the gap between the domestic and the world wheat price. Seed and poultry feed absorb some 600,000 tons of this wheat.

Averaged out, a Briton feeds into his stomach every year 207 lb. of flour (it takes 1½ lb. of wheat to make a pound of flour), 144 lb. of meat, and 100 lb. of fruit. What his annual intake of vegetables is one can only guess, for much of this is garden grown, and our statistics relate only to stuff passing through the markets and officially recorded. But the potatoes he buys are recorded: they approximate 3,750,000 tons a year, and we have to ship in only about half a million tons, mainly from northern Ireland.

But quantities are not the whole story, by any means. A human being needs not only an adequate





the Earth

The Efficient Fuelling of the Human Machine is the Most Urgent of all Contemporary Scientific Problems, and the Most Neglected by Scientists

By

C. PATRICK THOMPSON

amount of food; he needs to be rightly fed. The scientists have a whole range of ideas on this, ranging from cooking methods to calories and protein content of a diet.

A famous scientist declared not long ago that what the English housewife of the poorer classes needs most to be taught is the art of simple but good cooking. Now the war is on, the Food Ministry is spreading knowledge by lectures arranged by Sir William Bragg, President of the Royal Society. This distinguished scientist has suggested that the British people, crowded as they are on a small island, could still move towards self-sufficiency in food if they changed their existing habits for better ones in the realm of diet. This view is probably not too welcome to great shipping interests and huge food enterprises which find their most lucrative foreign market in Britain.

But what is the best food for man? What is the ideal diet? Nobody knows, although there are many views, and even more guesses. It is one of the odd facts about food—and about our lop-sided civilisation—that science has yet to conduct a body of experiments to discover how a given diet influences a human being.

We know that mental and physiological activities are affected by the chemical compounds which food contains; but how, and in what way, we have not fully learned. We know that a manual worker needs food rich in protein, such as steaks and chops, cheese, beans, fish, while those leading sedentary lives need little protein and can nourish themselves on such things as egg yolks, salads, fruit, and braised or roasted vegetables. But we do not know what food, or combinations of food, will increase mental and nervous strength. The bees produce a special food which they feed to a common lava, and, lo! the lava grows into a queen. But if you put all the scientists on earth into a hive, they could not produce a food which would cause an ordinary child to grow into a great man.

Neither Hitler nor Bernard Shaw is explained by a vegetarian diet. Hitler used to drink beer, but gave it up because he got the idea that beer mixed with food in the stomach must set up a ferment, which could not be good. This theory, however, is not borne out either by the British or the Prussian experience. Both tribes are notorious beer drinkers; and both are very tough, and tend to longevity. As for vegetarianism, Hitler is suspected of having adopted it as part of his myth of the folk-monarch, inviting personal worship; but he has himself told intimates that he tried it out during his campaign against Hindenburg for the Presidency of the Reich, and found it so added to his endurance powers that he stuck to it. It is a curious fact that these two leading vegetarians, Hitler and Shaw, are aggressive, pugnacious, and combative beyond the average.

The eating habits of exceptional men really shed no light on the diet mystery. Winston Churchill is a great eater, drinker and smoker, who likes an occasional Germanic dish, chopped raw beefsteak and minced raw onion. His work power, for a man in the middle sixties, is enormous. Lloyd George has no food fads, smokes many strong cigars, and is exceptionally vigorous for a man nearing eighty. Rockefeller, who lived to ninety-six, ate frugally, but normally: the story that he lived on milk and biscuits was not true. Socrates and Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar and Leonardo da Vinci had no special diet, nor any remark to make on their personal food preferences: they all, presumably, had strong digestions, and liked good food.

I have supped with a millionaire who had innumerable food fads. In the course of a discussion I mentioned the late Sir Harry Preston, a great gourmet, expressing a desire—when recovering from a major operation, which had vitiated his normal, robust appetite—for tripe.

(*Continued on p. 68*)

The officer then addressed Mr. Mullins in English, though heavily-accented English

THE S.Y. *Columbia* was a lovely vessel with a clipper bow and a lot of gingerbread work, and all her brass glittered so that it reflected the Eastern Mediterranean sun like a series of constellations. Indeed, why should the S.Y. *Columbia* not be in perfect trim ? She belonged to the great tintack millionaire, who could afford not only gingerbread work and brass and polish, but the men to keep the whole outfit clean and sweet.

She steamed slowly up one of those great rocky inlets which local fishermen know so well and cruise captains also know, but which otherwise, fortunately for themselves, have so far been fairly unimportant in the history of map-making.

Columbia's master dropped the pick in a deep, almost land-locked harbour, where the jade-green water seemed to go down for ever and the granite cliffs rose up sheer on either side. Just ahead, as *Columbia* swung to her anchor, was the little town. She could, of course, have lain alongside the jetty, but her owner, Mr. James B. Mullins, whose tintack fame reverberated all over the globe, disliked tying up to a wharf. He was afraid of rats, even though the mooring-ropes were fitted with cones, and, like many millionaires, he hated the sound of a footfall. He preferred to lie out in a roadstead and use his pinnace.

On a beautiful morning in mid-October, when New York, usually so lovely in that month, was swept by early gales, and London was a drizzling mud-heap, Mr. Mullins and his doctor, Cyrus Jackson, without whom he never ventured anywhere, put off in the pinnace and landed in the harbour of Gavsnakia. Mr. Mullins was not disagreeably surprised—in fact, he was not surprised at all—to see that the advent of his lovely yacht, white and gold and glittering, the Stars and Stripes flying in the clear sunny air, was an exciting

Honours Easy

Vanity Sometimes Makes a Fool of even the Cleverest Person

By

F. Tennyson Jesse

event for the inhabitants of the tiny capital of this tiny kingdom. Mr. Mullins was accustomed to excitement whenever he set foot on shore. He thrust his way along the quay, hands in the pockets of his dark blue coat, his black and white co-respondent shoes picking their way delicately over mooring ropes, and lumps of dirt which had no business on a quay, towards the town, and Cyrus Jackson went beside him. Behind followed the steward and the second steward carrying large baskets. *Pratique* had, of course, been granted at once. Every one knew who Mr. Mullins was. And it was, he liked to think, a touching and simple trait in his character that he himself superintended the buying of provisions in whatever local market he found himself.

On this day he poked despondent octopi with the end of his walking stick, and singled out large crayfish who stared at him malevolently with their eyes bolting from their heads and their elbows all thrust upwards as they moved uneasily back and forth on the slabs of the fish market. Mr. Mullins never ate octopi, and he did not know a crayfish from a lobster, but he went on the sound principle that the biggest was always the best, and pointed his stick accordingly.

The ritual of the fish market being finished, the steward and the assistant steward, who knew not only their crayfish but their onions, fell back and devoted themselves to the serious business of the day, such as buying the meat, bread and greens, and Mr. Mullins and Doctor Cyrus Jackson were free to wander about the old town. Gavsnakia is a very grave and reverend town with streets that look as though they had been hewn out of the cliffs, so sober, so granite faced and so solid are the houses. Only when, with the assurance that millions of dollars gave him, did Mr. Mullins walk through wrought iron gateways and into a courtyard or so, did he see quite how lovely all these houses were: fountains played, orange trees carried their golden globes proudly, beautiful archways with coats of arms hundreds of years old carved over them led into doorways on either side. It is true that the owners of these houses were apt to come forth with some slight degree of surprise, even of indignation, but Mr. Mullins just said: "Aw, forget it," and walked on.

At last he and Doctor Jackson, having walked with rather red faces out of one of these courtyards where a very tall gentleman bowed, and speaking to them in perfect English, explained that the house was private property, and that he was accustomed to inviting those people whom he wished to see, found themselves once again in the street, this time a broad street paved with blocks of stone as solid as the houses. In front of them was a pair of wrought iron gates finer than any they had yet seen. Perhaps Mr. Mullins wished to show Doctor Jackson that the gentleman of Gavsnakia whom they had just met had not succeeded in intimidating him, or perhaps he was moved merely by the pure curiosity of the tourist, but he rattled on these gates and tried to open them.

Things began to happen then, rather fast. Little soldiers in uniform jumped out, all talking the odd and quite unnecessary and fantastic language which the people of those parts seemed to get along with quite well. The soldiers closed round Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson in an unpleasant manner, and while Mr. Mullins, his round red face more suffused with blood than usual, waved his stick in an effort to clear the path in front of him, he found his stick taken away from him, and a fellow who was evidently an officer (he had more gold lace on his dingy uniform than the others, and his moustaches were longer), spoke to him in French and German, neither of which languages did Mr. Mullins understand. The officer then addressed him in English, though heavily accented English, just the sort that Wops like these, thought Mr. Mullins scornfully, would talk if they talked any Christian language at all.

Doctor Jackson touched Mr. Mullins on the elbow. He said rather dryly: "Think you'd better listen. You have tried to gate crash the palace."

"What palace?" demanded Mr. Mullins indignantly.

"The king's palace," said Doctor Jackson.

"The king? Do you mean to say they've got a king in this one-horse place?"

"Quite a good king, so I've gathered. Quite an old fellow, too. Anyway, they don't like us walking in."

Mr. Mullins turned to the officer.

"Say," he said, "we don't mean any harm. I'm Mullins. *The* Mullins. The millionaire. That's my yacht lying out there. I'm an American citizen, and this is my doctor, Doctor Jackson."

The officer, who had just been going to break into angry speech, stopped short: "Did you say Doctorr?"

"I should say I did," said Mr. Mullins. "He's the best doctor in the whole of New York City. I never go anywhere without him."

The officer's manner changed. He gave a sharp order to the soldiers who fell back, and taking Mr. Mullins's gold-headed cane from the soldier who had snatched it from him, he restored it to its owner with a deep bow.

"Will you please come in here?" he said. "And the so-great Doctorr?"

Doctor Jackson again nudged Mr. Mullins's elbow, and the two followed the officer into a guard room, a plain white-washed room with a desk and a few chairs.

"You say," said the officer speaking slowly, "you are an American. You are rich, yes? and this is your doctorr. He is a good doctorr?"

"I'm telling you," said Mr. Mullins, his face beginning to go purple again, "that I'm *the* Mullins, and that that's my yacht and that this is the best doctor in New York City, that's why I've got him."

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

THE S.Y. "Columbia" anchored in the deep land-locked harbour where the jade-green water seemed to go down for ever

The officer brushed Mr. Mullins aside as though he were extraordinarily unimportant and turned to Cyrus Jackson.

"Doctorr," he said, "will you come with me and see the king? We are in great trouble. The king is very ill; but very ill. I think he dies. We have the best doctorrs. They come down from the hills, they have come from the next port, they have tried everything. They have cupped him, they have got blisters, they have taken the blood, they have done everything. But he gets worse."

The magic words "the king" fell gratefully upon Mr. Mullins's ears. He could forgive the fact that he had been metaphorically brushed aside.

Cyrus blenched a little as he heard of the remedies which had already been applied, but he came promptly to the rescue.

"I'll be glad to see any one, sir," he said. "Anything I can do to help. It don't matter to me whether he's a king or whether he's a stevedore, but if you're in trouble I'll do all I can."

The officer bowed: "Please wait here," he said to Mr. Mullins, with a wave of his hand indicating the one wooden armchair, "and you, sir," to Cyrus Jackson, "will you please come with me?"

"Hey," called Mr. Mullins indignantly, who thought that a sick king was better than none at all, "hey, what about me?"

But no one paid any attention and Cyrus Jackson followed the officer across the sunlit courtyard past the orange trees and the singing birds that hung in cages from their branches, past the blown glitter of the fountains and in at the great doorway where the guards fell apart at the officer's word of command.

"WELL, that was a near thing," said Cyrus Jackson that night at dinner on board the yacht. "It may still be a near thing, but thank God I've got all their old wise men out of the place. Believe me or believe me not, they were applying leeches when I went in and the old man with hardly a drop of blood left in his body!"

"It was lucky," observed Mr. Mullins sourly, "that I was able to take a carriage and drive down to the quay and send you your bag with everything you wanted. You wouldn't have been able to do anything without all your stuff."

"Eh? No, that's right," said Jackson. "Well, excuse me, Mr. Mullins, I'd better be getting back. It's going to be a tricky business and I'll stay up at the palace."

And so meek was Mr. Mullins at the sound of the magic words "the palace," that he did not ask how he was going to live through the night, in case he felt a bit fluttery, without the best doctor in New York to attend him.

And after all, it was worth it. It was all a huge success. There was not the smallest doubt about it that however jealous the local medical fraternity might be, Cyrus Jackson had saved the king's life. Of course it was all very good publicity, and the cables all over the world were kept busy, and Mr. Mullins, that staunch Republican, was applauded as the saviour of monarchy, and even Cyrus Jackson's name somehow crept through into print.

And the S.Y. *Columbia* lay in those deep jade waters, rather dwarfed by the magnificent cliffs, for a whole fortnight while that tough old brigand the king slowly regained his strength and was able to curse once again at the relations gathered round his bedside.

Eventually the tintack world cabled frantically to Mr. Mullins saying that it needed him, and as the king was by then recovered and Mr. Mullins was far too shrewd a business man to risk an anti-climax, the *Columbia* prepared to sail, but not before both he and Doctor Jackson had dined with the king at the palace.

It was a curious dinner, full of garlic and bits of india-rubber which Mr. Mullins quite rightly suspected of being bits of octopus, and it was washed down with heavy, heady wine, very different from the Scotch which was Mr. Mullins's usual drink. But not every one has dined intimately with a king, even seated on his left hand, for Doctor Jackson had the seat of honour. And Mr. Mullins knew that a good thing had come his way.

The king, looking like a patriarch from centuries earlier, his white moustaches trailing against a face that once again showed a warm brown hue, saw them off himself in the hall of the palace. It was not, let us be frank, much of a palace. It would have been considered a small house on Fifth Avenue, and a decent-sized house in Brooklyn. The dining-room was on one side of the front door and the drawing room on the other. One had red plush curtains trimmed with ball fringe, and the other green plush curtains trimmed with ball fringe, and the table cloths were to match. The armchairs were very shiny with veneer and very upright and there were a lot of red and green plush footstools over which the uninitiated were apt to trip. There was a room at the back entirely devoted to the king's uniforms which hung in glass cases. He was a colonel of nearly every regiment in Europe, including those of Great Britain. Down the centre of the room were glass show cases filled with all his medals. It would have needed two elephants to carry them if they had been fastened with tintacks to the elephants' hides all over their bodies. The walls were hung with masses of photographs depicting every royalty in Europe, for this was before what has up till now been called the Great War, though, of course, it may prove only to be the greatest war but one. All these photographs were signed: "Yours devotedly, Wilhelmina," or "Ever yours, Nicky," or "Yours sincerely, Edward," or "Best wishes from Alexandra," or "Bevotamente, Umberto," or . . . but why continue? The whole of Europe in those days was one large and beautifully well-mannered tea party of royal relations. All the photographs were of kings, queens, or reigning princes and all the men were seen either in uniform, or in Norfolk jackets, knicker-

THE king, with deft fingers, took Cartier's order from the doctor's breast, and pinned the new order in its place

bockers and gaiters, with spaniels lying at their feet, and all the ladies were in court dress or—more roguishly—sitting on the body of a dead stag wearing, over a tight fringe of curls, a little homburg hat with a feather in it. Everything was very cosy and very pleasant and very intimate, though the old brigand King of Gavsnakia had been admitted into this close corporation not through ties of blood, but through ties of marriage, and because of his own courage and dauntlessness, and the manner in which he, a brigand chief from the mountains, had made himself a kingdom out of some two thousand square miles of that rocky land.

As Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson finished expressing their admiration of the uniforms, the medals and the signed photographs, the king beckoned to a functionary whom the two visitors had decided to call "the Chamberlain" (in which, incidentally, they were perfectly correct).

"I wish," said the king, speaking through the officer who had interpreted on the first day, "to make a little gift, a token of my gratitude."

The chamberlain, bowing low, held forward a box which the king opened. He took from it a decoration and advancing towards Doctor Jackson, he pinned it on his tuxedo.

"It is," he said with emotion, "the Order of Hygiene of my kingdom. It carries with it the rank of Baron."

Cyrus Jackson bowed and thanked him, and Mr. Mullins, rather jealous, bowed too, and they got out somehow backwards, a method of walking to which they were not yet accustomed, and were driven back to the quay in one of the king's carriages, of which the harness was tied up with string but the coachman was gloriously attired.

When they were back on board the yacht, Mr. Mullins stared at his friend's decoration.

"Pretty lousy," he said. "The sort of thing you'd buy in a five-and-ten-cent store."

"It is not," said Doctor Jackson loftily, gazing at it as it lay in his palm, "the intrinsic value which matters."

And indeed this was fortunate, for the order, which consisted of a white enamel centrepiece of rather a curious and indeed suggestive design, was surrounded by red and green tinsel. But Cyrus Jackson and Mr. Mullins—still rather oddly taking second place—had a great success on their return to New York. An order from a king is something, whatever it is made of, and Doctor Jackson wore his very proudly whenever he went out to dinner.

Then, it is difficult to say how, people began to talk, even to snigger, eventually to laugh. What? He had saved a king's life and the king was so mingy, just like these Europeans, that all he gave him was a trumpery bit of tinsel and imitation enamel!

The climax came one day when an unkind friend suggested that Doctor Jackson could hang a little gilt chain with a handle from the white enamel in the centre, and even hooked one on and pretended to pull it.

Doctor Jackson retired and thought the matter over and (*Continued on page* 54)

THE HECTIC TWENTIES

Post-war Madness that Followed our last Victory

By Gordon Beckles

"A MINOR war aim of mine," I said, "is that this time we should be spared anything like the hectic twenties that followed the last war."

"Why?" asked the flight lieutenant.

"They lasted much too long," I said.

"What was wrong with them?" he asked, in a tone suggesting a dog-in-the-manger attitude on my part.

"Nothing very much, except they were too hectic to be healthy," I said. "There had been four years of stalemate war and every one was trying to catch up too quickly. The most idiotic things engaged national attention. Short skirts, for instance——"

"When was that?" asked the flight lieutenant, aged twenty-three last August.

When was it? I could not remember off hand. That age of hedonism —following an age of heroism—seems so distant that its fantastic events are jumbled together in memory as in a half-forgotten nightmare. Mrs. Merrick and her daughters, Tallulah Bankhead and her friends, Augustus John's parties, Victor Perosino, Joynson Hicks and morality, Richard Wyndham's parties, Noel Coward first nights with their cries of "*Darling Noel!*" the Blue Peter and the Bat Clubs, John Sutro's parties, the Fifty-Fifty and Luigi's Embassy, David Tennant's parties, the Black Bottom and the Charleston, Curtis Moffat's parties, Mrs. Somerset Maugham's parties—a fantastic *mélange* in an age when the past was, thank God! past, and the future seemed gloriously hopeful.

Some people whispered "*fin de siècle*" at the time. No, it was more truthfully "*fin de la guerre.*"

Dimly in the background, like the fourth row of a pantomime chorus, hover Gertrude Ederle and all the other Channel swimmers, Rudolph Valentino in life and death, "put and take," Douglas Fairbanks in *Robin Hood*, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert and Emil Jannings, *No, No, Nanette* and *Hit the Deck* and dozens of other concrete-mixed American musical comedies, "pogo" and "yo-yo," and the first talking picture, and *Ol' Man River* and *Blue Heaven*, and something called the Black Bottom and Florence Mills—when exactly *was* all this business of short skirts?

When was it? . . . I searched an album of photographs. And there they were: girls with funny little aprons stretching down to reveal pairs of knobbly knees. The date was 1925, and short skirts were, so to say, at their peak.

But it was three or four years earlier that short skirts had assumed the status of a creed and campaign. Father Bernard Vaughan was one who started the ball rolling. "To-day's fashions," he thundered, "are designed not to drape the human form and keep it warm, but to awaken in man unholy desires."

Flippancy of speech had not attained its present peak, which would probably retort: "So what?" to the distinguished cleric. Whereas one French designer (doubtless speaking for the textile industry) deemed the short skirt "*la décadence d'un peuple.*" Mrs. Stanley Baldwin sprang to the defence with "A nice girl can wear anything and yet look nice; an unpleasant one even in a nun's robe remains unpleasant."

The whole thing had happened in just the same way when women started to shingle their heads; indeed, the two movements appear to have been coincident. "Bobbed Hair Means Bobbed Love," cried one headline; and Lady Bland-Sutton wrote (*Continued on page* 56)

WOMEN and the NEW WORLD

By Faith and Resolution we can begin to Fashion it

By Winifred Lewis

THERE is a certain drug—it was given to me once before an operation—which has a weird but salutary effect. It obliterates both memory and anticipation, leaving the patient, temporarily, merely conscious of the present. There you are, suspended as it were between a non-existent past and an unimaginable future, content, preoccupied with each moment as it presents itself but unconcerned about it before it comes and after it has gone.

This state of mind, it seems to me, has strong points of resemblance with the one in which many of us find ourselves to-day. Particularly women. In this case, of course, war is the drug which has precipitated us into a frame of mind wherein the past seems hopelessly lost, the future indistinguishable and the present all-absorbing.

Unfortunately, or fortunately as you prefer to look at it, awakening in each case proves the reality of the past and future to be unimpaired. They are still there, still significant, inescapable, demanding notice.

Some of us prefer to go on playing the evasion game. Not looking at the future, pretending that the problems of the moment are sufficient. Some look to it grimly, seeing, even at the best, a vista of gloom and disorder. Looking both backwards and forwards at once they adopt "you know what followed the last war" as their slogan. Others, facing the future squarely, balancing the issues with courage and a wider interpretation of their meaning, see a new world. A world worth fighting for. A world in which the sacrifices and the bitterness of the present conflict will prove to have been gloriously justified.

Women are deeply concerned to read the future, to know what is to become of their world. Is there to be any distinguishable social structure for our men to come back to and upon which to build their future and our own, or must they return to a tangled wreckage of the environment they knew?

After victory what does the future promise for our children. Are they to pass their youth in a world chaotic, among men and women embittered by the struggle to live. Are they to exist in endless combat with the problems, many times enlarged, which their fathers and grandfathers met and failed to solve after a war which, in turn, crippled their youth and menaced their old age?

What kind of life can we, as women, hope to return to after being deprived of our homes, our plans; torn from our loved ones, uprooted from the soil in which we had set our roots?

The answer, I believe, is with ourselves, with our determination and our will to face the future with all its implications *now* so that as we wage the war we also shape the years which are to follow it.

Ask yourself as an individual: "What does victory mean to me?" To what ends am I sacrificing my all. Is it to see the enemy humbled to the dust; to revenge myself for the suffering inflicted upon me and mine. Is it to defend the homes and the lives of people I have never known and shall never know; to preserve cities and territories which are mere names upon a map to me?"

Is it merely to triumph over our enemies that you look forward to victory or is it to build a new world, a better future and a new hope not only for ourselves but for suffering humanity everywhere?

Take it from me that the present cup of bitterness is vastly sweetened if you believe, as I do, that a new understanding, a new prosperity and a new conception of peace and security will come out of this hideous conflict *if we will it so.*

It is for us to choose. It is for women as much as for men to decide the future inasmuch as it is by the will of the Community and by the unity of understanding in our midst that we can avoid the mistakes of old and unite our will and our resources towards the attainment of the common end.

(*Continued on page* 58)

Mrs. Glynde fancied herself as a Widow—so Captain Glynde Sailed into Danger to Keep

A Firm Hold on Life

By Frank H. Shaw

THE gentle-mannered admiral shook his head, like a surgeon softening a blow. He wasn't even in uniform, although most people passed by Captain Glynde in street and station were.

"It's a good spirit," the admiral said. "But, dash it, *I'm* on the beach, too!" A dugout, men he had trained were making history every day. "This is a young man's war," he said with a side glance at the smooth young commander—in uniform—who shared the office.

"Sixty isn't old, sir," protested Cappy Glynde.

"And your master's ticket dated 1890! You must have started young."

"Anyway, it's a clean ticket, and I feel sixty—even younger," the veteran protested. "In the last war . . ."

The admiral fingered the tendered "flimsies" recording Naval Reserve service from 1914 to 1918. They made a good record, of duty in mine-sweepers, Q-ships and other unadvertised but exhilarating branches of wartime seagoing.

"*I* commanded a cruiser at Jutland," remembered the chief of the selection committee. "Now—my son has a flotilla off Norway. You . . .?"

Glynde shook his white head. John would have been all of forty-seven if he had lived; but John had been crushed between the gunwale of a lifeboat and a burning ship's side in the China Seas—1923. "We have to resign ourselves," the admiral said.

"Not even boom watching, or contraband control, sir?" In the ante-room there were impatient shufflings and youngish coughings. The admiral had to engage active men for desperate jobs. He made a neat docket of the tendered papers.

"Sorry, captain! Let's hope this generation also shows a stout spirit." He unbent sufficiently to shake hands: not customary between admirals and merchant skippers; but then—he was out of uniform! So Captain Glynde left the Presence, and felt a bit bewildered as he emerged into the broil of the Victoria traffic.

The day was still young. It was bitingly cold, though after the fierce winter even easterly bleakness seemed temperate. The day was so young that the public houses were unopened. Shivering, Glynde crossed at the traffic lights, heading for a tea-shop. It was full of clerks and typists consuming "elevenses." There was a vacant seat at a table half-way down the noisy hall; a waitress wiped away the wreckage of a previous meal.

"Cup of coffee, please: big and hot

A BOMB dropped near and in its bursting gave the ship a kick like a mule's

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

and strong, miss—please," instructed Glynde, and the stooped man opposite looked up sharply.

"Why—why! God help us, sir. It's never yourself, Captain Glynde?" This man would have confessed himself a sailor in the middle of the Wyoming Desert. An unmistakable type, however careful the disguise.

Eyes wrinkling, Cappy Glynde peered. Whoever said his sight wasn't what it had been was a liar!

"It's—wait, I'll get it—Batten, eh?" he recognised. "Well, mister . . ." the condescension of an old shipmaster for a junior was in his manner.

"Yes, I'm Batten, sir—Captain Batten now. Didn't expect to meet you—last man——"

"You—you've got a ship, mister—captain, that is?" Being now equals patronage went overboard.

"If you can call her a ship!" growled Batten, a youngster of fifty-two, who had been third mate of the *Vancouver* thirty years before. "You're looking spry, cap'n."

"The brass hats think different. Turned down, by god!"

"Mean to say you've been across at the Admiralty?"

"Why not? I've got eyes and hands and brains, haven't I? No need to go aloft these days; steamer navigation is armchair stuff, with carpet slippers on your feet."

Batten shook his head. "No, I'd hardly say that," he retorted. "Not nowadays, anyway. Most ways it's plain hell. The responsibility, sort of; you see, we have to take what we can get as afterguard." Sipping scalding coffee Cappy Glynde pricked his ears.

"How come—cap'n?"

"The cream've gone all R.N.R. See what I get to help me out! Mate's old as Noah: likes his liquor, but for the war he'd be tide-waiting Tilbury way. As much use as a sore thumb. Sir, in trouble he folds up. Hadn't even guts enough to get his master's ticket—boozed away his pay so he couldn't ever sit for it. There's the second"—he made a sound of disgust—"a kid, fresh from a laid-up liner, got lung trouble at that, else he'd have been Navy-Navy too."

"Then—how about me?" asked Glynde perkily.

"What's your hurry to go seafaring again? How many wars have you seen through, cap'n? Time you took a rest; besides, you couldn't go as junior, not you. These men are on an engagement: I've got to keep 'em—the dunnage! Why go to sea if you can live comfortably in hell?"

"I'll tell you," said Glynde confidently, hitching his chair. "My wife—maybe you remember her?" From the grimace Batten pulled, he obviously did. He had sailed shipmates with Mrs. Glynde, who was a woman of parts, but who ruled with an iron rod.

"Glad to hear she's still alive," he complimented. Glynde's shrug was noncommittal. He said:

"Here's what sent me to the Admiralty at my time of life: she's planning my funeral." He shrugged again. "The one bit of pleasure left her, you'd think."

"Not homicide?" whispered Batten, furtively glancing around. Glynde grinned like a toothless ape.

"No—no. She's a law-abiding woman. But I've seen it in her face when we've watched funerals. There was one a bit since, with flowers like a horticultural

HE was staring at the periscope, which was shortening and altering its bearing

show, widow sitting bowing in the first carriage—enjoying it! Like a damned actor when the curtain's dropped. And Mrs. Glynde said: 'That's how I'd like to see you put away, cap'n' —I swear to Sam she did. Pining for it—her big moment! She thinks maybe there's a Number Two itching to pick her up. Women are pretty hopeful. She's two years younger'n me; and how she talks you'd say I'd snatched her out of her cradle. Batten, when I finish I want to have my boots on. I'll sign on as deck boy——"

"The owners take no risks."

But there wasn't the finality in Batten's gaze that his words implied. He knew Mrs. Glynde! It all seemed a pity, especially considering the old man's record. For over fifty years he'd licked white water—most often when the dice were loaded against him. Batten stared towards the doorway, and as luck had it, an ornate funeral trotted by in the street outside. No time in hurrying London for the grave crawl of the final rites. The hearse was high-piled with waxen flowers. The ostentation of it curdled Batten's stomach. Old Cappy Glynde deserved a fathom of worn canvas and a couple of firebars: a fighting sailor's shroud.

"No," he said harshly, "I can't help, sir. There's my ship—the *Rasper*—lying at Tilbury, smalmed and rusty. We signed on the crew at Hull; and did we get a dusting coming down the North Sea! There was everything: mines, U-boats, aircraft. I tell you, sir, if I took off my pants for a wash, I did it one leg at a time! Two ships got it—it might have been us."

"They come suddenly," agreed Captain Glynde, who had suffered total immersion frequently, when he was a *man*.

"There she is." Batten pounded the table until people stared. "Due to sail pretty near any time, depending on orders. There she is: with a mate who'll be too boozed to search ship for stowaways! He's that sort."

"Thanks," said Glynde; "I'll never forget it, cap'n. The *Rasper*, you said?"

He told his formidable wife that he was going to potter on a rented allotment. The soil drying this way, the sooner he started the better. In the allotment shack he had collected a few garments and some food; he bundled the lot together in a vast bandanna, and started out, and as he went he whistled. He whistled again when the second mate of the *Rasper* hunted him from his hiding hole among the cargo and brusquely ordered him to the bridge. He stepped along a spray-washed, violent deck like a jaunty boy.

The *Rasper* was in convoy; the big freighters tumbled saucily; shepherding destroyers flicked in and out like hungry ferrets. Overhead the Coastal Command roared and spluttered. All Channel pilots were landed.

"Well, of all the—!" said Captain Batten. "What in hell fetched you here, beachcomber?" But his eyelid fluttered. "By rights," he roared, "I should heave you over the side." He was putting up a play for the second and third mates. "If the mate wasn't wide to the world in his bunk I'd have him haze you silly," he glowered.

"Likely I could keep his watch at that rate," volunteered Glynde sturdily. Dirty, soaked and unshaven, he already looked a younger man than he whom the admiral had interviewed.

"What you mean? You got a ticket?" thundered Batten.

"Here it is, sir."

"Can you swim?"

"Not a stroke. It would be murder to pitch me into the ditch, sir."

"What's to stop me hailing a destroyer and putting you aboard?"

"They said I was old for the Navy."

Batten threw up his hands. Then he grinned—his way of expressing relief. Without costing the owners a penny he was now about to be granted an aide he could trust. Only a worried shipmaster knows what such help is worth. Indeed—things being as they were—he might be able to learn from this tough old veteran.

"You're too old to be put with the deck crowd," he grunted. "Likely you'd corrupt their morals. There's a spare cabin, but you'll clean it out yourself—see?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Shall I take the watch now, sir?"

"You'll come below and eat, first thing." As it happened Cappy Glynde fell down the ladder. When he came to he explained that his bandanna bundle had slipped down through the chinks in the cargo whilst he slept, and as the *Rasper* was delayed in her sailing, had had to subsist on the memory of a long-past meal.

But he picked up briskly. A shave and a bath—he risked being torpedoed in a state of nature—a suit of Batten's clothes spruced him into the likeness of a hoary bantam. He ate heartily; almost condescendingly he accepted a "buckshee" cigar, and so became absorbed into the life of the clumsy freighter. It was good, he felt. On the wrong side of seventy? The sea didn't take account of the years of a man; it was only authority did that. Even the juniors didn't mind his being there: a man who would stand a watch just for the sake of being up on Mount Misery, letting a weary watch-keeper slip below for a caulk was worth carrying. The boozy mate tried rough stuff—once. Then he made a point of hunting cover when Glynde showed his thin nose on deck.

So the *Rasper* ran the gauntlet. Departing from convoy, she slithered across the sunny latitudes, and Cappy Glynde lectured the gaping gun's crew on the right way to shoot at a U-boat—out of his extensive and slaughterous experience. When a submarine did head a torpedo for the *Rasper's* boiler room the old man happened to have the watch. He saw the feathery track and jerked the wheel from the helmsman's half-paralysed hands. The torpedo ran parallel instead of striking. When Batten leaped to the bridge Glynde tripped gaily aft and was at the gun when the U-boat surfaced.

The "Rasper" heeled sickly: down and down, until water climbed in over the dipped rail; creaming into her well-decks

Something in him heartened the gun's crew; their shooting was quick and accurate enough to keep Fritz in the offing. The old man was in his element; twenty-odd years rolled away—and yet, at seventy-five, what did death matter? Life only resulted in a be-flowered hearse! And here was eight thousand tons of much-needed shipping to be kept afloat.

The U-boat sheered off, hoping for something with less sting in its tail; the *Rasper* resumed her course.

In the River Plate Captain Batten said: "No need to report a stowaway that I can see." He realised how much he was leaning on the old stalwart. The mate retired from service, locking himself in with a case of crude liquor. The second mate knew no more about cargo-stowage than a cow about handling a quick-firer. The third mate—a decent lad—had the ink hardly dry on his ticket. Glynde, younger-feeling than ever, made himself invaluable. He cajoled Batten into a gamble—in scrap-iron. A salvage company had newly collected the remains of a wreck, were selling it at a bargain price.

"If you load a thousand tons down at Monte Video—in the roads—who 's to worry if you 're deeper than your marks?" he urged. "They 'll bless you for it when you land it—at home."

"If ever we do!" mourned Batten. But here was Glynde offering to put up part of the purchase price: there was a chandler in B.A. who remembered him well enough to back his note; so what could a man do? Especially as Glynde told golden stories of the profit likely to accrue. A man who might be sunk at short notice, with nothing saved, had to think of his children's welfare. The homeward cargo loaded by the *Rasper* was mostly grain—bread for England's hungry mouth. Grain stows close, leaving plenty space. Glynde arranged for lighters to come alongside by night in Monte Video and ship the scrap: food for Britain's guns.

"She 'll go down; she 's scuppers-deep!" said Batten. "What speed can we make if we 're chased? I reckon I 've shipped Jonah." Affecting wrath, he was really pleased. It was fine to have companionship—for cribbage and so on, in fine weather when a man could relax. The boozy mate fell down the cross-bunker and put himself out of commission; old Glynde's presence became a necessity. Previously Batten had found it difficult to (*Continued on p.* 54)

Picture

Zasu Pitts steals scenes with her hands. Those white, slender, fluttery hands of hers drag every eye in the audience in their direction. She has only to lift her hands and an audience laughs

James Cagney can steal scenes with the best of them when he chooses. His chief touch is to drop his arms straight at his sides, and let his fingers go limp, as shown in this picture

"SO he picked up the picture, put it in his pocket, and walked away with it!"

Not a detective giving evidence in a Police Court. Merely any extra lounging in a chair on any Hollywood Studio Lot, making a pronouncement about some performance given by some actor or actress in some film or other. Picture Thieves live and flourish in the Studios. They add life and zest to many a film that would otherwise be just a couple of big star names, and a story as familiar as the sound of Big Ben to a Londoner, with nothing specially distinguished or entertaining about it. Along comes a Picture Thief, and the flabby product of yesterday becomes the worth-while offering of to-day.

Sometimes a movie magnate, having watched the rushes of his newest epic with a growing sense of dismay, bawls instructions to an unmoved secretary to get hold of So-and-so at once, and have half-a-dozen good scenes written into the lousy picture that louse of a director is churning out. "So-and-so" is a Picture Thief, and his or her injection into a moribund movie may put it over, in spite of itself. The thing has happened dozens of times already, and will happen many times again.

In my opinion, one of the greatest picture-stealers in the business is that crazy loon, Harpo Marx. Harpo, if you watch him carefully, will be caught grabbing scene after scene from right under the noses of those highly accomplished scene-grabbers, his revered brothers Groucho and Chico Marx. Harpo does it by saying nothing, and looking a great deal. One of his tricks is to switch on that look of startled surprise, at an unexpected moment. Another is to open his mouth wide—convincing the delighted audience that he is at last about to utter some kind of sound. Not one word comes from that open mouth, however; it is merely Harpo's cute little way of putting a scene in his pocket.

Hollywood, when it talks about scene-stealers and picture-thieves, means somebody who is a featured player, or even a small-part player; not a star. Yet when the matter is examined with care it becomes quite evident that stars themselves can be fine picture-thieves. Sometimes one star—Lionel Barrymore, for example—will steal a scene from Wallace Beery or Edward Arnold, if they happen to be acting together. Many players who are stars to-day only rose to those dizzy heights by means of a long string of scene-thefts. Edward Everett Horton is an instance that jumps to the memory at once. Eddie Horton had put a bunch of films in his

When Frank Morgan raises his eyebrows as he his doing in this picture it is safe to bet that he has stolen the scene in which the incident occurs. A scene from "The Shop Around the Corner"

Mickey Rooney is considered Hollywood's scene-stealer-in-chief. There is not a trick the freckle-faced, pug-nosed young 'un does not know. He is with Lewis Stone, who plays father in the "Judge Hardy" series

Thomas Mitchell is yet another stage veteran who seems able to do what he likes with any scene he acts for the camera. He is shown here in a scene from "Gone With the Wind," as Scarlett O'Hara's father

Thieves—*and their* Tricks

Actors and Actresses who Steal Every Scene in Every Film in which They Appear

By Margaret Chute

pocket, and wandered happily away ; finally, the public demanded their Horton more and more often, and so the man who did not really want to be a star became one, through public insistence.

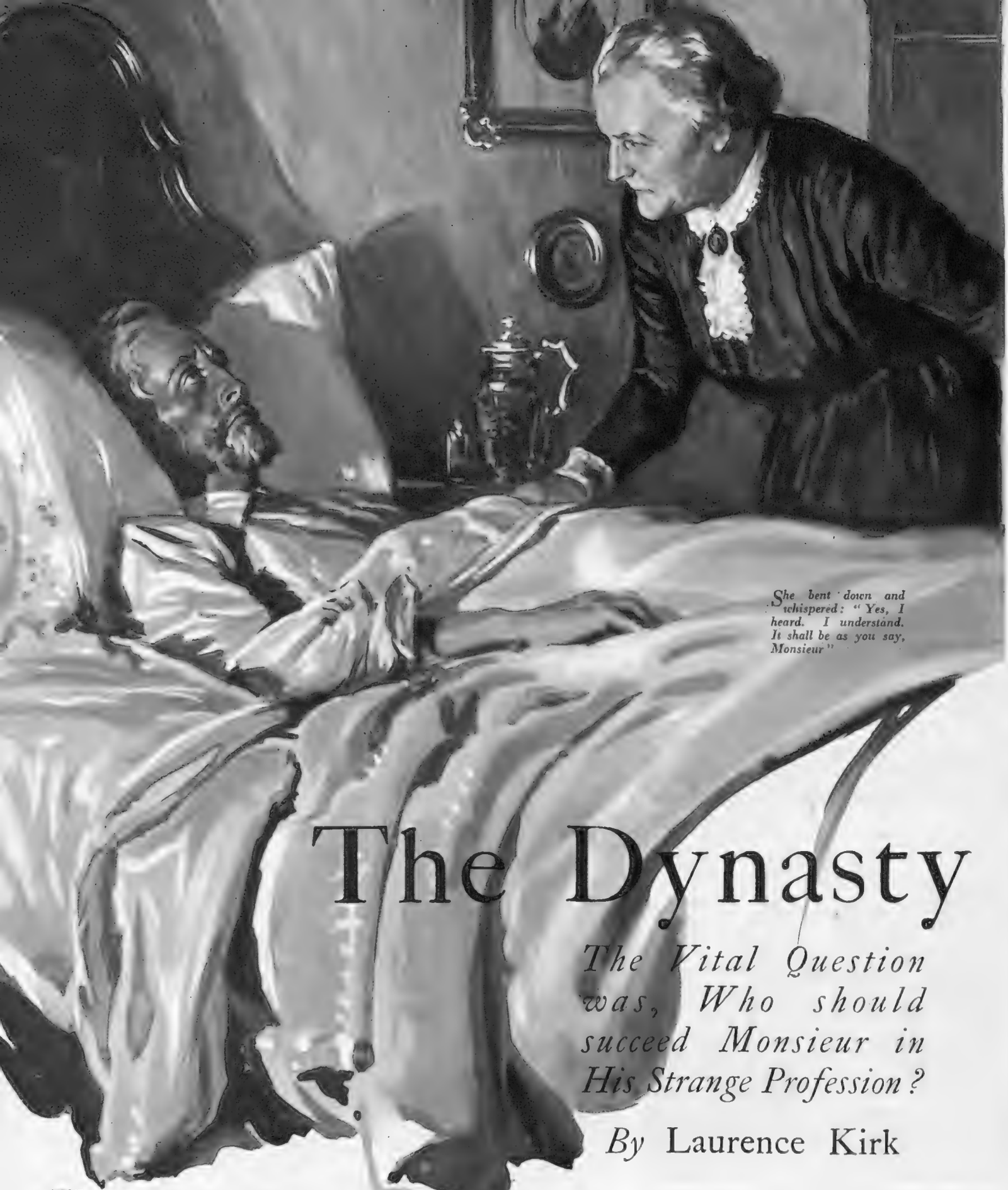
Mickey Rooney has been a scene-stealer since he was a baby. That remarkable boy was taught how to pinch applause, how to focus the attention of an audience, how to cut one gesture short and elaborate another, from the time he first joined his parents in their Vaudeville Act when he was scarcely able to toddle across the stage. There is not a trick Mickey does not know. The freckle-faced, pug-nosed (*Continued on p.* 72)

A pair of scene-stealers appeared in one film, and in many scenes together, when Wallace Beery and Mickey Rooney were cast in "Stable-mates." The booty seemed to be shared equally

Roland Young and Billie Burke are a pair of clever scene-thieves. They have played in many pictures together and are here seen in an incident from the film "Topper"

Felix Bressart, extreme right of picture, has stolen scenes from great stars in every film he has made. In this scene from "Ninotchka," with Greta Garbo, his attenuated communist was a piece of perfect stealing

The Marx Brothers. On the left is Harpo Marx, one of the greatest picture-stealers in the film business. He grabs scene after scene from right under the noses of his brothers Groucho and Chico Marx. (On left), Another pair of scene-thieves. Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore. When these two actors work together there is a riot of hysterical laughter on the set



She bent down and whispered: "Yes, I heard. I understand. It shall be as you say, Monsieur"

The Dynasty

The Vital Question was, Who should succeed Monsieur in His Strange Profession?

By Laurence Kirk

IT was odd that death should be so dilatory with Monsieur when Monsieur had always been so prompt and precise with death. For three months now he had been lying on the great wooden bed in that upstairs room, speechless, motionless, incapable of any understanding.

The only life about him was the expression in his grey cold eyes and no one quite knew what that expression meant. Possibly he was despising death as a bungler, with all the contempt of the craftsman for the cheap-jack; but there was hardly enough understanding in his eyes for that. They saw; and that was all. They saw the long windows with their two pairs of curtains: white lace very clean, and crimson plush very dark.

The whole room was very dark, but no darker than it had always been, and it was overloaded with furniture. There were enlarged photographs on the wall in heavy carved wooden frames, photographs of serious

elderly men and women, ancestors and relations, in black cloth and black silk. All round the room were chests and wardrobes, chairs and tables, all very heavy and dark and ornate.

There was not a clean straight line anywhere. It was all curves and carving, a mass of drapery in sombre colours, and ornaments, ornaments wherever one looked. Monsieur still saw all this with his unblinking eyes, but whether it conveyed anything to him no one could tell, for he had no communication with the world around him.

Kanz Dubrovnik was not a Frenchman although every one called him monsieur. He belonged to one of those small fierce mid-European peoples who are always fighting for independence, gaining it, mishandling it, and losing it again. "Monsieur" was a title which had descended to him from his father and his grandfather before him. No one thought of calling him anything else. He was well looked after in that stuffy, airless house. Although he had no children of his own, his two nephews, Sasso and Kubelas, came and sat with him for an hour regularly every evening after they had finished their work. Sasso, his brother's son, grew chrysanthemums for a living, and Kubelas, his sister's only child, was a wood carver. They were both very sober, industrious young men.

But it was madame, his wife, who really looked after everything. She was a small woman, rather heavily built, but with a presence. Her hair was very smooth and severe. She moved slowly and never raised her voice: she was quiet and retiring with a will of iron.

It was she who had taken charge when monsieur had been stricken down, she who had decided what was to be done and what was not to be said. And what madame decided, went.

She did all the nursing herself. All day and most of the night she was sitting there beside him with her crochet, waiting for him to speak. For she had convinced herself that he was going to speak before the end, and it was her duty to be there when it happened and hear what he said.

But three months had passed and he had neither spoken nor moved a finger, and the doctors said that he was getting weaker. She was tired with all that nursing and watching, and worried, too. She was worried about Sasso and Kubelas. They were beginning to feel the strain, and she knew that sooner or later their impatience was going to break out.

It broke out that Monday evening. Sasso came in punctually at half-past six as he always did, and he bowed respectfully over her small hand—again as he always did. But when she said in her quiet patient voice: "There is no change to-day, Sasso," he suddenly turned on her and broke out.

"But it's impossible! We can't go on like this!"

"There is no change," she repeated as quietly as ever.

"We must have a decision!" Sasso's impatience broke loose. "I am his brother's son. I have a right——"

"It is only monsieur who can make the decision," she said gently.

"But he can't make it! He can't speak. He can't write. He can't think. And Saturday is coming!"

"I know about Saturday," madame said.

"Well then?" Sasso demanded violently.

"You may go and sit with monsieur now, Sasso," she answered. "And remember we are not as other people. It is for us always to set an example."

Sasso crumpled up and looked ashamed.

SASSO had come in and sat down beside Kubelas

"I am sorry, madame," he said humbly. "I—I must have forgotten myself."

And he went into the hall and walked slowly up the dark stairs to monsieur's room.

TWO mornings later the Minister for the Interior was in his office signing papers with his chief secretary behind him. When the last signature had been scrawled and blotted, the minister looked up.

"Well, anything else this morning, Crasnik?"

"Yes, Excellency." The secretary spoke in that flat unemotional tone common to all secretaries. Revolutions, victories, disasters and triumphs were all just more work to him. "Yes, Excellency," he said. "There is still the matter of the execution on Saturday."

The minister jumped up impatiently and walked to the window.

"Good God, do you mean to say that we haven't got that settled yet?"

"It's all settled, Excellency—except the executioner."

"Well, then, what's the difficulty, what is the position?"

"Monsieur is still alive, Excellency."

"But he's quite incapable, isn't he?"

"Quite incapable. He'll never get out of his bed again. But he's alive, and this is already Wednesday."

"I know it's Wednesday, I know! But these two nephews of his, they've both assisted him, they know the ropes. Not that I mean ropes, really. But why haven't we appointed one of them before this?"

"You gave the order yourself, Excellency, that we should wait."

"I did!"

"Yes, Excellency, you gave it that morning after madame, monsieur's wife, came to see you here."

The minister made a grimace and hit the tassel of the blind cord gently with his finger.

"H'm, perhaps I did," he murmured at length. "Rather a remarkable little woman if I remember aright. But really, the situation is preposterous. Who do these people think they are? Just because monsieur followed his father in that strange profession, and he followed his, they seem to have got the idea now that it is they who appoint their successors. It's nonsense. It's absurd. He ought to have had a son if he's going to make pretensions of that kind. Why, damn it all, there couldn't have been more fuss about the succession if they had been the royal family!"

The secretary waited a moment as he always did when the minister became excited.

"There is nothing to prevent us appointing any one we choose," he went on at length solemnly. "It is specifically laid down in the constitution."

"Go on, what is laid down in the constitution?"

"That the appointment shall be made by the Minister for the Interior and shall be held during his pleasure. . . ."

"Pleasure! That was an odd word to choose. But go on, there was something about the pay, wasn't there?"

"Retaining fee was the phrase, Excellency. 'At a retaining fee of a hundred posnics a month.' That is how it is worded."

"Good lord! Ten pounds a month!

I shouldn't have thought any one could be found to do it for that."

"He is permitted to carry on a trade at the same time," the secretary pointed out quite flatly. "Monsieur, like his father, is a monumental mason. Quite an artist, I am told."

"H'm, and these two nephews?"

"One is a florist, Excellency, and the other a wood carver. Both are fully qualified and willing to undertake the duties. We could not possibly make a better choice."

"H'm, so the only thing for us to do now is to decide which?"

"Precisely, Excellency."

There was a pause. The minister stood at the window looking out. Then he gave the tassel a final flick and walked back into the room.

"No, I don't quite agree with you there, Crasnik," he said. "When one is lucky enough to have such devoted public servants, I think it is wise to pander a little to their susceptibilities. I shall go and see madame myself this afternoon." The secretary bowed and gathered his papers together, and the minister ended with rather a grim smile. "When all is said and done, you know, I'm not sure that this little old woman isn't right about one thing. Monsieur is the one man in this whole state who really is indispensable."

IT was about three in the afternoon when the minister put on his top hat and drove out in his dark blue limousine to the very respectable suburb where monsieur lived. He knew the place well, for it was on one of the main roads leading out of the capital. A suburb very much like any other suburb. Laurels and laburnums, but monsieur's house had more laurels and fewer laburnums than the rest. A larger house it was which stood away from the others, or perhaps it was the others which stood away from it. The space around it seemed to betoken a deliberate avoidance, an avoidance tinged with a certain respect; and it reminded the minister of the phrase which madame had used so often during their last interview: "But, Monsieur le Ministre, you must remember we are not as other people." If there had been any danger of the minister forgetting this fact he was reminded of it again then, for a little girl in a red beret was trotting along the pavement towards monsieur's house. She trotted on whistling as she went; but as soon as she had nearly drawn level with that house, she stopped whistling and crossed the road in silence to the other side, then came back again as soon as it was past, and went on whistling, as gay as ever.

The minister told his chauffeur to wait and opened the garden gate and marched up the damp path between the laurels to the front door. Must watch my p's and q's to-day, he thought sardonically! Mustn't call a spade a spade, as I did last time. Still less a guillotine a guillotine! That was all wrong. The guillotine was the instrument; the execution was the appointment; and the assistant was the lackey. Must remember these things! They are important to madame, a kind of court etiquette.

He had rung the bell now, and as he was waiting he found himself wondering when and how and why the state had adopted the guillotine for these purposes. Must have been during one of the periods when we came under French influence, he supposed. French hats, French perfumes, and French—exits! However, he decided to look the whole matter up. He was writing a history of his people and thought this would be an interesting point to bring in.

Meanwhile the door had opened and madame was there herself with her hands folded.

The minister bowed slightly.

"I was passing," he said. "So I thought I should like to stop and ask after monsieur's health."

"There is no change," madame replied quietly.

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that."

SHE put the tray down beside him and gently touched him on the shoulder. "Your coffee, monsieur," she said quietly. "I have made it very strong for you"

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

"There can only be one change now," madame went on.

"Distressing, very distressing, madame," the minister murmured. "You have my heartfelt sympathy."

"Thank you, Monsieur le Ministre, you are very kind."

While these words were being spoken madame was leading the way to the sitting-room. She never actually invited him to come in, but she lead the way and he somewhat uneasily followed. When they were in the room she did not ask him to sit down. She sat down herself first, and after a moment's hesitation he drew up a chair and faced her at a respectful distance. The room was airless, overcurtained, overcrowded with furniture, and the minister felt stifled. He swallowed hard and tried to ease his collar as he sat down.

"No doubt you are concerned," madame addressed him suddenly, "with the appointment on Saturday."

"Um—yes," the minister started up uncomfortably. "There is that question. And it is becoming rather urgent."

Madame bowed.

"Quite so, Monsieur le Ministre. But you may rest assured that the appointment shall be kept."

The minister was beginning to feel a little irritated. What right had the public executioner's wife to take this condescending line to him, a principal minister of state?

"I am quite confident of that," he answered with chilly politeness. "But, you must understand, madame, that there are certain formalities to be observed, papers to be signed, a notice to be made in the gazette."

"There will still be time for all that," madame said.

"Ah, then you have decided which of monsieur's nephews you wish to recommend!"

"No, Monsieur le Ministre, I have not decided that."

"But it must be decided, madame. It must be decided at once."

"It cannot be decided now, Monsieur le Ministre."

"But why? In heaven's name why not?"

"Only monsieur can decide who is to succeed him."

The minister drew a deep breath, but failed to find words to express himself. The situation was too grotesque. The wife of a petty state functionary speaking like that! It was fantastic. Of course the Government had made a mistake in letting them go on from father to son in the way they had. It was always a mistake to give any set of people the idea that they had special rights or privileges. And that damned guillotine *was* a tricky affair, it did require expert handling! Probably the only way they would ever get free of the Dubrovnik family now was to pass a new law and reintroduce hanging. He smiled grimly to himself as he thought of his prosy colleagues debating that law, talking of humanity and civilisation, and never admitting that it was all because the Dubrovniks had been one too many for them.

Finally, he pulled himself together and addressed madame with what patience he could muster.

"Madame," he said, "monsieur and monsieur's family have served the state well. I should be the last person to deny that. It was because I was conscious of that that I agreed at our last interview to wait. The matter for obvious reasons was not pressing them. Now it is, and I must demand an immediate decision. I am still ready to accept your recommendation. You have only to say which of monsieur's nephews is the more fitting for the post. That is all."

Madame remained perfectly calm and composed.

"I cannot do that, Monsieur le Ministre."

"But why not? Can't I make you realise——"

"Only monsieur can decide who is to succeed him."

The minister stared at her a moment longer and then abruptly rose to his feet.

"Then I am sorry, madame," he ended shortly. "I have given you all the latitude possible. Now I shall have to make my own arrangements."

"You mean you would take an (*Continued on page* 66)

Outriders of the battle fleet. A trio of Britain's latest destroyers pictured during anti-submarine exercises. Swift, efficient, formidable in attack, these destroyers are in fact small cruisers

SHOCK TROOPS *of the* ROYAL NAVY

By Stanley Jackson

AT the outbreak of war we had some 200 destroyers at our disposal; today, despite heavy casualties, our destroyer force is as strong as it was, thanks to the night and day labours of our shipbuilders and the foresight of the Admiralty. New methods of warfare have been devised; the potentialities of destruction have multiplied with the use of powerful bombers; but, so far as our destroyers are concerned, it is still a case of *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* In the old days, when a dirty job of work was on the agenda, the Admiralty chiefs would calmly draw a circle round the danger zone and say: "Send a 30-knotter." We can now send 36 knotters, but the tough calibre of the men has not changed, nor their zest for going into action in all weathers at a moment's notice. It is still "up to the destroyers" to race ahead of the battle fleet, to stand firm in the front line, and to punch away at enemy commerce raiders from the very first bell. . . .

Shipping it green. A destroyer on patrol duty in the North Sea

In a destroyer's wardroom. The officers can read a book, listen to the radio, write a letter or play a game of chess without treading on each others toes, if they are careful. (*Below*) Another job for the destroyers is that of laying a smoke screen to mask the movements of the main fleet

Outwardly, it is difficult to identify the modern powerful destroyer with the old 300 tonners which routed out enemy torpedo boats half a century ago. Life aboard the "Bombay Ducks" and "Oily Wads" offered little comfort and less security. Jauntily, they bobbed and rattled over the high seas, their cramped decks flushed by icy water as the bows staggered under the mighty impact. Living under battened-down hatches, snatching hasty half-cooked meals, starved of air, leg room and every comfort except the excitement of the job in hand, the old destroyer crews did indeed earn the "hard-lying money," specially provided by My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

We have come far indeed from the pioneer destroyers which were only 180 feet long, but eager to take on all comers with four small guns and a single torpedo tube. The 1940 destroyer is still far from being a convalescent home, but at least there is elbow room, a certain measure of equilibrium, refrigerators, to keep food edible, and mechanical ventilation. Swift, efficient, formidable in attack, the new models are in fact small cruisers.

Each of these outriders of the battle fleet measures up to 335 ft. in length and costs some £300,000 to build and equip. One hundred and seventy-five men control a craft of 2,000 tons which steams comfortably (*Continued on page* 60)

THE R.A.F. HAVE ATTACKED

By Keith Rogers

JUST a brief announcement—another attack by the R.A.F. was made on German industrial areas—but how much lies behind it! How much preparation, what hours of examination, of testing, and terrific nervous strain of that 1,000 miles to Germany and back!

It is dusk at a certain British aerodrome. For hours machines on the tarmac have been undergoing mechanical and electrical overhaul. Engines have been run, bomb racks examined and the release gear overhauled. Bombs have been loaded in their deadly rows.

Machine guns have been oiled, magazines filled, windshields cleaned. Very light pistols have been charged and placed aboard, the Aldis signalling lamp is in order. Radio reception and transmission have been "okayed," and, most important, petrol tanks have been filled. It takes about £200 worth of petrol to fill a heavy bomber off on a long trip.

A giant bomber being prepared by ground crews at a bomber station somewhere in England. (*Left*) After being "briefed" pilots and navigators lay out their courses with the aid of rulers, dividers and course and distance calculators. Note the bubble sextant on the corner of the map

Getting their orders. The squadron commander giving orders to the pilots for the night's work

On the way to enemy territory. The navigator at work in a British bomber. (*Below*) Returning from a night bombing attack. Legs receive a very welcome stretch

A small army of aircraftmen have been at work all day on the job of getting this flight of planes in shipshape order. A modern bombing raid, for all its easy reporting, is no simple matter. It needs long hours of minute preparation.

For, sealed in their two or three tons of flying machinery small groups of men are to sit and watch for eight or ten hours. Oxygen masks have to be provided, for the machines will fly over enemy territory at heights between 20,000 and 30,000 feet.

Ingenious de-icing devices on the wings have to be adjusted. Electric heating of clothing must be working properly. And all the myriad of instruments on the pilot's control panel must be working in perfect order.

Little enough may the crew see as they speed through space across the darkened sea, through banks of clouds that hide everything from them. The navigator, who will probably act also as bomb aimer, will check his position by dead reckoning and by radio. So that such instruments as wind (*Continued on page* 78)

It's a lovely

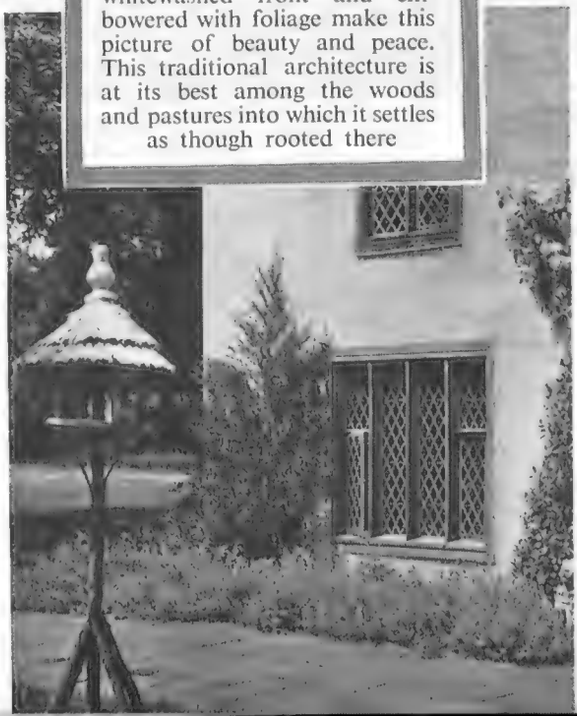
An exquisite example of the thatch and timber which, in all corners of the world, stand as the symbol of rural England and of the quality of tender beauty associated with our countryside. Once a row of cottages, it has been converted with loving solicitude for its character into one house. The timbers and the lattice windows are as familiar as they are adored

Below: The dignity of infinite simplicity makes this dining-room in a Queen Anne house a pleasure to see. The exquisitely proportioned chairs cushioned in cream material striped with silver, the fine sideboard and appointments are eloquent of a beautiful and cultured tradition

Above: This fine example of an open English fireplace is in the hall of a cottage in Sussex. Traditional built-in bread ovens are on either side, the adjustable pot hook hangs from the chimney, the ancient fire back has a coat of arms emblazoned upon it. In front of the hearth the polished red bricks are hollowed by generations of feet which have come there to rest

Right: The lofty ceiling supported by blackened beams, a glimpse in the mirror of a narrow slit of window in walls many feet thick; roughcast walls and floorboards of sleek polished oak give this room the authentic spirit of the past.

Below: Mullioned windows, a heavily panelled door set in a whitewashed front and embowered with foliage make this picture of beauty and peace. This traditional architecture is at its best among the woods and pastures into which it settles as though rooted there



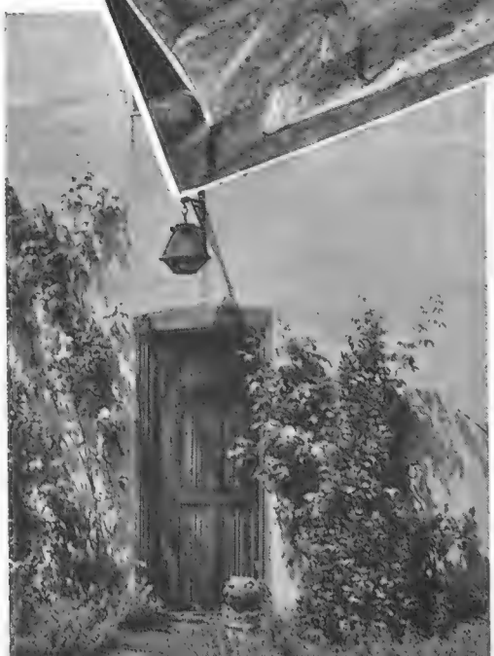
old House

IN these times it is comforting to glance backward upon those things and those institutions which in the past have formed the structure of our national life and the basis of that pride and homeliness which is our peculiar heritage.

Nothing is dearer to us than our ancient homes. "It's a lovely old house," is a phrase that acknowledges our love of them as symbols of the tranquillity and security which has flowed for centuries through the veins of Britain. We have pictured here some of the homes which typify the England of the past. Homes of the people, homes that were and will be again.

Above: Another cottage interior, simple, tranquil, exquisite sample of the many smaller country homes which are the pride and heritage of our people. In this part of the room delicate accessories have been chosen with inspired taste. The china figures, the shapely glass vessels, the richly coloured needlework pictures make the perfect accompaniment to whitewashed walls and dull red brick

Below: This perfectly proportioned front door, reminiscent of Georgian and Colonial architecture has been added to a small country house where it has given a new austerity



Left: A very stately hall, almost classical in its conception, which takes one back to the Eighteenth Century era of prosperity and culture in English history. The slender columns and the stairway are worthy of the very best traditions of the English house. It has the regal spaciousness of a great house with the delicate appeal of a smaller one

ALL MY

The possession of pretty things in the home is always a thrill, but how much more so when you can add the words of this title to your accomplishments.

We suggest here some ways of passing the winter evenings profitably and very much to the advantage of your home.

There is a way of getting most things if you want them enough and if you happen to want new and pretty things for your home now, at a time when money is needed for more practical things, the best way is to make them yourself.

Perhaps you are not too confident of your talents in this field of needlecraft but you cannot know how much skill lies in your fingers until you have given them a try-out.

Furnishing needlework is really the least difficult because there is no fine and intricate sewing to be done and very little fitting that cannot be easily mastered by an amateur with a sense of proportion.

If you have a nice eye for colour and experimental fingers with, of course, the requisite amount of patience, there are dozens of things to make which give the home a newer and brighter aspect without too much cost for the materials.

Look at the things illustrated on these two pages. All of them have been made in miniature so that colour effects and fabrics could be tried out and seen in the finished form. The result, humbly though we say it, is delightful and the photographs convey to you the essential simplicity of them all.

Take the bedroom draperies on the left.

For a start we utilised a bedroom which had grown rather shabby and set about devising a home-made scheme to make it fresh again.

The walls were cream so a chintz with a soft blue ground and deep pink rosebuds on it was selected to be the nucleus of the new colour scheme.

The chintz is a Cubaleen which has a permanent washable

OWN WORK

glaze and costs 2s. 11d. a yard. A slip cover for the wooden bedhead was the first use to which we put it.

Don't shrink at the thought of making a bedhead-cover for yourself. Cut a pattern from paper to fit the two flat sides of the bedhead, leaving a small margin for turnings. When you are sure of this, cut the chintz from it, a straight strip of material joining the back and front as deep as the thickness of the wood and finished with piping. The important thing is to keep all machined seams perfectly straight and to fit the cover very tightly to the bedhead. Add a large blue velvet bow.

Plain blue rayon satin makes the fitted bed-cover, which has a central medallion of the chintz and a chintz frill touching the floor. Again, this is very easy to make if cut to fit the mattress with allowances for bed-clothes.

Straight hanging curtains of the blue and pink chintz furnish the window, with cream furnishing ninon softly draped and heavily edged with blue ball fringe. (The curtains are lined with supple black-out stuff.)

The enchanting dressing-table had as its basis an ordinary deal table with two drawers. The small part of it which showed was enamelled blue to match the background of the chintz, which is stretched tightly over the table-top under a plate-glass cover and tacked down at the edges.

Plain blue sateen makes a foundation (Continued on p. 65)

As They See You

By Alison Haig

A critic on the hearth is a necessary piece of household equipment. Very few women can keep their personal appearance and bearing up to the highest standard all day long, for weeks, months on end, with nobody who minds to notice. And that is no slur on us. There are artists who say they work only to satisfy themselves and their art, that the criticism of others means nothing to them—yet do any artists keep their pictures entirely to themselves?

They *have* to show them to other people, despise though they may their opinion. Expressing oneself to oneself gets rather like talking to oneself—very pointless, if not actually the first step to barminess.

So, with husbands away, there is a sharp rise in the number of wives having breakfast in their dressing-gowns, not making-up their faces till they go out, wearing old, worn-down shoes about the house in the name of economy, doing their manicure while listening to the wireless in the sitting-room.

Yet, as long as there are children in the house, there are critics on the hearth—very severe critics. Their judgment is surprisingly direct and good. They are even more sensitive to the unsuitable than husbands. And they mind terribly. There are plenty of such things as easy-going husbands who never notice anything or like-you-just-as-you-are-dear; but are there any such things as easy-going children?

What is worse, their minds are alarmingly photographic. An impression once made is fixed—one morning they see their mother in hair-curlers, when they had always imagined those lovely waves were her own; one day they hear her say "Oh, damn!" for the first time.

Many a grown-up son treasures the memory of his mother coming into the nursery to say good-night before a dinner-party. He remembers the dress she wore because it was beautiful and gracious—a dress suitable for *his* mother, a dress that made her look the most beautiful mother in the world.

And many a small boy cannot forget the memory of his mother at the Half-Term Speech Day—in the most appallingly unsuitable get-up. For terms afterwards, the very thought of it made him go hot all over. Yet another little boy away at school always thinks of his mother busy about the house in an old tweed skirt and jersey. He may have quite an affection for the old tweed skirt and jersey, but he also has an unswerving admiration for Courtney's mother, who always looks so smart and lovely and leisured.

The old, old question, "Do you dress to please yourself, to attract men, or to compete with other women?" leaves out another alternative. A woman might dress to please her children.

"My husband hates me to make up" . . . "My husband wouldn't be seen out with me if I didn't make up" . . . but what does your daughter feel about it? She almost certainly feels uncomfortable if your lips are lavishly pillar-boxed. She may even dislike the idea of her mother making-up at all—but it is easy to practise a little deception.

Blend your rouge with subterfuge. Put it on with cotton-wool which you have first dipped in face-powder—it gives a natural bloom effect; brush over your lips with a puff after putting on your lipstick, to soften the red curves; the children will never dream that nature has been abetted.

Unless, of course, you are slack and allow yourself a naked face at home. Then you deserve the sort of remark you get—"Mummy's breakfast face is quite different from Mummy's going-out face." "You do smell nice this evening, Mummy" is another give-away. It shows that you only use your perfume on special occasions. It is not a *part* of you, as a perfume should be; it will not linger in their memory of you.

It is an old saw that "Man's work is o'er at set of sun, but woman's work is never done." The first part by no means rings true now, but the second is truer than ever. The word "housewife" has become hallowed by every politician's lips and by every Government announcement. "Stick to your sinks!" is the battle-cry. An unromantic spot, and not the place at which you want your children always to see you.

It can be avoided. Just as you planned your day so that sink-sessions and other down-to-earth activities did not coincide with your husband's free time, so should it be possible, *must* somehow be made possible, for the children to see you at some time each day in an atmosphere of leisure.

Nanny may have had to go, and the after-tea hour be a thing of the past, but let there be times when you are sitting quietly in your usual chair, sewing; read to them while you knit. Things should go on as normally as possible for them.

If there are money difficulties, don't let them guess it. If they ask "Why can't we have such-and-such a thing?", think up some better reply than "Because we can't afford it." Give them a sense of security in their home, with you as its unshakable corner-stone—never worried, always calm and ready to laugh and joke with them.

Don't use their own language. For one thing, there is always a time-lag and you are a term or so behind. What used to be topping and ripping became awfully decent, and later was simply super, then absolutely wizard, supreme, peerless, king. . . . Heaven knows what it is now.

Parents feel it is friendly and sporting to try to keep the pace, but children would rather they didn't try. The same with slang and swear-words. Modern children are tolerant of their modern parents, but wouldn't they, in their heart of hearts, like them to be more dignified . . . to talk the language of parents, to have the appearance, bearing, and calm of a wiser, saner, looked-up-to race of beings?

Even a baby of a year or so is already gathering impressions—and first impressions have a lasting effect. It matters how you behave in front of him. It's never too soon to start seeing yourself as your children see you.

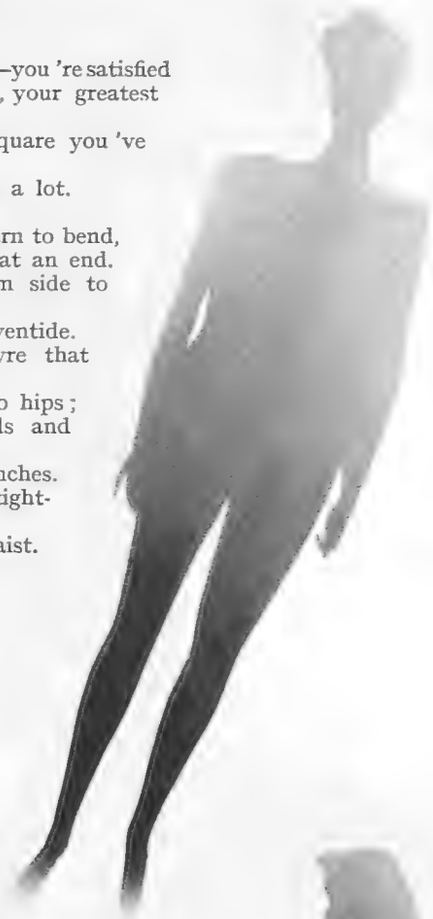
FRIGHTENED OF YOUR SHADOW

H. B.

Have you ever been horrified to see, rearing ahead of you, a huge grotesque caricature of yourself? A black shape that emphasises all that is most unpleasant in your figure. Don't let it get you down, or ignore it.

Dame of Pouter Pigeon mould,
Read these lines and be consoled.
Though your bosom may be vast,
You can get your shape re-cast.

Slim your neckline, slim your back.
Arms, ribs, shoulders, all attack.
Exercise your neck, your chin,
And your arms, to get them slim.
Layers of fat elsewhere will fly
If a slimming cream you try.
Massage treatments aren't too dear,
They will bring your victory near.
Belts may keep you snake-hipped, true—
But a bras means more to you.



Queen of cards—you 're satisfied
With your limbs, your greatest pride.
But that torso square you 've got
Multiplies your age a lot.

Waistless woman, learn to bend,
Then your woes are at an end.
Back and forth—from side to side
Morning, noon, and eventide.
Massage that spare tyre that slips
From your diaphragm to hips;
Treating this with prods and pinches
You will find removes the inches.
Do not force a shape, tight-laced;
Whalebones never make a waist.

Madame of the Epstein thighs
Stop your weeping, hold your sighs,
Staunchly beautiful you 'll stand
If you keep your curves in hand.

Your most urgent need is for
Exercises on the floor;
Regularly done each day
These will roll your cares away.
Soak well in a slimming tub
(While you soak be sure and rub)
Afterwards your ankles knead
In a cream that slims with speed.
Hist! A two-way stretching belt
Gives too much to keep you svelte.

Lady of the spineless slump
All your curves are under-plump
So you 're happy. You forget
Your uncomely silhouette.

Stiffen up that backbone sway.
Throw back shoulders hung at bay,
Lift your chest and chinline too.
Posture exercises do.
In with stomach, pelvis press
Forward—hips look even less.
Waistline now is on display.
For softer curves, drink milk each day.
A two-way stretch will suit you fine,
But have an uplift brassière line.

SPECIAL CORRECTIVE EXERCISES WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION TO THE EDITOR, WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, "BRITANNIA AND EVE," 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

WITH Paris out of it, London houses, eyes on our increased export trade, are wooing world markets with Autumn collections that do us proud.

London, in fact, with the war at her own doorstep, is setting world fashions. The trend, expressing this country's readjusted way of living, is simplicity and functionalism, Letting Ourselves Go with animated colour-schemes, brilliant tweeds, beads, gold thread and sequin embroidery on high-necked, short-sleeved evening gowns, dashing accessories. Suit jackets are as long as Service women's. Skirts are narrower. They are flared, gored or group-pleated, but all quieter, without swing. Jacket necklines are so high that revers sometimes fasten beneath the chin. Pockets, copying Service jackets, abound. Four-piece outfits, comprising long coat, suit and blouse, play on a colour-scheme. Thus, a long coat in brown and blue striped tweed, with matching skirt, is faced with the plain brown of the jacket fabric, and worn with a blue blouse. Some long coats have tent-like width, with fullness from shoulders; others, tailored and waist fitting, have a back belt drawing in an inverted box-pleat. Checks and stripes are widely used.

Jumper-suits in fine tweeds or jerseys and velvets, combined with wool, have a torso fit, a straight or gently full skirt. Afternoon dresses, in very thin wool, have drapery over bust and on skirt front. Others, with a shirt-maker cut, have bishop's sleeves, tailored tops, small collars. Dinner dresses also follow this line, or have small sleeves, square or heart-shaped décolletages and straight, slightly flared or accordion-pleated skirts.

(Left) Dress-suit in heavy-weight jersey, collarless jacket and skirt in oak brown, the short-sleeved top in multi-coloured plaid jersey. Matita.
(Right) Penny brown and white squared check jersey suit, the jacket buttoning right to the neck, two large, high pockets. Matita.

Navy frieze overcoat, darting to shape the waist, with vertical flap pockets, a cosy fit. Dorville.

Intricate blouse tucking, an arrow-head belt, a gently flared skirt are the features of a black Tested Quality crepe made with Courtauld's rayon. Koupy Model.

Crepe dinner-dress in black, royal, ice blue, scarlet or wine with a high rib belt, a cross-over bodice, 98s. 6d.

Pastel georgette blouse with crystal buttons (39s. 6d.), a black crepe skirt flaring from a stiffened waistband (49s. 6d.).

Woollen boxy coat with very crisp stitched revers and square shoulders in natural, grey, pottery, tan; 4 guineas.

Waisted woollen coat with Raglan sleeves, a velvet collar, large pockets, in wine, nigger, navy, black, petrol blue; 5 guineas.

Munrospun all-wool tweed suit with cut-away front, and pockets suspending from belt, in black, navy, rust, plum, tan, blue, coral, violet, many greens; 5 guineas.

PLEASE APPLY TO THE EDITOR, WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT, "BRITANNIA AND EVE," 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4, FOR THE NAMES OF THE SHOPS WHERE THESE CLOTHES CAN BE OBTAINED.

Marocain afternoon dress showing the new assymmetrical drapery, a gold leaf ornament at the high throat. In black, grey, wine, 59s.

Woollen dress, with bishop's sleeves, a high yoke, back buttoning, in navy, black, blue green, light and dark brown, 35s.

Woollen shirt dress, the collar, cuffs and pockets of bright taffeta plaid, the waist marked by a narrow patent leather belt, 35s.

On Duty—and Off

By Jane Gordon

On Duty

UNIFORM shows off all that is good in a woman's figure, but it also has a nasty trick of showing up all that is bad. Next time you get the chance, amuse yourself by a little mass observation and you will learn all sorts of object-lessons. You will notice how much better women walk who have come down off their high heels into low-heeled uniform shoes. At least they are able to walk along a crowded street without bumping and barging into other pedestrians. Because they are better balanced their faces have lost the curious strained expression worn by the women who still totter around in high heels.

THE woman who wears uniform is much more inclined to hold her head up and her shoulders straight, therefore her back is flatter and her bust in less danger of sagging. Because she is walking correctly her stomach muscles are more likely to be pulled in and so is her "tail-piece." Although I personally detest uniform, if it will improve a woman's figure to this extent I am all for it. One of the disadvantages is that it makes the small plumpish woman stump along in an attempt to appear manly.

WHETHER you live in uniform or out of it, you will walk right into trouble unless you know how to walk properly. One of the worst faults is to turn your toes out, because this throws the weight on the inner borders of your foot, eventually making the arches drop and giving you flat feet. If you can remember the way that the average Italian waiter walked you will have (Continued on p. 64)

SAY what you like, life is not all beer and skittles for the British housewife in wartime. As it happens, this does not affect me personally, as I neither drink beer nor play at skittles, but there are aspects of housekeeping in these days which fill me with alarm and despondency. The men of my family have always resisted all attempts to reform them and so the housemaid and I had become accustomed to finding lighted cigarettes burning away merrily on carpets and mantelpieces. Now, instead of lighted cigarettes, I find revolvers left about, and I am never absolutely certain whether they are loaded or not. The spare-room mantelpiece is adorned with bullets. Men appear to think that pipes are more war-like than cigarettes and the result is that the house is littered with strange pipes and stranger tobaccos. The first pipe that appeared was advertised as being "Light as a feather, sweet as a nut, and cool as a cucumber." I christened it "Nut Skunk." Since then we have acquired "Corncob Skunk," "Skunk Minor," "Madam Skunk," and tobaccos of every shade and mixture. The limit of endurance was reached when I was convinced that one of the carpets was smouldering, only to discover it was the newest smoke. As a London housewife I have had the shaming experience of having my staff return from their holidays and grumble because London is so dull compared to the country, where raids are really worth while looking at. Entertaining has also taken a new turn. Earnest men and women call on me and enquire whether I will be willing to entertain local school-children during raids, and the other night when I dined out my hostess whipped out a note-book and asked if I would play hostess to my neighbours when they were bombed out of house and home. Having decided the size of the party I would give in these circumstances, she enquired "Have you a stirrup-pump?" and the man sitting between us interrupted to say, "Why do you have to have a stomach-pump? Surely that is not really necessary."

Off Duty

MY mother looked at me with a cold grey eye and said severely, "It obviously doesn't suit you to go without a holiday, but if you can't take a holiday the best thing for you to do is to go out and buy yourself a new hat." Having been brought up on the theory that mother knows best, I went off to Aage Thaarup's and had a look at his Autumn collection. There are the Foreign Legion hats, sweeping well down at the back, one in Radio blue felt which has the back-piece tucked and flared out in a way which will be particularly becoming to the longish hair. A large quill is stuck through one side of the high crown.

A BLACK felt pill-box for town wear has a fan-pleated back-piece. Small, tallish town felts have tightly waisted crowns of petersham. Sometimes the petersham is in two contrasting shades, such as rust and dove grey on a tall grey felt hat or a narrow striped petersham sash on a black felt. Black hackle feathers are used for a tiny hat which will be equally good for day or evening. The feathers form most of the crown and there is an enormous flat rosette that dithers as the hat moves.

THE hat which I chose to make up for the holiday I had missed is a cone-shaped soft black felt. Four large tassels fall down the front from the tiny pointed crown, and this is everything that a hat should be in wartime. It is gay and new, easy to wear, and equally good for day or evening. It is good for suits or a fur coat or afternoon dresses.

THERE are some largish sports hats in felt with high crowns and big turn-up brims, many of them in Afghan red, which is a deep Burgundy shade, one or two with Radio blue quills, and others in Radio blue felt. This is a grand colour to wear with black. Sou'wester hats with the brims turned up in front and dipping down well at the back are going to be popular this autumn, and the pill-box is shown in a new way with loops of ribbon or fan-shaped pleating at the back to take care of your hair and keep it from getting blown about. Black velvet ribbon is being used a good deal, as this is much easier to get hold of than velvet by the yard and it makes charming little afternoon and evening hats.

"LOOK what I've found," I said to my housemaid, waving a bottle of white liquid cream under her nose. "What is it for, madam?" she asked suspiciously. "It revives rusty things, and you can use if for cutlery, silver, plate, chromium, brass, mirrors, spectacles, windows, white paint, tiles and a whole lot of other things besides." At this point her face took on an expression of affectionate contempt and I added: "Don't look so darned superior. Just lend me that duster for a minute and you will probably have the fun of seeing me proved wrong in next to no time." I picked up an old dagger which had been bought in Cairo ten years ago, unsheathed it, and started to work on the very rusty blade. To our mutual astonishment all the rust melted away in less (Continued on p. 64)

Mary Young's

FINDINGS

For Your

KEEPINGS

The inventors of a dry-cleaning brush for use at home claim perfect results for their system. For they have proved that failure is due to the use of the same spirit over and over, thereby returning the dirt to the cloth instead of removing it.

By using this brush with the patent container back, a continuous flow of clean spirit is sent down through the bristles on to the cloth. The container has a valve cap which unscrews for filling. When the brush is in action the slight pressure of the hand or the finger on the cap controls the flow of spirit.

Any ordinary spirit may be used in the brush, but that recommended by the makers of the brush is non-inflammable, and is perfectly safe to use indoors. The brush is made of genuine hog bristles and can be used for ordinary purposes when not needed for dry cleaning. It costs 10s. A tin of spirit, funnel and book of hints on dry cleaning is given away free with initial outfit.

When this war is over, one of the many minor reliefs for which we shall offer thanks is to be rid of the war-time clutter of gas-mask, tin hat, torch and other bits and pieces which have grown up over our persons like barnacles on a rock.

At the time of writing, it looks as if we shall have to go on carrying these things for a long time, so that anything which eases our burden is more than welcome. A torch that can be clipped in the lapel or to any convenient part of the clothing and so leaves the hands free, commends itself to the war-laden civilian.

With this discreet light clipped to one's person, the struggle to find, for instance, the keyhole on a wet night, with an umbrella in one hand and handbag, gas-mask and torch in the other, is at an end.

The battery, in a neat black case, is carried in a pocket or handbag with a length of flex connecting with the bulb. The price complete is 3s. 6d. Refills 4d.

Some form of independent lighting for house or air-raid shelter is a vital necessity in wartime. Darkness creates panic, or, if not panic, adds greatly to alarm during a raid. Should the mains fail, substitute lighting should be instantly available. The emergency light should be solid yet portable, fume and concussion-proof, and give at least ten to twelve hours' continuous lighting.

A lamp recently put on the market fulfils all these demands. Primarily designed for A.R.P. shelters, it is constructed of steel, has a safety dry accumulator, and is fitted with a reversible handle so that it can be used as a table lamp, can be carried like a lantern, or hung on the wall either as a pendant or a bracket light.

Severe concussion will not affect the lamp, and as to running costs, it is claimed that maintenance is considerably cheaper than paraffin lighting. Price : for 16 hours' continuous light, 36s. ; 33 hours, 40s.

Masks for faces are essential to good looks. But as a mask is usually only a part of a complicated ritual, it is often neglected. Here is news, however, of one that is a complete unit in itself : is simple to apply, inexpensive and effective. Composed of a cream that suits every type of skin, it is only necessary to cleanse before application, leave the mask on in a thick spread over the face and neck for ten to twenty minutes, and sponge off with cold water.

The skin is now ready for a fresh make-up or for bed. If the latter, a little skin food may be applied. The mask has special properties which give a hot and cold feeling when it has been on for some moments. This action causes the pores to expand and contract and so throw off sluggishness and impurities.

Although it does not harden on the skin, the cream is so stimulating that it has an ironing-out effect on lines and wrinkles that is very gratifying. Price per jar is 6s. 6d.

I came upon a pleasant sight in the corner of a big store. From shining white shelves brilliant colours glowed like jewels. These colours, in their crystal containers, represented the basic shades for rouges, powders, nail varnishes and eye shadows. Further along the shelves were glass jars containing powders, creams, and perfumed oils.

The white-coated attendant introduced me to this unique beauty dispensary, the only one of its kind in the country. Here an expert advises on skin problems and make-up, and dispenses the right answers while you wait. Here, too, you may have nail varnish matched up to a dress, an exotic eye-shadow or difficult rouge tone blended specially for you.

And here also you may bring that prescription of your grandmother's in full assurance that it will be accurately dispensed. Mail orders receive as careful attention as personal calls and no order is too small. Prices compare favourably with those of other reputable cosmetics.

Here is news of a discovery which should appeal to all housewives who take a pride in their hands. This is a household cleanser that softens hard water. Consider what this means. It means that every time you wash up or launder your personal things your hands get a beauty treatment instead of a rough house. And that 's not all. Because the water is soft, a great economy is effected in soap, whether it is used for dishes or clothes. Only a teaspoonful of the cleanser is used to every gallon of water and only about half the amount of soap-flakes will be needed.

Lipstick stains on handkerchiefs and table napkins will disappear if they are left to soak in this solution. The cleanser removes fur from kettles ; charred crusts from pots and pans ; grease spots from carpets and upholstery, and is useful for a hundred other more ordinary jobs in house and garage.

If any of the subjects discussed on this page answer your current problems write me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. I shall be happy to send any further information.

SMILING LADY

War or no war, all the world over, there is nothing so infectious as a smile. If you could have watched your own expression when you looked at the girl on the opposite page you would have seen the corners of your mouth lift and your eyes light up, while a new vitality and warmth softened your face. And you would have liked yourself much more than you do when, in a mirror, you catch a sudden glimpse of yourself wearing a mask of glowering concentration.

The great thing about a really spontaneous smile is that it does everybody such a tremendous amount of good. It is like a light that suddenly makes the darkness seem friendly. It can convey, in a second, a whole series of complicated messages and reassurances. And, since it is completely ageless, it wipes the years away like a sponge.

Have you ever studied just what actual physical effect a smile has on your face? If you have not, sit right down at your dressing-table and see for yourself. The first thing that happens is that the whole contours of your face and neck are cleaned up. That slight blurring of the jaw line vanishes, and there is no longer the slightest hint of the faint stringiness that attacks most over-thirty women who have not got a double chin.

Your brow is smoothed out, and consequently your eyes look wider and more tranquil. Every line in your face runs upwards, and there is courage and pride in the carriage of your head.

It is worth while making a real effort to smile, no matter how difficult things may be, for altogether, apart from the fact that you are making life more pleasant for other people, you are keeping your muscles elastic and youthful, and so warding off that heaviness of expression which, in repose, settles on so many faces, making them middle-aged before their time.

What you look like when you are not thinking about yourself is simply a matter of habit, and the more you smile the more charming will be your natural, unguarded expression. True, you will probably develop laughter lines between your nose and mouth, and, if you crinkle up your eyes, you will encourage microscopic lines beneath them and at their corners, but these are easily dealt with.

At night, pat a good nourishing cream into the nose and mouth lines, briskly tapping the corners of the mouth with a firm, upward stroke. Use a lighter cream for the skin round the eyes, smoothing it in with the lightest possible touch. So creamed, have your bath, afterwards gently blotting the cream round the eyes with a soft tissue, before spending a few minutes doing a simple massaging movement that, according to one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, will keep any face youthful for ever.

Place the middle finger of each hand in the centre of the chin, and with firm continuous strokes carry them along to the sides of the mouth, up the laughter lines, and across the eyebrows, ending with a marked pause on each temple. You will immediately discover that it is a clearly visible and mercifully lasting example of uplift.

Spend a little time too on your teeth, for on their shining whiteness depends half the charm of your smile. Once or twice a week, to remove every trace of yellowness, add a few drops of peroxide of hydrogen to the water in your tooth glass, and every morning gently massage the gums with salt and water.

Visit your dentist regularly, no matter how good your teeth may be, so that the backs of them may be as white as the fronts, and always blot your lipstick with a tissue to stop unsightly smudges.

But in the end, obviously, your smile can only be a reflection of your spirit. It must be lit from within, and only after you have managed to strike a balance in your own life can you lend inspiration to other people.

Look again at the girl on the opposite page. She can smile like that because she has a well-balanced mind and a clearly defined philosophy. First of all she looks after her health, refusing to let herself be dragged down by useless worrying. She eats simply, keeps her nerves well in hand, gets as much sleep as possible, and enjoys herself whenever she has a chance to do so, for she knows the indomitable strength that lies in happiness.

She knows, too, the way in which minor irritations can assume major proportions when life is difficult, so she eliminates as many as possible by efficient planning.

Her home is run without fuss and without apologies for wartime deficiencies. Her economies, imaginative and unobtrusive, are a source of pride to her. Back in the days before the war she had no particular interest in cooking, but she has worked it up into an adventure that grows with the decline of easy provisions, until now she has reached the stage where a new recipe is as exciting as a new hat used to be.

She gets up early enough to buy the best of what there is, and to have her housework finished and out of the way by the middle of the morning, so that she has plenty of time for war work and for wartime entertaining.

Nor does she count such entertaining among the least worthy of her efforts, for she knows that never has home life been so precious or so sustaining as it is now. It speaks to every one, and perhaps most of all to every fighting man, of a graciousness that dispels for a time present discomforts and horrors, and that re-awakens belief in permanence and beauty.

What does it matter if hospitality is necessarily curtailed? The companionship of friends, the intimacy of a fire-lit room, the sharing of thoughts and quick responsive laughter is all that really counts.

Exactly the same sort of feeling underlies her pride in her clothes and in her own shining freshness. She owes something more than duty to the men and women who are working day and night to save their world from darkness and despair, so she presses and sponges her dresses and suits, and home-cleans them with rapidly developing expertness, never putting them away, no matter how tired she may be, until they are in perfect order.

She searches for gay details to lighten last year's faithfuls, and wraps herself in warm colours, knowing that men can only be single minded about their job when they feel that all is well with their womenfolk.

She buys only essentials, and on these she spends more thought than money, for she has discovered that inexpensive hats and dresses, with a few inspired touches and well-chosen accessories, can hold their own against all comers.

Admittedly she is fussy about perfect fitting, but she has learned to alter her (Continued on page 71)

BY OLIVE RANDALL

Mixing Cable Stitch and Ribbing, Light and Dark Wools

MATERIALS

6 oz. dirty pink and 2 oz. plum 3-ply wool ; 8 buttons ; one pair of No. 10 and No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20 ins. ; across back, underarm, 16½ ins. ; across each front, 9 ins. ; sleeve from shoulder, 22 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles and main coloured wool cast on 121 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Then continue in the following patt. :

1st row.—(P. 1, k. 4) twice, (p. 1, k. 9) 10 times, (p. 1, k. 4) twice, p. 1.

2nd row.—(K. 1, p. 4) twice, (k. 1, p. 9) 10 times, (k. 1, p. 4) twice, k. 1.

3rd row.—(P. 1, k. 4) twice, * p. 1, k. 3, sl. the next 3 sts. on to a spare needle and place them at back of work, k. the next 3 sts., then the 3 sts. from the spare needle (this forms a *front* cable) ; rep. from * 9 times more, (p. 1, k. 4) twice. **4th row.**—As 2nd.

Rep. rows 1 and 2 once.

7th row.—(K. 1, p. 4) twice, * p. 1, sl. the next 3 sts. on to a spare needle and place in front of work, k. the next 3 sts., k. the 3 sts. from spare needle, k. 3 (this forms a *back* cable) ; rep. from * 9 times more, (p. 1, k. 4) twice.

8th row.—As 2nd. These 8 rows make the cable patt.

Work 1 patt., then decrease 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 101 sts. on needle. Continue on these sts. without further shaping, until work measures 5½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Then work as follows :

1st row.—* P. 1, k. 4 ; rep. from * ending p. 1. **2nd row.**—* K. 1, p. 4 ; rep. from * ending k. 1 (these 2 rows make patt.)

Work 2 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row following, until 121 sts. again on needle. Continue without further shaping until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Work 6 ins. on the remaining 91 sts.

SHAPE THE NECK

Work 41 sts. in patt. Cast off 9 sts., work 41 sts. in patt. Work on each set of 41 sts. for 1 in., at the same time casting off 5 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 26 sts. remain.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, work back to armhole, cast off 6 sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles and main shade wool cast on 61 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Then continue as follows :

1st row.—(P. 1, k. 9) 5 times, (p. 1, k. 4) twice, p. 1.

2nd row.—(K. 1, p. 4) twice, (k. 1, p. 9) 5 times, p. 1.

3rd row.—(P. 1, k. 3, work *back* cable) 5 times, (p. 1, k. 4) twice, p. 1. **4th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. rows 1 and 2 once. **7th row.**—(P. 1, work *front* cable, k. 3) 5 times, (p. 1, k. 4 twice), p. 1. **8th row.**—As 2nd.

These 8 rows make the patt. Work 1 patt. Then dec. 1 st. at the end of next and every 4th row following until 51 sts. remain on needle. Work without further shaping until 5½ ins. from the cast on edge. Now work 2 rows, main patt. Then inc. 1 st. at the end of next and every 4th row following until 61 sts. again. Continue without further shaping until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE (wrong side facing)

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row and every armhole end row following until 46 sts. remain. Work ½ in. on these 46 sts. Change to plum wool and k. 1 row. Then continue in main patt. until 4½ ins. after armhole end shaping.

SHAPE THE NECK (right side facing)

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then work until 7 ins. after the armhole shaping, at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 26 sts. remain.

Shape the shoulder as for the back.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 9 needles cast on 61 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Then continue as follows :

1st row.—(P. 1, k. 4) twice, (p. 1, k. 9) 5 times, p. 1. **2nd row.**—(K. 1, p. 9) 5 times, (k. 1, p. 4) twice, k. 1. **3rd row.**—(P. 1, k. 4) twice, (p. 1, k. 3, work *back* cable) 5 times, p. 1. **4th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. rows 1 and 2 once.

7th row.—(P. 1, k. 4) twice, (p. 1, work *front* cable, k. 3) 5 times, p. 1. **8th row.**—As 2nd. These 8 rows make the patt.

Work 1 patt., then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the next and every 4th armhole edge row following until 51 sts. remain. Work without further shaping until work measures 5½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Work 2 rows main patt., then inc. 1 st. at the beg. of next and every 4th row following until 61 sts. again. Work without further shaping, until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

(Continued on page 76)

Made with Thin and Thick Needles. Rib and Stocking Stitch

MATERIALS
9 oz. La Laine 4-ply wool in blue; 1 pair of No. 11 and No. 1 needles; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS
Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 18½ ins.

TENSION
7 sts. and 6 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT
With No. 11 needles cast on 98 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 1 needles and st.st. and work 4 rows (first row will be with a No. 1 and a No. 11, but counts as 1 row, then 3 more with 2 number ones). Change to No. 11 needles and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 6 rows.

Continue to work alternate rows of rib and st.st. with rib on small needles and st.st. on large and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 1st row of 2nd st.st. block. (P. side of st.st. is right side.)

Continue to inc. on every 4th row until there are 120 sts. Work straight until there are 12 ins. up side seam, including rib. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts.

Work straight until there are 4½ ins. round curve of armhole, ending after 9th st.st. block. Change to No. 11 needles and k. 1, p. 1 rib, and continue in rib until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, leaving 48 sts. Cast off. (Continued on page 77)

ABBREVIATIONS

k.=knit; p.=purl; sts.=stitches; ins.=inches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; inc.=increase; dec.=decrease; s.=slip; pat.=pattern; m.=make.

Diagonally Ribbed Sweater, with Straight Panelling

MATERIALS
7 oz. Femina yellow 3-ply botany fingering; a pair of No. 9 needles.

MEASUREMENTS
Round bust, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.; length, 20 ins.

TENSION
7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)
Cast on 56 sts. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 2 ins. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 8th row after until there are 92 sts. Work on in this width if needed to make 18 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 38 sts. Cast off.

FOUR SIDE PANELS (all alike)
Cast on 30 sts. at shoulder. Work k. 2, p. 2 rib for 2 rows. Now on next row and every other row after m. 1 st. at beg. of row and k. 2 tog. at end of row (thus keeping same number of sts.) until there are 6 ins. along edge of work when rib is stretched out. Cast on 14 sts. at edge where you have been making a st. (armhole) and do not dec. any more at this edge, but continue to k. 2 tog. on other edge until there are 30 sts. Continue to dec. at centre edge and m. 1 st. on every other row at other edge until side seam measures 9 ins.

Now continue to dec. at centre edge and m. 1 st. at side seam edge on every row until (Continued on page 77)

War fatigue can be the direct result of overwork or of disturbed air raid nights. More often it is attributable to a strain due to lack of a stimulus, either mental, emotional or physical. For instance, how many people are there you know who can cover an amazing number of jobs in a day providing each is sufficiently varied. Keep them at one for three hours and they are on the verge of collapse.

So prevailing conditions tire some people because they are compelled to live more steadily, narrowly: while the war background frazzles others because of its inevitable uncertainty.

Indications of what to do in cases where there is a lack of mental or emotional stimulus are given on this page. Physical stimulus lies chiefly in warmth, food and exercise.

When you feel dead to the world, drop into an easy chair and "pass out." Let your feet stretch out on your heels and your knees bend in until they would touch if your head were not sunk between them. Your knuckles are knocking the floor as your arms flop beside you.

In less than a minute all faintness, aching, dizziness, or other symptoms of extreme fatigue will vanish, as your blood flow which has receded to the pit of the stomach is forced back to your head, to normal. You will come to, restored. Straighten up, arch your spine, lean back and carry on with a second burst of vitality.

FIVE TIRED LADIES

You are a mother whose home is no longer a house of many voices. Your family has scattered or the children have been evacuated. A hundred small tasks, which were no mean burden, have been lifted from you, and you should feel immeasurably relieved.

Instead, the days drag, there is no longer the hustle for breakfast, the preparations against home-coming at tea. There is an emptiness, and this breeds aimlessness, listlessness, fatigue.

Fill your spare time with outside work, for other children, if needs be. And, during the hours when you would be darning your own family's socks, write to them, plan for them, live with them in thought constructively, and you will retrieve your emotional stimulus.

You are the wife of a farmer, or a land girl. In either case, your day never ends. It is methodically planned but, as you deal with livestock, subject to surprises which blow the time-table to smithereens. Yet there are certain jobs which must be done to time, milking for instance, even if the sky falls in. For the rest, you are a butter-maker, chicken-feeder, pig-rearer, calf-weaner, hayrick-builder, you can hang a door as well as any man or take a horse out of the plough.

Your daily ration is the unforseen. But there is nothing so wearying as having to cope perpetually with emergencies: it means you can never go slack. There is only one remedy. It sounds impossible to achieve in the turmoil of the day's doings, but you must treat yourself to the same consideration you accord the stock.

Set aside twenty minutes after tea in which you will rest on your bed and *not be disturbed*, twenty minutes in which to go blank with eyes closed. After all, you must be worth as much as any prize heifer, gilt or mare on the place.

You are in the Services and have lately become intensely aware of hands, back and feet. They burn, or swell, or ache, especially if you are a nurse, lorry driver, or serve in a canteen.

Footwear should be your chief concern. Shoes, in which the instep arch is blocked up level with the heel give the best support. Wipe your feet at night, particularly the soles, with methylated spirit. Rub this also into the small of your back. If you feel cold quickly in the small of your back, it is one of the few places where a pad can be worn without rendering the system liable to chills when it is left off. Swollen hands should be slipped between cotton wool soaked in witch hazel.

Seize the first moments off duty to relax according to the scientific "pass-out" described and relax with eyes closed in perfect quiet if that can be obtained.

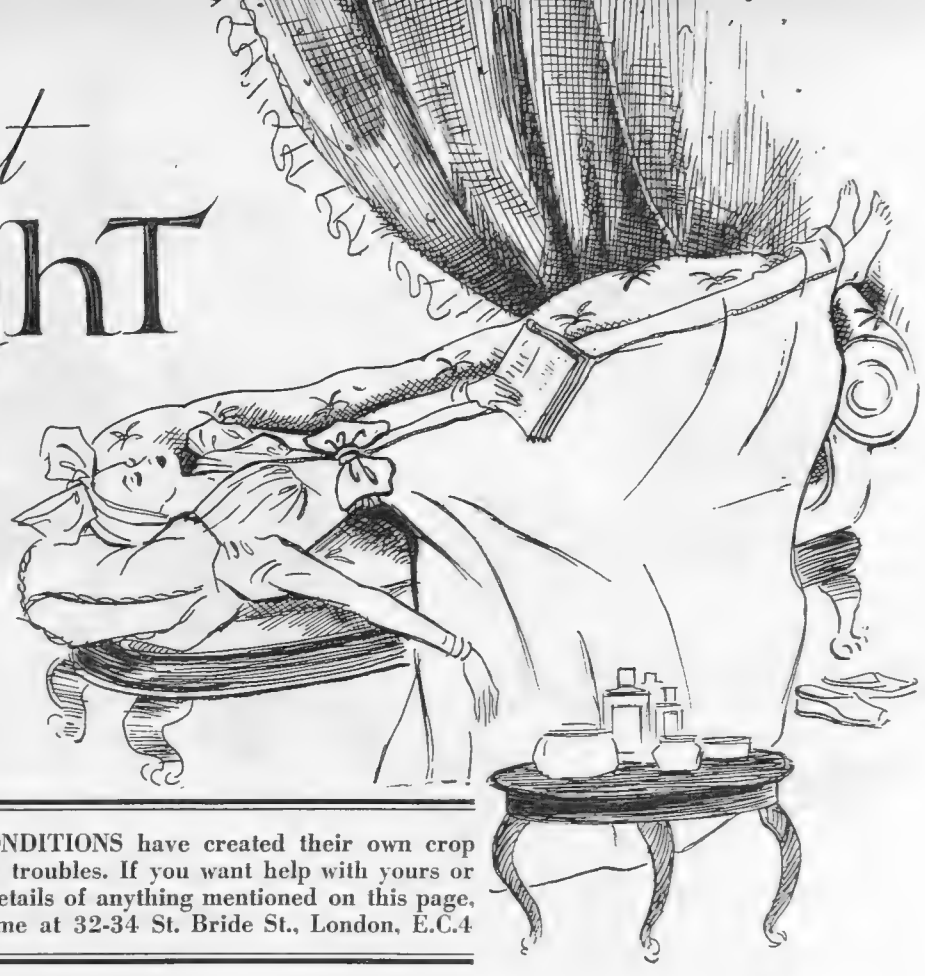
You are the wife or mother of an airman. You live near his station, and are tormented by the roar of his outgoings on bombing expeditions, or when the squadron is called out to fight hostile aircraft. The moments he is away are hideous to you, and anxiety does not diminish, it increases. The danger is that your nerves may play tricks on you. You may take to over smoking.

Do something with your hands. Doctors advise plaiting chair seats or weaving fishing nets, some work which exhausts a certain amount of physical strength, which would otherwise go to building overstrung nerves, while the pattern before the eye grows rhythmically. This, also, helps to balance nerves.

You are a woman with a career, a business executive, actress, or a buyer in a great store. Your job taxes all your brain power, you have fought hard for your position, it is your living. So far, it has occupied all your thinking. But now, because you are sensitive and acutely alive to prevailing conditions, you are fretted with dissatisfaction. What part are you playing in this war? Reason will supply a hundred answers, the chief one is that you are needed at your post.

Yet, if you are wise, you will stretch yourself, and over and above your work, find expression in doing something for the war according to your gifts and intelligence. Whatever the temporary strain, a surplus of zest and health will flow back to you in fulfilment.

A Date at EIGhT



The telephone rings . . . a voice at the other end makes your heart bump. Are you free to-night at eight? it asks; you must be free to-night, it insists . . . suddenly all life centres upon this dazzle-point and the engagement becomes more important than anything else in the world. You may have only ten minutes, half an hour, an hour, in which to prepare. Maybe, you are lucky enough to have half a day. Whichever it is, you have to look your best at the end of the time allowed.

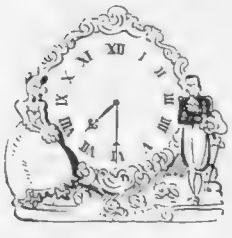
By Chrysis

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at 32-34 St. Bride St., London, E.C.4

Ten Minutes . . . A hair twist and face freshening is about all you can manage. Also a touch of hand balm. Bend the head over and brush the hair hard. This will give it new vitality, will make it easier to comb into place.

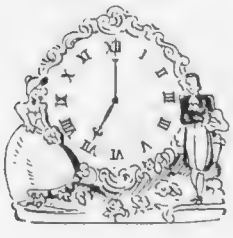
Tuck a towel into your bodice and sweep face and neck with a special skin toning lotion which dissolves old make-up, lifts the skin as it cleans, and creates a foundation for powder on which a peach-bloom can be obtained.

Pass a wad of cotton wool under the tap and polish your teeth. Make up your face as usual (with a little extra mascara perhaps) and fix your hair. Work in the hand-balm and add a drop of apple blossom fragrance to your palms and ears.



Half an Hour . . . If your hair is all to bits and you have a really quick-drying setting lotion, spray it on the worst curls and pin them up. But if you're not much good at it, leave them alone. Don't attempt too much. Even if you're not dressing up, change your dress, your stockings. It's worth the time spent. Then remove make-up and splash a youthifying balm lavishly round the skin to your ears, mould in carefully round the eyes and brow.

You will feel the blood rushing up to the cheeks tingling and pulsing. This preparation is as good as a mask, with this advantage, it can be *left on*. In this way your circulation is kept pipped up to the zenith. Don't make up on this stimulant for ten minutes. In the meantime have a footwash or snatch a few minutes with your feet up. Apply your powder foundation evenly over the stimulant and use your pet make-up tricks.

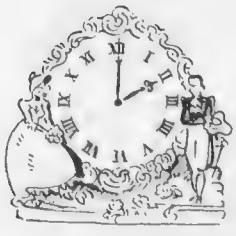


An Hour . . . You will either lie in a bath or on your bed for twenty minutes.

A hair-set under a net with pins, using a lotion that ensures a luxuriant and practically instantaneous curl, comes first.

Then, if you plump for the bath, smother your face in a skin-clearing cream which bleaches and even takes out freckles and gives an after-effect like porcelain. It slips on with the ease of a liquefying cream and can be washed off fifteen minutes after.

If you are for bed, keep your feet higher than your head, it's a better short rest. Several individual points could now receive attention. For instance, if your chin is falling down on you, hoist it up by passing a band underneath and tying it on top of your head, slapping in a muscle tightening jelly first. If your eyes feel strained, press on herbal eye-pads. They soothe and flatten out pouches, reduce puffiness. An anti-wrinkle cream can then be finger-printed in later under your make-up.



Half a Day . . . This is the luxurious dreamed-of preparation for an evening out. Spend two hours at the hairdresser's where you will have a manicure, a pedicure and a relaxation, two hours at a beauty salon.

When you go for the latter, have your face examined under a dermascope. This is a highly-magnifying hooded mirror, powerfully lit. It will reveal all that is wrong with your skin. Next, have an oxygenation. The improvement it confers endures. A face cleansing and stimulation precedes oxygenation. The forms of stimulation vary according to complexion.

There is an open pore mask for acne ; an oil coating for a dry skin ; a bleach for a weather-beaten skin ; a lotion to help reduce the oil glands for an oil skin.

When the skin has been stimulated, oxygen is filtered into it from a drum. Oxygen is life, there is no need to dwell on how tremendously this infiltration invigorates.

After the oxygenation, a complementary mask rounds off the first stimulative treatment. After this you can be pretty sure that your complexion has been thoroughly purified and that any blemish or bad tendency in the skin has been paid off. This treatment will stand you in good stead for weeks.

Your daily diet should add up to the above-- and these rations meet all your requirements

2,500–3,500 calories (a calorie being the unit which measures the fuel or energy value of the food you eat).
5,200 units of Vitamin A (protects from eye and other troubles).
500 units of Vitamin B (protects from "nerves" and skin diseases).
1,200 units of Vita-minC (protects from scurvy).
15 milligrammes of iron.
1,000 units of calcium.

By Harriet Muir

Now, more than ever, it is important to eat well. We have to see that our menus are healthily balanced—that each day we get enough fuel to keep the body's engine ticking over nicely, and that we also get our daily quota of the vitamins and minerals that maintain it in good repair

Menus

Breakfast.—*Stewed figs; bacon and fried bread; oatcakes and margarine; coffee.*

Lunch.—*Potato pie; green salad with wholemeal or "fortified" bread and butter.*

Dinner.—*Roast aitchbone with potatoes and spinach; fresh fruit.*

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Breakfast.—*Porridge with milk; eggs "sur le plet" with parsley; wholemeal toast; margarine; marmalade; tea.*

Lunch.—*Russian fish pie; tomato and watercress salad with wholemeal bread.*

Dinner.—*Liver and onions; jacket potatoes; purple-sprouting broccoli with melted margarine (separate dish); stewed apples and junket.*

»»»»»»»»»»»

Breakfast.—*Orange; Scotch white pudding (this is made of oatmeal, and can be bought ready prepared; boil whole, or fry slices); toast; margarine; honey or golden syrup; coffee.*

Lunch.—*Spaghetti with mushrooms or kidney; salad made with lettuce or endive; watercress; raw brussels sprouts; grated raw carrot, dressed with oil and vinegar; wholemeal bread and butter.*

Dinner.—*Baked stuffed herrings; baked potatoes; runner beans cooked in oven; fruit pie with custard.*

»»»»»»»»»»»

Breakfast.—*Porridge with milk; roes on toast; brown rolls; margarine; honey; tea.*

Lunch.—*Watercress soup; celery cheese; wholemeal bread and butter.*

Dinner.—*Stuffed ox heart; jacket potatoes; spinach; apple pancakes.*

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Breakfast.—*Cereal; fried bacon and fried bread soaked in egg and milk; wholemeal toast; margarine; jam or marmalade; tea.*

Lunch.—*Hors d'œuvre of shredded raw cabbage dressed with oil and vinegar; tomatoes with parsley and chopped onion; left over french beans; potato salad; risotto (made with unpolished rice).*

Dinner.—*Rabbit pie; potatoes mashed with chives or onions; Scotch kale; apple charlotte.*

Recipes

Oatcakes.—1 lb. oatmeal, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 oz. dripping, ½ pint boiling water.

Use a Scotch iron girdle or the hot plate of the electric stove. Mix dripping and water. Add salt to oatmeal, and add liquid to make a stiff mixture, using more boiling water if necessary. Divide into four balls. Have a board with oatmeal to prevent sticking, and roll each portion of mixture very thinly. Cut each in four triangles and put in a well-heated girdle. Cook on one side, and finish under the grill.

Potato Pie.—3 lb. potatoes, 2 teaspoonfuls chopped parsley, 3 sticks celery, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 4 tablespoonfuls grated cheese, salad oil, stock.

Cut up the celery, carrots and onions and cook in a little oil. Add the potatoes, cut in thick slices. Have stock (preferably vegetable stock) ready boiling, and add enough just to cover the vegetables. Simmer for thirty

Three-quarters pint milk, 6 oz. wholemeal bread, 1 oz. butter or margarine, 1 oz. sugar, 1-2 oz. cheese, 3 oz. dried figs, 3 oz. herrings, 5-6 oz. potatoes, about 8 oz. salad (2 oz. each of lettuce, watercress, and tomato, and one grated raw carrot weighing about 2 oz.).

Here Are Some Well Balanced Meals

minutes, adding parsley towards the end. Put into a greased piedish, cover with grated cheese, and brown in the oven for fifteen minutes (Regulo Mark 7) or under the grill.

Russian Fish Pie.—*For pastry:* 6 oz. flour, 2 oz. beef dripping, 2 oz. margarine, pinch salt, cold water.

Eight ounces cutlet of cod, ¼ pint fish sauce with added flavouring of half teaspoonful anchovy essence or ½ gill shrimps, 2 teaspoonfuls chopped capers, 1 hard-boiled egg (optional).

Mix the fats together and divide into four. Using tips of fingers, rub one part of fat into sifted flour and salt in mixing bowl. Sprinkle in water (about two or three tablespoonfuls) and mix until dough leaves the sides of the bowl cleanly.

Knead pastry on board and roll to a strip twelve inches long. Mark across in three divisions, and put another quarter of fat on the top two sections. Fold up and re-roll. Repeat until fat is used up. Fold pastry in three and put in refrigerator while you prepare the filling. The reason for using a lot of fat in the pastry is that white fish is deficient in this.

Flake the fish into a bowl and add the capers. Now put in the sauce and mix well.

Take out pastry, roll it to a square of about twelve inches and trim the edges with a knife. Lift pastry over the rolling pin and lay in a square tin, which is ready floured. Damp the edges. Put the filling in the centre, and on it place slices of hard-boiled egg. Fold each corner of the pastry into the centre, making a square shape. Pinch the edges together, and glaze with a little milk. Decorate with the pastry trimmings, but be sure to leave a ventilation hole in the centre. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. (Regulo Mark 7.)

Baked Stuffed Herrings.—4 herrings, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoonful shredded fat, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 1 small onion, milk.

Split open the herrings and remove heads and backbone. Chop onion and add breadcrumbs, parsley, fat and seasoning. Bind with a little milk and mix thoroughly.

Sprinkle inside of herring with salt and pepper and lay on it a quarter of the stuffing. Roll up the fish from head to tail, and skewer with a cocktail stick. When all four are prepared, put them in a greased baking dish, add a shaving of fat on each, cover and bake for twenty minutes. (Regulo Mark 6.)

Celery Cheese.—1 head celery, ¼ pint milk, 1 oz. breadcrumbs, 4 oz. grated cheese, seasoning, a little margarine.

Cut celery into one-inch pieces and cook in the oven until tender. Grease a fireproof dish, and in it arrange alternate layers of celery and cheese, seasoning as you proceed. Sprinkle cheese over, add the breadcrumbs and pour in the milk. Put a few dabs of margarine on top, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven. (Regulo Mark 7.)

Apple Charlotte.—1 lb. cooking apples, 2 tablespoonfuls brown sugar, 1 oz. currants, 1 orange, ⅓ teaspoonful cinnamon, 6 thin slices brown bread and margarine.

Stew the apples with the sugar, cinnamon, orange juice and grated orange rind, and a little water. Line a piedish with bread, sprinkle with sugar, fill with apple mixture to which you have added the currants, and cover with bread. Brush with milk, sprinkle a little sugar over and bake for half an hour. (Regulo Mark 6.)

Where to find the Vitamins

VITAMIN A.

You get 1,000 units of Vitamin A in any of the following: quarter-ounce ox liver; half-ounce cooked spinach; one and a quarter ounces ox kidney; one and a quarter to one and a half ounces butter or margarine; two ounces carrots or green lettuce leaves; four ounces cabbage.

Vitamin A is also provided by meat, fatty fish, egg yolk, milk, butter, cheese, dried fruits, fresh fruits, whole cereals, all green vegetables.

VITAMIN B.

Dried yeast is the best source. One ounce of it produces 840 units. You also get it by eating wholemeal bread instead of white.

One hundred units of Vitamin B are provided by any of the following: eighth-ounce dried yeast; quarter-ounce yeast extract; one and a quarter ounces natural brown rice, whole barley or oatmeal, or lean pork; three ounces wholemeal bread.

The vitamin is also provided by dried peas, beans and lentils, nuts, lean ham, liver, heart, kidney, egg yolk, fish roe, fruits, vegetables, lean meat.

VITAMIN C.

One and a half ounces parsley or black currants, two ounces raw brussels sprouts, three ounces raw spinach or broccoli, or four ounces orange juice or watercress will give enough for one day.

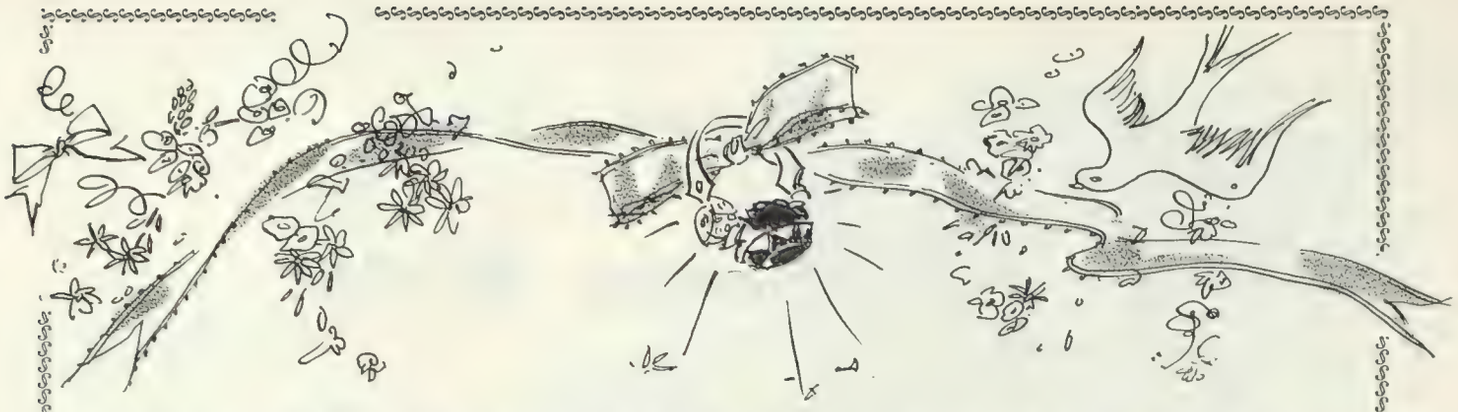
Potatoes give Vitamin C. So do oranges, grapefruit, lemons and liver, and all fresh or canned fruits and vegetables.

CALCIUM.

Best sources are cheese, turnip tops, black treacle, Scotch kale, watercress, dried figs, egg yolk, milk.

IRON

Best sources are lentils, egg yolk, liver, dried beans, black treacle, oatmeal, dried peas, whole wheat.



WAR BRIDE'S PROGRESS

A quick pop-off to a register office during a frantic few days between the outbreak of war and the date when Henry had to report at his training unit, wasn't at all the way I had pictured myself becoming Mrs. Henry.

Orange blossom, I had figured it out to myself, masses of white tulle, romantic bouquet, all the trappings of a really wonderful last fling before settling down to the serious business of married life.

And then it all started. Thoughts of white tulle disappeared like the mist, but I flatter myself that I came through that little disappointment on the credit side.

Confronted by Henry's obvious joy at being able to avoid what he termed "a fuss," I at least had the grace to conceal that women are silly enough not to feel properly married if they are done out of their white satin.

A snatched honeymoon, and then for Henry, four months' training to be an officer, and for me, life with his parents.

That was a bad time. I think I made every mistake it was possible to make during those first four months, most of them because I was determined to be something I thought of as a wife, rather than a flibbertigibbet.

I was far too solemn and intense, and during those precious week-ends when Henry was able to come 200 miles to see me, I spoilt what should have been a deliciously light-hearted break for him, by insisting on taking far too much interest in his new life and "sharing his troubles," as I thought a good wife should.

It took me some time to discover that most men who join up react in one of two ways.

Some become so absorbed by Service life that they no longer want any contact with their former interests. Nothing exists for them any more but the problems of the moment and I, with my frantic efforts to keep abreast with all Henry was learning, would have made a good wife for one of that kind.

But Henry reacted in just the opposite way. While he was on the job, thoughts of any other world disappeared as if that world didn't exist. He didn't even want to write to me.

Then, on those rare leaves, army life and all it meant became equally unreal. He wanted to forget about Bren guns and sergeant-majors. He wanted to flirt with me, to watch me varnishing my nails, and to listen to amusing bits of gossip. He did not want to be drawn out about his life, so all my sympathetic interest was nothing but a mad bore.

It takes the intuition of a cat to discover if your man wants to draw you into his new life, or to be drawn into yours, but if you fail him about this, those hasty leaves are going to leave you both feeling vaguely out of key, no matter how deep your love.

Another difficulty of those early months was that I hadn't nearly enough to occupy my day. Before I married I had had a job which came to an end with the war. Then, with things so uncertain, it seemed better for me to live with Henry's parents.

This was, I found, a mistake.

Living in someone else's house, I hadn't enough real tasks to keep me busy, so I wasted a great deal of time, and wore my nerves to a thread, with profitless turning on and off of the wireless for news, with endless potterings, and with getting in my mother-in-law's way with offers of help.

We talked about Henry too much, too. This was inevitable, but it doesn't help a wife to keep a sense of proportion when she is encouraged to think and talk of one man from morning till night, as if he were the only soldier in the country.

Outside interests are a life-line when the mind is wracked by anxiety, so when Henry finished his training we decided that I should share a flat with a girl friend whose husband was in the R.A.F., managing on my allowance and any job I could get.

This works far better. I am less self-centred, and leaves are less strained, too, now that I am away from Henry's home. No matter how understanding parents are, it is difficult to share such a very new husband with them all the time.

Worry and anxiety are things we are all used to, now. They cannot be banished, but I have learned a few tricks for not letting them get me down.

I won't listen to wild rumours, and gossip of the "My husband has it from someone very high up" variety. I read the papers and listen to the news broadcasts intelligently, with a map in front of me, but I don't brood.

At night I fight that inclination to fret, or cry myself to sleep which every woman knows. I tuck up with a last-thing glass of milk or camomile tea, and then I tell myself a poem I like, or I live over again some happy incident in the past.

I am learning to eat proper meals, since I know that good food and a healthy digestion are an enormous, if unheroic sounding, help in coping with difficult times. And they do more than any amount of facials towards

(Continued on page 54)

Not an expensive luxury —but a luxurious Economy!

At a time when dress allowances are pretty sorely strained, COOL-EES by Joyce come to the rescue with jaunty, devil-may-care designs at severely sober prices. Here are four typical models that cost far less than they look. Joyce of California styled them—and doesn't he know the inspiriting value these days of gay colours and rakish lines! *At leading stores and shoe shops.*

Cool-ees By joyce

17-18 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1 (WHOLESALE ONLY)

CONVERSATIONS ON BEAUTY

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, THE WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT AND HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT.
ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, THE FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

—I like the colour of your new lipstick . . . . . I'm glad you've made a change.

—Are you charming or just catty?

—I'm honest: the trouble is more rot is talked about Beauty and Cosmetics than anything else.

—I quite agree . . . . . but I'm using a lipstick recommended by Pomeroy, so it *must be good.*

—I know a woman who spends the whole morning having her face done up. She looks like all the other over-painted silly women . . . . . one of those awful modern faces which seem to be hungering for the sensation after the next.

—I'm sure I know the woman you mean. My dear, she looks exactly like an unmade bed.

—What most women want, let's face it, is just to be madly attractive to men. When we don't succeed, we look cross . . . . . and when we look cross, we don't succeed.

—Sex Appeal in a woman is 75% good temper . . . . .

—Of course it is . . . . . the light of laughter and friendship in a woman's eyes is more important than a box of mascara.

— . . . . . and wrinkle cream won't remove temper lines.

—That reminds me . . . . . do you use Pomeroy Skin Food?

—I was the one who first told *you* to use Pomeroy Skin Food. Of course I use it.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Consultation Salon:
29 OLD BOND ST., W.1

Where you can obtain free and expert beauty advice. Write or call

★

Pomeroy Skin Food
Pomeroy Day Cream
Pomeroy Powder
Pomeroy Cleansing Cream
Pomeroy Beauty Milk
Pomeroy Astringent Lotion

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

The magnolia skin novelists used to write about is still a thing one secretly longs to possess, though novels describe it a little less eloquently.

A clear skin is in itself something to be happy about, but when you add to that a delicate smoothness, a velvet texture, then you can count yourself one of the favoured few.

Crème Simon is a new kind of foundation cream which gives that enviable matt texture to your skin. It has such a remarkable toning and tonic effect upon the tissues that grease and shine are actually *prevented* from forming.

You can acquire a magnolia skin from a tube. Most chemists and stores have this cream in tubes costing sixpence, one and threepence or two and threepence. The name is Crème Simon M.A.T.

To keep the slender contours of youth and to look always at one's womanly best it is essential to guard against spreading at the bosom. Good daily exercises and holding yourself properly work miracles in keeping a firm and beautiful breast line, but if through neglect you have allowed yourself to grow either too thin or too droopy, it is still possible, by a simple home treatment, to restore the shapeliness of your figure.

Formosa Cream applied to the skin at night over a period of weeks restores firm and roundly-shaped breasts by adding firm, healthy flesh where weakened tissues have caused a falling away.

The Foam reducing cream made by the same manufacturers has, too, a most remarkable effect upon the over-developed bust. Both creams are pleasant and easy to use and leave the skin satin smooth and refreshed. Price 10s. for four weeks' supply from Formosa Preparations Ltd., Kingston, Surrey.

This will be a jumper winter. The comfort and ease of the jumper and skirt as well as the many hours available for knitting which war conditions bring, make that, at least, a fairly certain forecast.

A really well-cut skirt is the essential finish to a knitted jumper and, in this connexion, you can do no better than acquaint yourself with the many different styles of Gor-ray pleated skirts that the shops are showing.

You will notice at once when you see them that the newest Gor-ray skirt, the *Koneray*, is a very superior specimen. Beautifully graduated knife-edge pleats all round taper off into a close-fitting hipline. The pleats are graceful and smart and they *never* disappear.

They are available in a variety of materials—checks, worsteds, tweeds, correct tartans, flannels—at prices from 30s.

Theatrical Red is a term that immediately suggests a glamorous, captivating colour. As a description of a lipstick it gains a meaning more intriguing still.

Tangee, who have made good lipsticks almost since lipsticks were made, give this name to their newest product and the name is as inspired as the lipstick itself, which is vivacious in its colouring without that garishness which some brightly-coloured lipsticks achieve.

It is a bright colour, yet subtle. It mixes vividness with restraint. Try a Tangee Theatrical Red lipstick with your autumn outfit. It costs 1s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. and is put up in a distinctive black and red container. There are trial sizes for sixpence, if you prefer a try-out.

Blackheads and other impurities are among the most persistent obstacles to a finely-textured skin. The relaxed condition of the pores which, among other factors, is responsible for the appearance of blackheads must be dealt with scientifically if there is to be the smallest chance of regaining a clear and beautiful skin.

Leichner make a Facial Pack which is a composition of carefully selected vegetable ingredients to soften the horny layer of the skin's surface and to draw out impurities in a manner which has hitherto only been possible after sustained treatment.

The Pack is first laid on the skin and washed off with warm water after twenty minutes, leaving the skin perfectly clean, smooth and soft. To enhance the effect of the Pack and to close the pores, Leichner Astringent Lotion should be applied afterwards.

The Pack is supplied in a box containing sufficient for six applications. The price is 3s. 6d.

Gastric complaints and illnesses of the nervous system are specially attributable to a shortage of Vitamin B. The deficiency of Vitamin B in white bread is recognised by the medical profession and it is for this reason that doctors so emphatically recommend the inclusion of "Vita-Wheat" Crispbread in the daily diet. "Vita-Wheat" is an all-British crispbread, deliciously crunchy and pleasant in flavour. It contains every part of the wheat berry and, because it is subjected to a preliminary cooking before the final baking, is more digestible than ordinary bread. It is excellent at breakfast time in place of toast, goes perfectly with salad meals and is especially tasty served in the Danish manner for a savoury spread.

We have been repeatedly warned that restrictions in the supply of raw materials may bring about a certain shortage of woollen textiles and woven wear in the coming winter. For this reason it is advisable to buy winter underwear now.

Chilprufe underwear, both for children and adults, is more than ever advisable this winter when abnormal conditions due to air raids are likely to prevail and when protection from chills and infection must be more than ever jealously guarded against.

Although the normal extensive range of Chilprufe garments has been curtailed, the children's ranges have been maintained to the fullest possible extent, and in spite of all difficulties, Chilprufe underwear is still being made of the finest pure wool.

The renovation service for which the makers have become so well known is, moreover, still operating, restoring and enlarging partly-worn garments at the cost of labour and materials. Full details of the service can be had from any Chilprufe agent.

Bomber Command (*Continued from page 9*)

We were the last to leave the lounge when we finally went to bed. As we walked upstairs, I reflected that I had experienced the whole cycle of emotions that evening. Full of anger with Jim, at the beginning, my resentment had been dulled, lulled and gradually dissolved as I listened to Eileen and Hazel. Both of them were desperately in love as I was—yet both of them were hopelessly frustrated. And here were Jim and I—Jim and I both young and in love, with no obstacle to stop us loving one another and marrying one another. Yet Jim and I were messing it up, wantonly throwing away something that so many others would never know.

Please send him back to me, I prayed, and if you do, I'll never be jealous again. Phew! I'd admitted that at last, and I felt better.

I slept that night uneasily, dreaming that Jim did return, but he came screaming down upon the "Trout Fisher" with a spire of smoke rising from his tail. I woke with a sense of disaster which I could not throw off as I dressed, crept downstairs and walked into the garden. The early morning light bathed the moor with pale gold, and as I glanced across the bushes of gorse and broom I saw Hazel walking towards the aerodrome. I halloed to her and we wandered along together. We were following the course of the little trout stream when we heard the drone of machines. Hazel and I halted, our heads cocked—listening. Sure enough—it must be them! At last we saw them like a flight of geese far out to the west, and we counted them as they came nearer. Two missing! I held Hazel's arm.

"Somehow I never thought he would be killed," I said, "I dreamed last night . . ." But Hazel shut me up.

"Wait till it has happened."

It would be some time before they returned, so Hazel insisted that we go in to breakfast. She ordered me bacon and eggs and saw to it that I ate them. She herself was quiet, and white.

Soon Eileen joined us. Now she was herself once more, composed, glossy, a compact little woman, ready for breakfast.

We heard the crunch of their boots on the gravel and we left the table without hurrying, trying to hide the fear in our hearts by walking slowly.

There were many other women in the lounge, Sybil Hoard, Kathleen, Joan, Ruth, Helen—all too calm, too anxious to show that they had really only come down to read the morning papers.

One by one the men came in. Ginger was back, Tommy, Mac, Bob—great heavens, Bob had really not been killed, Jack Hoard, Harry, Hazel's brother, Sparks Strachey and—and—but there were no more footsteps on the gravel outside.

We pressed round them, asking for news. "Jim Bravington?" I asked. "Jim Bravington?" Where was Jim? Then I saw Hazel leaning against a doorway, her lipsticked mouth flaming against the whiteness of her cheeks.

I went up to her.

"Where's Alec?"

She shook her head dumbly, and her mouth twisted up into one of her funny bitter smiles. I saw Eileen, in a corner of the room, and there was a curious expression on her face—was it relief? As she caught my glance, she sobbed loudly, the only woman who showed her emotion.

Someone thumped my shoulder—someone with a voice I knew.

"Good heavens, what are you doing here. Thought you'd packed up."

Rude, bad-tempered, pretending he wasn't glad to see me—there he was, my impossible Jim.

I hugged him and hugged him, till he laughed, and then he kissed me as he should have done last night.

"Jim," I said—and I wanted to tell him all I felt: how we didn't deserve to have one another—not while we behaved so stupidly, when life was at a premium, and other people, Hazel today, Eileen tomorrow, lost the one person whom they loved. But all I could say was, "Jim—Jim, you beast."

END

A Firm Hold on Life (*Continued from page 21*)

get his rest: the ineptitude of juniors made him sleep with one eye open and the other never really closed. But he could trust the man who had taught him his job in the misted past. No matter what emergency arose—there were plenty—it was handled without fuss. Cappy Glynde might be old, but was he spry? Each day invigorated him. The salt air and being necessary was a tonic. When the *Rasper* joined the homeward convoy he had made himself as much a part of her as the funnel. Thanks to consumption of bunker-coal the ship rode lighter and made better weather of what came her way.

"Around here's where the fun's likely to start," he surmised, watching the passionate destroyers bounce in and out as if on wires. "Gosh, what a haul for an enterprising Fritz!"

"He's certainly enterprising!" gruffed Batten, who had listened to radio bulletins.

"Any one of those big chaps——" Glynde said voluptuously. Certainly there were some tolerable ships in that convoy: swagger liners from the East, mighty tankers from the Gulf; bulging meat ships and grain carriers—this was an Armada of hope for ever-hungry Britain.

Raking the nearer ships with glasses, Batten commented that the *Highflyer* seemed well packed with troops: Colonials, useful, trained men hurrying to lend their weight to this strenuous game of death.

"They should keep 'em under decks, advertising 'em that way!" said Glynde. "Tempting Providence, if you ask me."

"Who's to know?"

"Any man at a periscope. Ever been in a submarine, captain? I have. Surprising, what you can see. A Fritz bagged us last war: took us prisoners. Used to make me watch him torpedo our ships; it made my blood boil, I can tell you. So we took his ship from him——" Not often was Glynde garrulous.

"You took it from him?" Batten gasped.

"We got mad. That was a time! None of us knew much about submarines, but after we'd spitchered 'em we set-to and learned."

It would have been an interesting story if completed, but—just as Glynde wet his lips to start, things began to happen. A destroyer's anti-aircraft went into brisk action; one of the liners blazed away with an important-sounding pom-pom.

"Take cover!" snapped Batten. He was heading for the sandbagged wheelhouse when he flattened out. Hell popped all around. An evil, screeching shape raced over the *Rasper's* decks, masthead high, no more, with machine guns murderously stammering. Air attack was new to Glynde's experience. But at his age death was trivial. Getting Batten by the shoulders he adroitly lugged him into shelter. A bomb dropped near and in its bursting gave the ship a kick like a mule's. Splinters hailed. The *Rasper's* Bren guns went into vicious action; the warplane zoomed high, flicked its wings derisively and—a high-angle shell blew its engine adrift.

Glynde was watching the fall of the shattered machine when he stiffened. This attack wasn't only from the air. If that wasn't a periscope he was a squarehead. No friendly periscope would lurk just that way. The U-boat beneath would save its death-dealers for something worth while: one of the liners. Glynde's brain began to function as in the past, when he matched it against the enemy's best. Say the *Highflyer* carried three thousand men—if she got the torpedo it meant a loss of vital resources. Three thousand trained fighters! The *Rasper* carried forty-odd hands, not all of them good.

His impulse was to drive the *Rasper* between the transport and the sneaking killer. Only—it was a pity to waste that good scrap iron! Potential guns and shells and arguments such as Fritz was likely to understand.

Time for quick thinking! A while back, sluggish through shore inactivity, he'd have turned the problem in his mind. But the sea had stripped him of fatty degeneration; he shouted an order and dived for the telegraph—the juniors being in cover.

The escort were still whanging their stuff into the screeching sky. Bombs threw up towers of foam. Splinters whined. Another Heinkel took a flaming dive into the spattered waters.

He lugged the third mate out. "Signal: U-boat preparing to attack!" he snarled. He was doing everything at once. The *Rasper's* bow pointed fairly at what lay beneath that ugly periscope. She was a lumbering old cow, still heavily laden, but, oh, boy, would she make a mess if she hit anything! She surged so nearly under the bows of a blundering Scandinavian that her stern paint was scraped, plates buckled, the screamed protests of the neutral's bridge-crowd came shrilly through the din of the fight.

"Steady, my son—steady!" said Cappy Glynde, to the man at the wheel. "As you go. Stabbud a thought: hellum a-stabbud!"

The engineers below, penned in their potential death trap, were giving the works. The *Rasper* picked up her way like a speedboat, by gosh! Bubbles exploded from nearby the periscope: a torpedo had been fired. If it was aimed at the *Rasper* it missed—by inches. Perhaps the director's aim was spoiled by the imminence of her plunging bulk. The foaming bubbles headed past the stern of the trooper, but Glynde didn't see it. He was staring at the periscope, which was shortening and altering its bearing. Not quite quickly enough. The swines used to dive under the convoys—Glynde was glad he'd remembered the racket. Fairly under, so the destroyers daren't drop depth charges for fear of blowing in their own ships' hulls.

"Steady stabbud!" he boomed.

Crash! and by the living hookey, Fritz had got it where it mattered most! Only just: a very brief hesitation must have let him go clear; he was crash-diving for all he was worth. Probably, had Glynde not suggested that extra load of scrap, the U-boat might even then have slipped safely under the *Rasper's* keel; but the extra draught told.

The *Rasper* heeled sickly: down and down until water climbed in over the dipped rail: creaming into her well-decks. She shuddered through a series of grim bumps. Then she was suddenly steadier, swinging to an even keel. The third mate was being sick, and the wheel was twisting from the shaking helmsman's hands. But old Glynde was neither sick nor shaking. Leathery face a mask he was staring at something evil spewed up from his foamy wake, and blundering under the bows of the saved *Highflyer*, whose rails were lined with cheering men. From overhead came the vivid drone of the hurrying British fighter planes, sweeping in to the kill.

The senior officer of the escort sent bunting to his signal yard that read, in the International Code: "Well done, *Rasper*!"

Quiet it was in the house which Cappy Glynde had left like a criminal three months before. Quiet, with a hint of exotic scents. Deadly quiet—it was indeed the quiet of death.

With finger to lip (*Continued on page 54*)

STOP PRESS

Elizabeth Arden regrets that owing to the "Limitation of Supplies" Act, Garnet will not be available until Dec. 2nd.

Garnet

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a becapped nurse came down the stair.

"Where's Mrs. Glynde?" asked her husband. He seemed almost to fill the narrow hall. His head was proud, his sea-tan planed away his years.

"You Captain Glynde?" she asked.

"Why? Is mother sick?"

"She died yesterday." He followed thoughtfully up the stairs to where a flower-decked coffin lay. Suddenly his mind misgave him. She'd been a masterful woman—difficult to live with; always she'd been hard and hankering after money and possessions: and what love there'd ever been vanished when she asked—hearing of their son's death—what would be done about his insurance? But, maybe, his unadvertised departure might have hastened her end.

"What of?" he asked hoarsely.

He was told. "Had been coming on for years," said the nurse.

Old Glynde remembered how she had hankered after a stately, important funeral. His gaze shifted from the waxen face to the stacked wreaths.

"Well, she's likely happy now," he said. The nurse thought him an unfeeling brute; but he wasn't. He was really glad that Emmie had got her wish at last. He went downstairs and opened the door, feeling a desire for air. A man some years younger than himself was opening the squeaky gate, carrying an important wreath. Seeing Glynde he halted, looked abashed. Looked scared, even. He stammered uncertainly:

"She let on you were dead, captain." There was a story somewhere if only it were worth the trouble of hearing. But Glynde didn't want stories.

"Anything but!" he glowed. "See here, Michael Pryde, I'm so far from dead that they've given me command of the *Rasper*, if you see what I mean—leastwise, until Captain Batten comes back to duty. Were you going in?"

He shut the door behind Mr. Pryde and sniffed up the air. Far away a ship's siren blared. It was a welcome back to life.

END

A Firm Hold on Life

Honours Easy (*Continued from page 15*)

the next time he appeared wearing his order, matters were very different. The red and gold tinsel had been replaced by the best rubies and emeralds obtainable from Cartier's. Slight modifications had been made in the design of the white enamel in the middle, which incidentally was now a large baroque pearl: the design was the same, the order was recognisable, but nobody could have said it had been obtained from a five-and-ten-cent store.

The Great War—or was it the last great war but one?—had its day and ceased to be, and the great peace, such as it was, had taken its place, when once again the *Columbia* (a new model, she was a motor yacht by now, with a cruiser stern) entered the waters of Gavsnakia.

The king had managed—nobody knew how—to retain his kingdom, and Mr. Mullins and Doctor Jackson landed in the best of spirits and marched up to the palace to write their names in the book, which they knew by now was the sort of thing that had to be done.

An hour later a royal messenger arrived on board bearing an invitation to dinner that night. Proud and pleased, Doctor Jackson affixed his beautiful Cartier Order upon his evening clothes and he and Mr. Mullins took their places with dignity in the carriage sent for them. The harness was no longer tied up with string and the coachman had had a new suit.

Was it, Doctor Jackson wondered, his imagination, or did the old king, who looked in the best of health, give a slight start as his eyes fell on the Order of Hygiene?

Dinner went off very well and in addition to the india-rubber there was the most excellent Rumanian caviar and the wines were better than ever. Yet somehow, Doctor Jackson did not feel quite happy throughout that meal. There was no doubt that the king's eyes strayed more and more to that order. Perhaps, after all, the doctor told himself uneasily, it had not been in very good taste to replace what the king had given him by a copy, however superior.

Yet it was impossible to say that the king was offended. He recalled the old days; he thanked the doctor again warmly for saving his life; he asked about the latest medical discoveries in the United States, and said that he had heard nearly every one in that extraordinary country had a bathroom. Was this true? And if so, how was it that the people were so healthy? Every one knew it was dangerous as well as unlucky to take a bath too often or at certain phases of the moon or conjunctions of the stars.

Thus the conversation went on, always through an interpreter; the original officer had unfortunately been killed defending Gavsnakia, but a new one who spoke much better English had taken his place and the chamberlain, though older and greyer, was the same.

After dinner the paraffin lamps were lit in the back room and the guests were taken in and realised it was as though they had never been taken away. There were all the uniforms in their glass cases, there were the glittering orders down the middle of the room and there, all round the walls, hung the photographs of royalty. True, with two or three exceptions, the originals of the photographs had all been assassinated or driven out of their countries or had, more by good luck than good judgment, died in their beds, but the photographs still stared blandly forth, the spaniels held their accustomed places and the dead stags lay quiescent beneath the weight of the royal ladies with the fringes and the homburg hats.

The time came when the king rose, as a signal to his guests to depart. And, he could not tell why, Doctor Jackson felt a little sensation of relief. He had not really been at ease the whole evening. It seemed to him that his confounded order became more and more noticeable and more and more blatant, and the dignity of his host, the dignity not only of a king, but of a peasant, made him feel uncomfortable. It was with relief that he bowed low over the king's hand.

But even as he did so, he saw the king's eye fasten with a start, as though for the first time, upon the rubies and emeralds. The king peered closer, lifted the order up and looked at it as though to convince himself that he really saw what he thought he saw.

As for Doctor Jackson, visions of a firing squad at dawn flitted rapidly through his mind.

The king beckoned to the chamberlain, who came forward and bowed. The king spoke rapidly and the chamberlain turned and went towards the cabinet, which he opened.

The officer translated as the chamberlain came back, holding a cardboard box in his hand.

"His Majesty," said the officer, "says that he is prostrated with grief and shame to see how, doubtless because he was not quite recovered, he undervalued your great services when you saved his life before the war. He notices to his horror that he only gave you the Order of Hygiene Second Class. He excuses himself because at that time we knew no better in this country, but since then hygiene has made great steps. He wishes now to confer upon you the Order of Hygiene First Class A 1."

The king took out of the cardboard box an order with an imitation white enamel middle and a red and green tinsel border. It was, it is true, of a slightly different design from the one that had been originally presented to Doctor Jackson.

The king with deft fingers took Cartier's order from the doctor's breast, tossed it carelessly to the officer, and pinned the new order in its place.

"He says," translated the officer, "that he begs you to excuse him, that this wretched and miserable thing he gave you before is, of course, not worthy of your acceptance, and he has given you a new order in its place."

As Cyrus Jackson backed from the room, he saw, out of the corner of an agonised eye, some five thousand dollars' worth of rubies and emeralds being slipped into the king's pocket.

END

War Bride's Progress (*Continued from page 48*)

keeping one's looks on top of the world.

Looks must be kept up to scratch all the time, too. For as often as not Henry can't come to me for week-ends, but can arrange for me to spend a day or two near where he is stationed. These trips happen at a moment's notice—often it isn't until Friday night that he telephones, asking if I can catch a train early next morning. There's no time for an elaborate beauty treatment, no time for a hair-set—and my goodness, does it keep me on my toes so far as grooming is concerned!

Some of his brother officers' wives follow their husbands round from place to place, taking furnished rooms or living in hotels. It's nice in a way, and possible so long as the regiment is not in a forbidden area. For a time I longed to do this, but I decided against it.

On active service, a man shouldn't be cluttered up with domesticity. It is a tie to have a wife living near, and though he may say he welcomes the tie, it is bound to take some part of his mind off his work and make concentration more difficult.

Visits, when they are possible, are wiser from every point of view, but I have also had to learn to curb my disappointment when they are cancelled, as they so often have to be, at the very last moment.

A good wife, I feel, doesn't blame her husband on these occasions, but neither does she say that he obviously isn't being treated fairly, and why doesn't he complain? The mysteries of leave and so forth are beyond a civilian's reasoning or comprehension, and a wise woman blames no one but Hitler.

Just in case Henry does telephone, I make a point of being in at a certain time every evening—oh the blessing of that after-seven-o'clock telephone rate.

I realise that it isn't always easy for him to get to a private telephone and that it is hideously disappointing for him to find me out, so if I go to a movie, or something, I always go home in time for an 11.30 call—but I don't let myself fret if it doesn't come through.

I don't go out *à deux* with other men, though Henry wouldn't dream of asking me not to. But I know he is pleased that I don't.

I am learning that the war has turned Henry into a far more reticent and inarticulate person than he used to be, and I try not to feel hurt and shut out because of this.

I still find it difficult to be absolutely natural when we are together. Either I overdo the brave little woman stuff, with brassy gaiety, or I find myself fighting back tears.

I'll learn, though.

END

Overheard in the Canteen

Hard-working young housewives though they are, they still find time to do voluntary canteen work, and benefit the troops by their knowledge of cookery.

Mrs. G. "The 'bus will be here in a few minutes. Have we got everything ready? Sandwiches? Pies? Sausages? And where *is* the H.P. Sauce? There were two bottles here a moment ago."

Mrs. Mc. "I've got one. I'm just flavouring the soup."

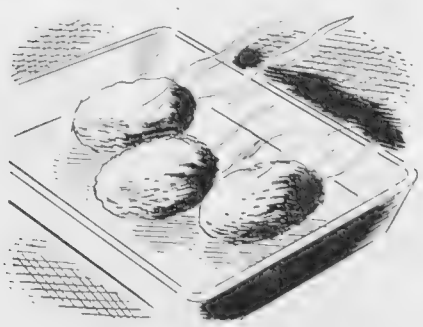
Mrs. G. "Good girl. But we must find the other one. The boys always ask for H.P. you know. We really need about half-a-dozen bottles."

Vera. "I keep hearing so much about H.P. What's it like?"

Mrs. Mc. "Never tasted it! My dear, what you've missed! Haven't you really?"

Vera. "Somehow, I never think about sauces."

Mrs. G. "But how do you cook without H.P.? Aren't your dishes sometimes rather dull? And however do you manage to eat cold meat and tongue and things without it?"



Vera. "I don't know. They are a bit uninteresting, I must admit."

Mrs. G. "I should think so. Well, Vera, you'd better buy some H.P. on the way home. It doesn't cost a lot. And you really ought to have some in wartime, you know. It's marvellous for using up scraps."

Mrs. Mc. "Have you ever seen the H.P factory? I'm told you would know it blindfold—the atmosphere around is filled with such an appetising aroma."

Mrs. G. "I shouldn't be surprised. But I know H.P. helps the digestion."

Mrs. Mc. "The 'bus is late, isn't it?"

Mrs. G. "Yes, I think we might have time to fry a few rissoles for the dears. Now, Vera, listen while I read out the recipe. Take ¼ lb. each of minced meat, bread crumbs and potato. Add a pinch of mixed herbs, the yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of H.P. Sauce. Mix well and mould into neat balls. Flour and fry in deep fat. Alternatively, the meat balls can be dipped in the white of egg, slightly beaten and coated lightly with crumbs before frying. Have you got that? Here's the book. Oh do hurry, my dear, the 'bus has arrived at last."

Mrs. Mc. "Look at all the men. There must be hundreds of them—and all making for us as far as I can see."

Vera. "Here they come . . ."

Soldiers' Chorus. "A couple of ham sandwiches all round please miss, and some H.P. Sauce."

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The Hectic Twenties (*Continued from page* 16)

an article on "Shingle's Blow to Marriage."

It all seems strangely unreal now. The memory of the London of those days recalls a picture just as strange. It is worth while recapturing the atmosphere of those post-victory years. No wireless broadcasting, and even the thought of it fantastic. Dances at private houses with programmes and chaperones. Few private cars. Money in the pockets of the oddest people. Only two first-class cinemas in the West End, and no talkies. No cocktail parties and few cocktail bars. A few rather shabby night clubs, and none of the fruit-machine-and-bar clubs that now exist in their hundreds all over the West End. Elderly eyebrows raised at the sight of lipsticked girls. Clerics and matrons joining in protests against women smoking. ("Cigarettes Pave Way To Lower Moral Values" and "Why Smoking Ruins Beauty.")

Such was London, capital of a country faced with post-war problems of the most vital urgency. The ideal of a "Land Fit For Heroes To Live In" was already a target for bitter and disillusioned cynicism. Strikes, unemployment, poverty, economic upheaval, political uncertainty, were in the background of the moment. Yet the "upper classes" in the centre of this vortex seemed absorbed in quite a different set of dilemmas. Which might have been forgiven for a year or two, but it went on for more than a decade.

What was the cause? Mr. Patrick Balfour (now Lord Kinross) blames it in *Society Racket* on the pre-war generation's desire to see things "just as they were in the good old days," and their wartime urging to their youngsters that this would indeed be so. This theory explains much of the dual character of the hectic twenties, an aspect of the period which culminated with the Ellesmere gate-crashing incident.

DOES any one remember that sensation of the season of 1928?

A ball was being given at Bridgewater House by Lady Ellesmere. It was the height of the new "party" period. The hostess found herself entertaining dozens of people whom she knew neither by sight nor name. She chose four victims out of the many gate crashers and asked them to leave immediately. She happened to make an unhappy choice; at least one of the four was well known and popular and had means at her disposal for countering the subsequent Press publicity. The Mayfair balloon went up with a bang.

"What does she want to give a party for if her friends' friends are not good enough for her? Parties that are much more fun are being given three or four times a week where any one can stroll along; and does, too, with the slenderest of introductions. That is the whole idea. You get tired of the old faces. Bring 'em all along." But Lady Ellesmere was trying to project on to Mayfair of the twenties the Mayfair she had known with the Edwardians. The two did not mix. It was the beginning of the end of the old-fashioned society ball on a grand scale. Grosvenor House was being torn down. Devonshire and Lansdowne Houses were being razed. Dorchester House was doomed, the political parties of Londonderry House were losing their prestige. The stately conversazione was giving place to the giddy cocktail.

I think it was the cocktail that best symbolizes the twenties. Not that cocktails were anything new, but their employment as a major social weapon was a decided novelty to London.

An American called Madame de Pena was almost the first to give cocktail parties in the early days after the last war. She remained, to the end of the period, one of the best of the cocktail hostesses. The rules of the cocktail party were simple and the materials available to any one with a few pounds to spare.

You first took up your carpet, locked away your portable treasures, bought a quantity of cheap glasses and ashtrays at Woolworth's and made an estimate of how many people your room (or rooms) could comfortably hold. You then multiplied the number by four, sent out invitations and braced yourself for the evening. A party at which the noise was so great that conversation was reduced to a strident and unintelligible patter, a party at which just a *few* people got drunk, a party starting at five which by eleven o'clock had resolved itself into a resolute score of friends and strangers determined to "go on to some place for food"—that was to be counted a successful party.

But it was only the party *simple*, the conventional and respectable affair to which one asked one's aunt and mother.

Upon this comparatively innocuous groundwork was built the Big Party and the Fancy Dress Party.

The stories of some of these parties—as they emerge from the present writer's memory—suggest that in the near future they are destined to achieve high romantic estate, just as the rich and luscious Victorian parties are held to be romantic by those who forget the appalling drunken debauchery too often associated with the rôles played by the "gentlemen."

These elaborate parties were—like so much (too much?) in the twenties—an American import. Prohibition had killed the restaurant business in the United States. To drink, one must have comparative privacy. Thus the private party, with none of the restrictions of a public resort and all the licence of bad liquor drunk in unhealthily large quantities. Add to that, the Crœsus condition of the public purse at the time, and you have all the elements of wild party-giving.

It was probably started in England by rich Americans at Oxford, and sustained in Mayfair largely by people who had American capital, or to whom the state of American prosperity meant money to spend. Some of the Oxford ideas were amusing. There was the "Railway Club," members of which in full evening dress caught the Penzance-Aberdeen express from Oxford to Leicester, and returned by the same route on the twin express. There was the kind of club which Mr. Evelyn Waugh satirized so brilliantly as The Bollinger in *Decline and Fall*. But that was early in the twenties.

I recall one party given, by grace of Wall Street prosperity, at which two Indian snake-charmers and five hundred bottles of champagne were among the many attractions for the two hundred guests.

And I can recall another party, given indirectly at the expense of America (for the money came from art treasures sold across the Atlantic), that lasted, to my first knowledge, twenty-four hours. Bottles of champagne were stacked in bath-tubs. One just dipped the hand into the frozen water and fetched up a bottle of Veuve Clicquot, or, if that was not the desired vintage, tried again until Perrier Jouet '28 turned up. This was on a Saturday night. On Monday, a friend suggested that there was a very good party on that night: would I like to go? Where was it? I asked, only to learn that the same party was now in its third day of progress.

Through some of these parties ran the exotic figure of Tallulah Bankhead, she of the almond eyes and sullen, pouting mouth, who left London in the closing days of the twenties and has never since been back. One doubts whether she would have recognised the drab thirties with their problems and uncertainties and apprehensions; with their young people saying: "In point of fact, I never go to cocktail parties, thank you so much"; and their: "Just a smallish glass of sherry—if you don't mind."

Many artists in Chelsea now paint pictures again. No longer is it necessary for them to hire small rooms to set up their easels, their proper studios being given over to glasses, uncalled-for beer bottles and guests sleeping off "hangovers" behind the draperies on the modelling stand.

No, the hectic twenties were a strange period in London's (*Continued on page* 58)

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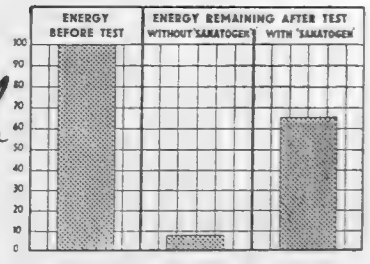

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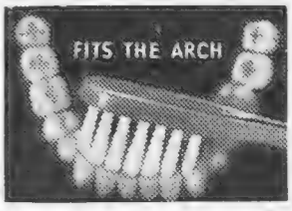

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social life, and because London is the capital, in the life of that part of the nation which is socially influenced by London.

Some people blamed it on the Bright Young Things; but that was unfair. The "Bright Young Things" was merely a comprehensive journalistic phrase for some amusing pranks, which were, in a sense, but a feminine counterpart of Oxford's high spirits. Lady Eleanor Smith and an assorted company of Guinnesses organised treasure hunts and practical jokes. They set the ball rolling for such mad affairs as the sham wedding party, the bathing party and other highly juvenile and Freudian exploits. But the originators long ago dropped out of the game, which fell into the hands of imitators with neither their brains nor their knowledge of when to stop. The police and coroners' courts every now and then reawaken memories of these pathetic children of misfortune.

I reminisced in this strain for the benefit of my flight lieutenant, making my tone of voice as pregnant with moral disapproval as I could.

He looked wistful.

"It sounds as if you had an absolutely wizard time," he said at last. "I don't see what you have to regret."

"I was apprehensive on your behalf," I explained.

"Don't bother," said the flight lieutenant. "Don't bother."

So I closed my album of memories of the hectic twenties—the chorus of *The Blackbirds* as star turn at curious parties, Miss Elsa Maxwell's extravaganzas, Oxford trousers and jumpers for men, bathing on the Riviera, which had hitherto thought it most unhealthy, the birth of strong language before ladies, to be followed by the death of the word "ladies" itself. . . .

No, if it was not England at its very worst, it was hardly England at its best.

END

Women and the New World

(*Continued from page* 17)

Look at the past for a moment. Have you considered that, possibly, in our anxious and justifiable contemplation of the enemies' guilt we have lost sight of the fact that had we been less content to jog along, shutting our eyes to the inequalities and injustices around us, turning always impatiently from the menacing visage of a world struggling under a system which had already once dragged us into the abyss of war and economic chaos? Had we, I say, been less content to dismiss the threats which clamoured about us and to pursue our own interests, the poisonous growth of Nazism might have failed to flourish.

Surely the foul disease of Nazism which has seized upon the world can be likened to an infection which falls upon the human body when it is exhausted and spent, flourishing upon its helplessness?

Looking at the wider issue in this way we see our own mistakes, perhaps even our own guilt. Are those mistakes to go uncorrected? Shall we be content to let the future repeat the mistakes of the past or shall we create a new future and a new hope?

It is a happier picture by far that presents itself if we believe that this war is the purge by means of which not only the deadly infection of Nazism is to be eliminated but the original disease of apathy, of ineffectuality will also be cured. It *must* be so or all our sacrifices are vain.

Women might well ask themselves: "What have I to do with this? I had no part in making the war or in shaping the system to which, rightly or wrongly, we attribute much of our present condition. What then can I do about the future?"

A great deal indeed, for inasmuch as it is the public conscience which in the final issue shapes our ends, then it is for you, for each of us individually, to play our parts.

IN the past, as a woman, perhaps as a wife and mother, politics domestic or international may have had little interest for you. Right. That is understandable enough. They are pretty dull any way you look at it, but on the other hand we cannot dismiss the hardships, the struggles and the tragedies of our fellow creatures just as lightly as this, and, "politics," as we call them, are today inextricably woven into these problems.

Before the war the average woman read her daily paper, perhaps thoroughly, perhaps only cursorily. In either case she was mildly shocked, vaguely sympathetic with the problems of, say, the two million men for whom the zest of life, even the remaining tatters of self respect had been torn by the unrelenting claws of unemployment.

She was truly sorry about the men who had sacrificed their careers, their hopes, their very youth to win the last war, only to face an empty future. No security, no thanks. It would be nice, we thought, if something could be done about it; and there reflection ceased.

There were, too, those many women, fellow travellers, who suffered the effects of a system which had pitchforked them into a world of commerce to struggle, often against odds, in an endeavour to scratch a livelihood which by training and instinct she had been led to believe would be provided by some man, possibly himself, now unable to pull his weight.

We read of these things, we deplored them and left it at that. Now we are paying for our apathy.

So, after all, it was a matter of concern to each of us. These problems have proved themselves to have a personal as well as a general significance. It comes to us at length that we cannot thus blandly close our hearts and our eyes to what is going on around us. As members of a community we must each pull our weight. Take our share of responsibility.

WOMEN can no longer claim immunity as in the past. "I don't understand these things and they are no concern of mine," is no longer a legitimate plea. They *are* our concern. So much so that we are, in an indirect sense, giving our most priceless possessions in defence of them.

Don't misunderstand me. I see no future in which women are preoccupied with politics, or even with the active shaping of policies. On the contrary, the better world towards which we are progressing will see women more than ever preoccupied with the tasks for which they were made and in which, whatever she may say, the average woman finds the greatest fulfilment and the most enduring peace. It will be a world in which men will once more find the means of exercising their right and privilege of protecting their womenfolk. Where security will again be the basis of home life and where women themselves will participate in the shaping of things to come by their unity of understanding with men and their common ideals.

THAT future can be assured now by our attitude towards the victory which will surely come. By spreading the doctrine of hope and confidence and by keeping clearly before us the issues—the wider issues—for which we strive, we shall shape the peace and the future as surely as we live.

Put aside gloomy prophecy. Add your mite to the community of thought which will make these things possible, for if you believe in the future and in your power to mould it then the prospect is bright indeed.

END

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Shock Troops of the Royal Navy

(Continued from page 28)

at thirty-six knots as machinery of 44,000 h.p. pounds a rhythmic tribute to the best workmanship in the world.

One glimpse of the living quarters tells the landlubber that the destroyer is built for battle rather than comfort. The crew eat, live, sleep and relax in a fo'c'sle that offers just about enough room for a man to sling his hammock and light a pipe without poking out another man's eye. In the wardroom the dozen officers can read a book, listen to the radio, write a letter or play a game of chess without treading on each other's toes, if they are careful! There is no room for a four-poster; the destroyer officers are quite used to throwing a few blankets on top of a sideboard and sleeping like new-born babies while the water is swamping the decks and every bolt, rivet and rail stutters for hours at a time.

If further evidence were needed of her warlike spirit the destroyer's armament provides it. Her eight 4.7 guns are always cleaned, checked, greased and ready for action. Twin-mounted, a pair of these guns can hurtle a couple of 50 lb. shells at the target at the same time. Half a dozen Lewis guns are also at the ready, eager to plaster a raiding Heinkel or Messerschmitt.

The visitor is not encouraged to examine the wonderful new apparatus which the Admiralty scientists have supplied for the detection of U-boats. Gone are the days when an under-water raider could slink along and choose the right moment to attack. The destroyer crew are much keener to show you the four torpedo tubes, those 21-in. giants which are hurtled at the enemy by a compressed-air action at 30 m.p.h. They can travel for 14,000 yards with their load of 450 lb. of T.N.T.

For a minute or two your eyes rest upon the turntable that rotates the long sinister-looking tubes in the desired direction; but there is so much more to see on a destroyer! A few hands are checking a gun. Over there is a switch which can manufacture a dense black smoke screen in a minute. But the eye is attracted irresistibly to the brake-like levers which catapult those huge canisters of explosive into the sea to blast the Nazi vermin from their under-water lair. Such is the might and explosive power of these depth charges that they can only be dropped when the destroyer is moving at speed; otherwise, part of the ship itself would be blown out of the water.

THESE all-weather top-speed fighting craft are the Navy's maids-of-all-work. At a pinch they can do a 6,000-mile patrol without stopping. All the odd jobs that free our trade channels from menace falls to them. Knifing the seas at high speed, dodging and swerving like a Paris taxicab, they dash ahead of the battle fleet, at once a screen and a spear for the proud capital ships which stalk warily in the rear. The powerful but unwieldy giants need the little destroyer as much as the pompous K.C. needs the busy robe-tugging junior.

They are ready for anything, be it an enemy warship at sea, a U-boat skulking below, or a squadron of bombers swooping from the skies. And they have a grim prescription handy for each emergency: 4.7-in. shells and torpedoes that can pulp the side of a warship five miles away; depth charges that weave a pattern of death for enemy U-boats; machine gun bullets and deadly pom-poms for Nazi dive bombers.

Whether it is patrol work or daring inshore attacks the destroyer crews take it all in the same spirit. But they can rarely complain of monotony; owing to their speed and manœuvrability destroyers are equally fitted for both patrol or rough-house tactics. "All work done on the premises—satisfaction guaranteed" should, I think, be their motto! It does not take long to remove the torpedo tubes and substitute rows of deadly mines in the deck racks. In a matter of minutes she is ready to do a spot of mine laying!

Convoy escort duty usually falls to the smaller destroyers which were in use during the Great War. Across the grey seas they streak, ever watchful for the slightest hint of menace, engaged perhaps upon less risky work than their younger sisters, but still possessed of the old fighting spirit if, now and then, a little short in the wind. With guns bristling from their turrets, the convoy destroyers nose ahead suspiciously, hoping for a little action (no doubt!) to remind them of old times, but grateful nevertheless that the long stream of food, fuel, planes, cotton and steel which follows in their wake has almost achieved safe passage.

But destroyer duty is not always quite so sedate. Into a danger zone darts the flotilla, which is commanded by a captain and usually consists of a leader and eight other destroyers. The lookouts are posted to port and starboard. The officer of the watch must keep a steady eye ahead. If they are steaming in Indian file the ship ahead must waste no time in signalling a change of speed. They are usually moving so fast that only quick thinking can avert trouble. A couple of years ago, I recall, three of our destroyers came into collision because the steering gear of one had jammed. Luckily, there were no casualties and the ships were able to return to harbour under their own steam.

ON a destroyer, racing through the night at 50 m.p.h., you get an amazing impression that a small but perfect team is at work in clockwork sympathy; sometimes, it is difficult to recall that nearly 200 men are aboard. Tough as teak and rock-steady, the men are at their stations. The commander is on the bridge which bristles with instruments, buttons and levers. The coxswain, a real seadog with bushy eyebrows, tanned-hard face and a no-nonsense jaw, is at the wheel. He repeats the orders that are snapped through the voice pipe from the bridge overhead.

Eyes piercing the dark, ears tensed, the men on the bridge are geared for any emergency. Beside the commander is the alarm bell; one thumb press and every man on the ship will jump to action stations. Behind the bridge is the trigger that fires the torpedoes. The yeoman of signals is at the ready. At any moment the convoy or battle fleet units may have to be reached with an urgent warning. A code message is flashed by searchlight; wireless is strictly taboo, being too dangerous an index if intercepted.

Hours of invisible patrol at a speed of perhaps 50 m.p.h. Heavy seas battering the bows as she ploughs ahead. The decks treacherous with icy water. Men with the muscles and agility of trained acrobats grabbing for lifelines as a mighty sea breaks aboard. Icicles dripping from the rigging. Nipped hands and the mirage of log fires floating before streaming eyes. The commander, half frozen, huddling gratefully into the lurid muffler that Aunt Agatha knitted for him. But, then, one can wear *anything* on a destroyer, even Christmas presents!

Below, the lucky ones are taking it easy; until this patrol is over it will be an eighteen-hour day for all of them, officers and men alike. Between watches the officers are snoozing in armchairs in the wardroom. Those who don't need much sleep listen to the radio news broadcast or have just another pipe before turning in. In the fo'c'sle some of the men are also listening to the news or snatching some rest or reading a magazine or writing home. The sleepy ones grunt when told to show a leg, but there's no argument when a "friend" helps to wake you up by scuttling your hammock!

Sleepiness vanishes when "action stations" is sounded. Through the voice pipe come orders to the gunnery control; the depth charges are ready; the engine room is getting every ounce out of her. The searchlight has flashed a code challenge; the Nazi guns roar defiance; our torpedo slashes through the water; our guns are sending over round after round of high-explosive shells; the Lewis

gunners are watching for signs of enemy aircraft; searchlights are trained on the enemy bridge to dazzle and confuse them as we send up star shells to see how our guns are doing. And above the roar of gunfire and the rat-tat of sharp orders one senses the grim fighting spirit of the men as they get on with the job. Each knows that his mates and his beloved ship depend upon him. It was that spirit that kept them steady when they dashed through a tornado of death to take off British troops from the coast of France, often braving machine gun and cannon fire at 400 yards.

The destroyer crews are hard bitten enough, but there is no gloating over triumphs, merely a sense of duty done and the knowledge that "we hit first and hit hard!" One doesn't laugh as the depth charge finds its mark and the oil scum rolls over the surface, often to catch fire and light the funeral pyre of a U-boat. But even in these grim moments there is comic relief as the sea is littered with dead fish thrown up by the depth charge. The local humorist usually declares that "this is better than Southend Pier" as he hauls some gigantic fish aboard!

The men in the destroyer service are a distinctive breed; clipped of speech but good humoured; untidy in manner and clothes but hundred per cent efficient at their job; greedy of their independence yet devoted to their ship and all it stands for. They profess a hearty contempt for the big ships, much as a smart roadster will hoot derisively as it cuts past a limousine when the traffic lights change. They hate dressing up, and pity the poor fellows on the battleships who are always being tripped up by red tape or strangled by someone else's Old School Tie! In a big ship, they say, you are dwarfed; but in a destroyer you're as much part and parcel of her as if you were on the bridge.

In my view, it speaks well for the young men of today that so many volunteers have come forward with an expressed preference for the destroyer service. They have a great tradition to live up to, as they are doubtless perfectly aware.

THE past few months have already shown that the old quality is still aboard our destroyers. In years to come, when some of our crack £300,000 units are no more than dented relics, men will speak in honour of the *Cossack* and the *Hardy*. We shall not easily forget how the men of the *Cossack* grappled the prison ship *Altmark* while the searchlights played on the big tanker and the destroyer crunched on through the ice; how the *Altmark* tried to ram our ship as Lieutenant-Commander Turner and his bluejackets leapt across the gap and fell upon the dismayed Nazis.

That was an occasion in the true spirit of Drake. Nelson provided the inspiration for the gallant exploit which will always be associated with H.M.S. *Hardy*. Captain Warburton-Lee, who led the Second Destroyer Flotilla into Narvik Harbour on April 10, summed up the whole attitude of the destroyer service when he informed the Admiralty that he was "going in" against superior forces and in the face of withering fire from the shore batteries.

It was a destroyer's officer at his best that ordered his crew to go on engaging the enemy until every gun was silent and the ship ran into shallow water. Only then was the commander taken ashore to die in the arms of his men.

To my mind, nothing so perfectly symbolises the spirit of this country today as the spectacle of a destroyer, eager to take on all comers and ready to fight to the very last. And it is not inappropriate that the first V.C. of the war should have been awarded to the heroic commander of a destroyer flotilla.

Destroyer men with whom I have spoken, steadily refuse to "glamorise" their calling. "We're the navvies of the R.N." one of them assured me with a hoarse chuckle. I prefer to think of them as beautifully-muscled, poised lightweight boxers who dart in with fists flying and eager to "mix it" with opponents of any size, weight or shape, and the bigger the better. . . .

END

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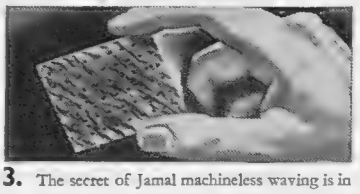

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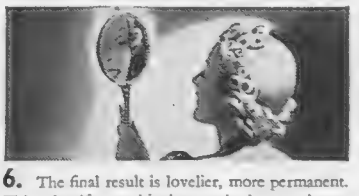

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Give a little thought to your eyes. In these trying times they have to put up with dangerous extra strain. Overtime at work, stuffy atmosphere at home, loss of sleep, dirt and dust in the air—these are only a few of the war-time hazards which attack your eyes.

Do as Doctors and Opticians recommend. Bathe your eyes night and morning with Optrex. A regular eye-bath strengthens the muscles of the eyes, removes dirt and irritation and keeps your eyes in "good shape" to withstand extra strain. Always keep a bottle of Optrex handy. It is the finest safeguard against the risks of times like these.

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The Walls of Britain

(*Continued from page 5*)

with fear for the necessity of a "Silent Column" (now defunct), fears of the "Alarm and Despondency" Order, fears there might be found "Chatterbugs" (what an odious invention) among them. The nine o'clock news postscript also brought a radio lecture from these self-annointed censors of British character: "You may talk all you like," came the cultured accent. "*We* want you to talk—but don't talk defeat!"

"An' 'o the hell may 'WE' be?" said an angry tradesman in the pub.

This little town resented these injunctions. This is no article about the verbal spooks which these would-be censors have invented. It's about this town, any town, for that matter, along the red cliffs of Devon and Cornwall, the white chalk ramparts of Dover, or in the folds of the great Wiltshire downs. It is rural England, I am writing about, and the deep, uncorrupted things which give this great country its *staying power*. The Bishop of Exeter has just put the vague, but vital, thing I am writing about in words. He said:

"When a sailor, soldier, or airman gives his life for his country his thoughts are not of such things as freedom, democracy, and England, but just the little bit of England where he has spent his life."

Well, a lot of the people in this town are thinking that, one day or another, they may have to give their life for it. The beach is so full of barbed wire now that the joke is: "Join the army—and have a swim." Implying that that's the only way you'll soon be able to get down to the sands. I've just described to you one visiting Heinkel. And I've also described how this little town now has been practically bereft of its life blood: the summer visitors. So that now this little town is essentially itself again, as it is in winter, and was—oh, before the coastal railway was built. So that, now, when the tobacconist, the grocer, the chemist, and a few professional fishermen forgather in the pub at night, they are all "chums" together. And when their sons come back from the navy, the air force or the army, they stand at the foot of the square and grin with an unqualified delight at the grass they knew. They've got their own town back again.

And, for many of them—now that it is endangered—it strikes them with surprise that this is the first time they realised that they *loved* the place!

IF you came on this little town in France or Switzerland, you would return home and rave about it. For it lies in the fold of a green valley, and the town council has trained the little river that runs through its centre to come down from the hills behind in a series of steps. The river purrs over a series of gentle cascades. Floating belligerently, somewhere along this series of steps, are two swans: a conventional white swan, with its orange bill, and a black swan with a red beak. Wicked birds. But the steps are also inhabited by several flotillas of friendly wild ducks—the little ones stand in the slow water pouring over the step and shudder to shake their feathers. And if you lean over the bridge, where the last and deepest step occurs, you will see speckled rainbow trout opening their pink nigger mouths for the things that come down to them in the "food-stream." And at night, you can smoke your pipe on one of the green park benches that flank this stream and watch the evening "rise."

In the quiet green park that flanks either side of this stream are a few great trees and three grass tennis courts. Old men are clipping the hedges and mowing lawns. The young lads are away, and it is with a fierce look in their eye that these old men, some of them retired council gardeners, now see that every blade of grass and flower bed in this park is "true." And farther across the lawns, where the town begins, you find yourself looking at some fine old houses with the bow windows of Nelson's day.

You can see why quiet people like this hate being stirred-up by verbal spooks invented by someone who doesn't even understand their thoughts about life—or death, when it comes to that. Why, there are people in this town whom I think even the Dark Angel could not change!

Take the four professional old fishermen who sit on the sea wall and stare all day at the sea. And that's all they do. They all wear a blue sweater and a white mate's cap with a black visor. Their eyes are rheumy and red. They are staring, as if still questioning, a sea that has puzzled, tired, and sometimes maimed them, since they were boys here. Each one now has his "beat" where he can let down his lobster pots. When he dies his son will inherit the beat. If no heir—say, son gets killed—then another man may buy that beat, in perpetuity, for four pounds.

"You ha' to go to the toun council for that!"

But will these professional fishermen take you out to fish? Not a bit of it; they regard you as a natural enemy. Anyway, someone who should be put in his place.

"Baint no fish," said one.

"But *why?*" I asked.

"No bait."

"What do you use for bait?"

"Moossells." (Mussels.)

"Well—can't we get some of those?"

"Somethin's 'appened to moossells."

Another one: "Baint no mackerel. Too fur out. We might go pollickin'."

"What do you use for pollack?"

"Moossells."

"But——"

"I'll get they moossells," the old man said. "But it's two and six an hour. And *I* keep the fish."

"What do you think I go fishing for?" I asked angrily.

"I keep the fish."

"Keep 'em!" I said.

A third, a young lad, just going into the navy: "Yes, sir, boat will be ready in the morning. Dabs, pollack, whiting, mackerel—which one would you like to try for, sir?"

"Mackerel," I said. We got a couple of dozen fine fat mackerel in two days. And, unusual thing, at a seaside resort in England I at last got some fresh fish.

Then more of the army detrained in town; new orders came out; and all the rowboats were hauled above the barbed wire. I no longer cared what 'appened to moossells.

Now, I find that this little town, in its quiet way, is in a *receptive* frame of mind. Not to German propaganda, or the jitters, or the verbal spooks I've just been talking about. These people here realise that "something has broken," the old order has gone: and they aren't, as they were in the last war, talking about a return to "the good old days." And what is most intelligent in their attitude is that they are not worrying about whether they are going to be "well-off" or not. They are ready to sacrifice everything, even existence, to see that no invader's foot remains long on this soil they love. When *he* has been dealt with, then will be the time to build some sort of new life—collective, perhaps. They are comparable to a lot of people on a roller-coaster, shooting-the-chutes, with almost a fatalistic *laissez faire* as to what is going to happen to them at the bottom, or the end of all this. And this, I suggest, is the antithesis of all jitters, stubborn old-fashionism, and of crusted ways. This war, the imminent personal danger—plus the determination to go through with it—is giving these quiet, comfortable, complacent Englishmen a new and quickened interest in life. A war-welded intensity.

I THINK this mood is just beginning. It took some time, some spur of danger, to shake the English civilian out of the bewildered first eight months' inertia of the war. A small, but very significant example is the way that, when the army detrained here and the town saw some 800 soldiers marching crisply through their streets, the whole

populace, particularly the spinsters, leapt to make itself the complement of it. The army, of course, was going to disarrange lots of things so that this golden beach would have a hot "reception committee" when Adolf Hitler's fanatic invaders came along.

"Well, old Hitler's done one good thing for this town," the beach attendant told me joyfully, two days after the army had arrived. "He's got rid of that bathing pavilion! We've been trying to get that blarsted thing pulled down for years. But the old gang was too strong. Now, it's gone!"

THE monstrosity that he was talking about was a ghastly wooden structure which had been erected at the mouth of the pleasant river, just where it flowed into the sea. It broke, with its clap-board walls, the wide sweep of the red cliffs and blue water that you would otherwise see from the asphalt promenade. But it had interfered with the range of the Bren guns of the company commander, so down it went.

This regiment, the XYZ Light Infantry, had come from Dunkirk. Their crisp step was new to this West Country town. It was almost like "the double." And these active soldiers whistled as they took over from another detachment that had just been relieved from stringing the barbed-wire. But they were "smart"; they gave their officers the full, sharp salute whenever they passed them in the street. They had been "chums" in danger. This particular company had lain in a farm yard in Belgium while the bombs dropped so close to them that the concussion *lifted* them off the ground. And one of the lieutenants, who was quartered for a few days in my hotel, told me how the company sergeant-major lying behind him said, after each bomb had failed to kill them: "Have you heard this one, sir?" Then he would tell a funny story, usually lewd. The London papers came down, and, with an exclamation of joy, the lieutenant handed one to me, showing where the company sergeant-major had got the D.C.M., for—"Oh, it was an affair that we had at a bridge."

NOW here is where, I claim, the strength of this marvellous England comes in. And it is a stirring thing to watch. There was a complete understanding between these North Country coal miners (for such was the composition of this famous regiment) and the sea folk of this West Country town. They "talked the same language"—although in almost two different tongues. They were, in all the solid substantial sense of values that make up this undefeatable type of Englishman, the English breed. And the town went crazy over them. It *knew* that England still held this kind of men!

The American magazine, *Life*, has just published an article, showing English parashots, practising with antiquated rifles which, the magazine said, the Swiss Army rejected as obsolete in 1900. This article (although it said that the parashots might shoot themselves) was in no way uncomplimentary to the British; on the contrary it said:

"The amazing British—who will not accept even the idea of defeat!"

The Americans do not think that the British will ever be defeated. It is an unthinkable thing. But it struck me as queer that they did not add a resumé to this article, namely: "You cannot beat a man who won't be beaten!"

And that, as an American, is the thing which has impressed me most in this small town. As I said, I was overjoyed to escape from the London intellectuals, who talk more defeatism (or think it) than you could find in the whole sum-total of the English countryside. When these soldiers detrained at this little village, which I shall call D., the local Home Guard sprang to co-operate in the defence measures of the beach. Now this, this sporting delight for having soldiers in the town—as many people will recall—was something vastly different from the last war, when people along the coast had soldiers billeted upon them. And this enthusiastic reception was not (*Continued on page* 64)

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due to the fact that the people in D. thought that the "soldiers had come to save them." On the contrary, they knew full well that the presence of the machine guns, and the pom-poms, along their coast would inevitably invite German retaliation.

But—*in this war*, be it marked—the people of this little hamlet thought: Here are some North Country men. They are fighting (and they have been fighting!) for the same things that we all stand for. Let's show them a good time. We are *all* in this together now!

THE whole life of this village picked up. The grocer, the baker, the chemist, the tobacconist, the two old ladies who ran the tea-stand by the beach; they all "picked up." All of these people I have just been adumbrating had been cut down to bare living subsistence by the fact that the tourists had not come this year. They were, in fact, worse off than the evacuated areas, because they could claim no Government compensation. But the two old ladies who ran the tea-stand refused, for several days, to let the soldiers pay twopence for their tea. "No," they said. "What do you want?" and they pushed a saffron bun on the plate.

The children abandoned digging sand castles for the much more exhilarating job of filling soldiers' sandbags. The XYZ Light Infantry, with enormous patience, tolerated this infantile impediment to their work. The wires expanded, like a spider of Mars extending his cobweb, until there was only the narrowest entrance permitting us to get down to the sea. We watched the searchlights of a near naval port sweeping the clouds each night. And down on the beach every girl had a soldier, or at least half a soldier.

The Walls of Britain

The men were split up among local families and invited to Sunday tea; given the famous clotted cream, lobsters, and raspberries. On Sunday eve, when the Salvation Army played, a corporal of the XYZ Light Infantry took one of their silver horns and "tooted" in the ring.

They had bedded down, this North Country regiment, in a West Country town. Stripped to the waist, these miners hauled wheel-barrows, with motor tyres, over the soft, shifting sands. And—believe it or not!—I found a line of them, eight in a row at the long end of a rope, singing the Volga Boat Song: "Yo-o-heave-o . . . !"

There they stood their watch, like the gulls in the rocky red cliffs, waiting for the invaders. I saw this town, in the month I was there, change from a seaside resort into a stiff, bullet-spitting fortress. And that is this story. It must have taken place throughout England's countryside; the sea walls, and the vital places inland. You feel, as you watch this unpanicky, yet practical preparation, "Let them come."

THIS country, because of men and sober resolve like this, is like a strong ship—built of solid timbers. This country is sound and will weather many storms. You are unbreakable. That is the feeling that I brought back from the gentleness, the humour, the unbeatable spirit that I saw in readiness along Britain's walls. You are an invincible nation—and, in your hearts, you know it!

"Let *'im* come!" said the beach attendant—"come 'isself! We've got something 'andy for 'im!"

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 38)

On Duty

a perfect mental picture of flat feet. Another way of walking into trouble is to swing your leg forward stiffly, bringing most of the weight down on your heel. The right way is to keep your toes pointing straight ahead, and although the weight will fall on the heel first the outer border of the foot will take most of the strain and in this way the inner arch will be relieved of too much body weight.

The khaki and Air Force tunics make no attempt to flatter a woman's back. Round shoulders, hollow back, sticking out shoulder blades, rolls of fat under the shoulder blades or bulging flesh above the waistline are displayed with brutal frankness. These backslidings are very depressing, but there is one exercise that will deal with front and back figure faults, from bust to hips, and this is the exercise which teaches you to breathe correctly all the time.

Stand erect, head up, shoulders back, hands on your hips with all the fingers spread out. Breathe in through your nose and you will feel your lower ribs expanding strongly. Keep your upper chest as still as possible and when you have expanded your lower ribs as much as you can breathe out through the mouth. Let the breath out by contracting the abdominal wall inwards. Another good front and back exercise is to stand up straight, place one hand on your abdomen and the other on your "sit-down." Contract the muscles beneath your hand simultaneously, relax, repeat. Do this eighteen times.

AT a cocktail party the other evening two French girls who drive ambulances were discussing what undies to take out with them when they went off with an expeditionary force East. I did not hear the end of the discussion but in their place I would have invested in Deimel undies. The material used for these is a linen mesh which absorbs and eliminates the moisture thrown off by the skin. One of the advantages of these undies is that they are actually improved by boiling so that you can be absolutely certain of keeping them as clean as clean can be. There is a light-weight mesh for the tropics, and they have some styles which are particularly good to wear with uniform. You can get banded pantees or close-fitting knickers with elastic waist and knees for 16s. 3d. and all types of vests at prices ranging from 11s. 9d. to 15s. • The pyjamas are really well tailored. You can get either the coat or jumper styles for 47s.

Off Duty

than two minutes and the delicate engraving reappeared on the Damascus steel, which was glowing like old silver by the time I had finished with it. Even Eleanor admitted that this was a "find" and took the bottle away with her. The stuff is called "Mello," and it seems that it is a pretty handy thing to have about the house.

IF you feel you want a holiday and can't have one, try the new Bracken Bath Essence and Soap. The essence certainly softens the water and makes it pleasantly stimulating, and the bath will give you that nice fresh country air feeling. The four ounce bottle of bath essence costs 10s. 6d. and the bath tablets are 9s. for three or 7s. for three of the hand size tablets.

I was lunching recently down at Kingston and during the afternoon I wandered into Bentall's because I had heard that the beauty department there is well worth visiting. If I had not known I was in Kingston, I would have sworn I was in New York. The layout and efficiency of the department are extraordinarily reminiscent of America, and if I had had time I could have had any type of facial treatment, manicure, pedicure, chiropody, radium treatment, violet ray, as well as all the usual hair services from setting to bleaching, dyeing or scalp massage.

END

All My Own Work

(*Continued from page* 33)

petticoat overhung with cream furnishing ninon, finished at the edges with blue just as the screening curtains are done. Below the lower edge of the ninon hangs a stiffly pleated frill of the figured chintz. This is attached to the lower edge of the sateen lining. The mirror behind has its wide plate frame covered with the chintz.

On the facing page is a screen faced with coloured felt which can be bought quite cheaply at art needlework shops in very generous widths. Panels of embroidery—your own or somebody elses—can be let into the felt as a decoration. If stretching, mounting and lining, the felt on a frame seems too difficult, there is a firm in the Midlands who make a speciality of doing this work for you at a reasonable charge.

The same applies to the tray shown at the bottom of the page. Your own tapestry or embroidery, any piece of lovely old needlework or rich material can be mounted under glass in this way to make a decorative and practical tray.

The lampshade is perhaps the simplest of all to make yourself. For this you need one straight length of spartra—the material that is used for hat shapes. Stitch a length of ribbon velvet around the lower edge of this, an inch or more from the edge. Now hold the spartra in the steam of a kettle for a few moments until it is slightly more pliable but not too soft. Then fold it as you did when a child to make a Japanese fan—one fold one way, one the other. These should be about two inches and a half in width.

When this is done, pinch the folded edges very firmly, then gently open out the shade so that the folds are half open. Now, with a sharp instrument pierce holes all around the top about two inches from the edge, one on each side of the outer folds. Place the two ends of the shade together, slightly overlapping and gum one down upon the other very neatly. Arrange the join so as to come at an inner fold. Spartra does not fray, so edges need not be treated.

Finally thread a narrow ribbon or a thick cord through the holes at the top and draw the shade into shape so that the folds are permanently held in place.

The cushion and the pouff are simply but brightly covered with coloured hessian, which is gay, hard wearing and inexpensive. The seams of the pouff are finished with a giant tufted braid in a contrast colour, while the cushion is decorated with rows of braid, in harmonised shades, arranged in a quiet pattern.

END

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THE SAFE SOAP ★

AVOID IMITATIONS

The Dynasty

(*Continued from page 27*)

outsider? Not a Dubrovnik?" Madame had not stirred in her chair, but there was an outraged majesty in her tone.

"That's exactly what I mean, madame." He did not really mean it, of course. He was only trying it on, just as he sometimes tendered his resignation when he knew for certain it would not be accepted.

But madame was not impressed.

"You couldn't do that," she said calmly. "You know you couldn't do it. The people would never stand it."

"The people not stand it!" the minister gasped.

"No, the people trust us," madame said proudly. "For three generations now we have served them faithfully, and they know it. They don't love us, but they know they need us. We bring peace to them. Yes, peace! Peace to those who have found society tolerable and wish to enjoy it. Peace again, a greater peace, to those others who have found it insufferable and fought against it and been beaten. We have never failed either of them. Never the slightest mishap."

"'Pon my soul!" The minister just stared at her and suddenly sat down again. For all the quietness in her voice there was a ring of something in her tone, something rather horrible and at the same time rather fine.

"That is the truth and you know it," she went on with the same ring in her voice. "It is a hundred years since the first Dubrovnik came to serve this nation. During that time they have been a republic, a monarchy, an empire, even a soviet for a while, and then a republic again. Everything has changed except us. Ministers have come and ministers have gone, and it is only we who have always stayed. No, not always. Quite. Five years ago, as you remember, they decided to abolish the supreme penalty, and they turned us out, even threw stones at us, and there was great rejoicing because we had gone. But in eighteen months they had discovered that there was no peace without us, and you yourself, monsieur, came and begged us to come back. And we came back as though nothing had happened, and there was more rejoicing than when we went away. No, no, Monsieur le Ministre, the people cannot live without us. I am not afraid of anything that you may do."

The minister wetted his lips and swallowed hard.

"I know you have served the people well," he murmured. "I said so, I admitted it. But this is Wednesday, and the execution has been fixed."

"The appointment on Saturday will be kept," madame corrected him quietly. "I have already promised you that."

"But how do you know? How *can* monsieur decide? According to the doctors——"

"I do know," she cut him short softly. "I know because monsieur has never kept any man waiting."

The minister felt his forehead go clammy and the room beginning to reel around him. In another moment he felt he might easily faint and he stood up hurriedly.

"Very well, madame," he said. "I'll give you till Friday. Till Friday at midday and not a moment longer. Is that understood?"

"It is understood," she repeated. "And it will be enough."

The minister tried not to hurry out of that room and out of that house. But he certainly wasted no time about it. He had turned at the front door ready to stammer out some trite words of sympathy; but madame had not followed him to the door, she had not in fact even risen from her chair, and he put on his top hat and hurried down between the laurels to his car.

It was only when he was inside the car resting his aching head against the cushions that he realised that he had bowed his way out of the sitting-room backwards, just as if he had been received by royalty.

There was no change on the Thursday except that monsieur seemed weaker. On the Thursday night madame sat up with him until the first streak of dawn. It was a long silent vigil, barely illuminated by the unflickering blade of the night light. Madame crocheted steadily through the hours. Four times she had finished the shawl she was making, and each time she had finished it she undid it again and started afresh. She dared not leave the room to fetch more wool, nor could she bring herself to start anything new until it was all over.

THE last time she finished it she stood up and bent over the bed and peered at monsieur. Thesame! Always, always just the same! Or had his lips suddenly moved as she bent over him? Had they really moved, or was it just her imagination, her wish that he should say that word? It did not really matter whether he had spoken it or not. She knew what he wanted to say, knew that if he had any thought left he was lying there in agony in case she did not understand. But she understood him as she always had. Kubelas! Kubelas! It had to be Kubelas because he had a strong sturdy boy to succeed him, and Sasso's wife was barren. She knew that was how he wished it. The dynasty must go on. And she bent down and whispered: "Yes, I heard. I understand. It shall be as you say, monsieur."

She stood back again then and stayed looking down at him and suddenly all the lines on her face seemed to deepen. She had loved him: she still loved him. She loved him, as she always had, without tenderness or any emotion, but with a great respect. For thirty years she had shared his loneliness, the incredible awful loneliness of high places, and they had always sacrificed themselves and each other to what they considered their duty. They had always known what had to be done, what was demanded of them; and she knew what was demanded now. The lines of her face deepened and deepened. But she stepped forward resolutely and pulled the bed clothes over his head and pressed with her hands over his nostrils and mouth. There was no struggle. She pressed gently at first, then harder, then gently again. When at last she pulled the bed clothes back, the faint flicker of expression in his eyes had vanished, and she reverently closed his eyes, and sat down by the bed with folded hands and remained quite motionless until it was dawn.

When the dawn came she got up slowly and pulled up a blind and peered out and pulled it down again. Then once more she placed the sheet over his head and went downstairs. There the first thing she did was to send a message to the minister. After that she sent out to summon Sasso and Kubelas to the house, then she sat down in her high chair and waited for them.

Kubelas was the first to arrive. He had seen the drawn blinds at the windows upstairs and knew that monsieur was dead. But he did not ask any questions. Madame motioned him silently to sit down, and the two of them stayed there waiting until Sasso arrived.

When Sasso had come in and sat down beside Kubelas, madame at last began to speak.

"Monsieur is dead," she said simply. "He died soon after three, and he spoke before he died." There was a heavy silence in the room. She paused for a moment and then in the same calm tone she went on. "He said that Kubelas was to take over his office and to be monsieur in his place."

Kubelas merely bowed his head in dutiful acceptance of his burden, but Sasso spoke hotly.

"I don't believe it. He couldn't have spoken. He couldn't have chosen Kubelas in preference to me."

"He appointed Kubelas," madame repeated quietly. "He appointed Kubelas and said that you were to assist Kubelas as his lackey just as you had assisted him."

But Sasso had jumped to his feet.

"I won't have it," he cried. "I am the senior. His brother's son. I have the right. I won't be passed over and dishonoured."

Kubelas looked unhappily at his cousin,

but did not speak. It was madame who took charge and went on.

"You are not dishonoured, Sasso," she said gently. "Monsieur thought highly, very highly, of you both. It is only because you have no son to succeed you that he has chosen Kubelas, and it is a good reason."

"It is a bad reason," Sasso retorted. "I am the senior. It has never been the custom to inherit through a woman."

"But we are not as other people, Sasso."

Sasso stood hesitant for a moment, torn between his sense of duty and the importance of his own rights. Madame saw the struggle that was going on in his mind and came and put her hand on his arm and spoke appealingly, almost tenderly, to him.

"You must not take this hardly, Sasso," she said. "There is no insult to you, no affront. Monsieur has arranged it all for the best, and you still have your chrysanthemums. No one grows such beautiful chrysanthemums as you."

Sasso stared at her a moment, then angrily shook himself free.

"No, I don't accept it," he shouted. "I don't believe he spoke. You've invented it. You've invented it because you wanted Kubelas. I believe you killed monsieur because you didn't want him to speak."

"Sasso, Sasso, you don't know what you're saying!"

"Yes, I do. I know what I'm saying. And I know what I'm going to do. I won't stand it. I'll go to the minister. I'm the senior. I have the right. He knows I have the right."

The other two watched helplessly as he strode out and banged the door behind him. Kubelas was wringing his hands.

"This is terrible," he murmured. "What am I to do, madame, what am I to do?"

"You must prepare yourself for the appointment to-morrow," madame said quietly.

"But Sasso!"

"He is just impetuous, he will think better of this. But in case he does not think better of it, can you perform your duty without a lackey, Kubelas?"

Kubelas hesitated, then drew himself up proudly.

"Good! That is the way to speak," madame ended. "We have never failed the people yet and we must not fail them now. You had better go now and prepare yourself. Come to me to-morrow as soon as it is over. I shall have some strong black coffee for you, just as I have always made it for monsieur."

She watched proudly as he went out, and then turned and went upstairs and began to make preparations for the funeral.

THE sun that Saturday rose at thirteen minutes past six. Madame knew pretty well how long it would be before Kubelas returned. It had never been less than an hour with monsieur, and with Kubelas it might well be rather longer. At a quarter-past seven she was in a chair in the sitting-room with her crochet, a new piece of crochet, and the coffee was gently bubbling in the kitchen.

Nothing happened for another twenty minutes. Once or twice she thought she heard the sound of a footstep on the garden path, but she never looked up or moved. Only at times her crochet needles moved faster than at others.

Then at last long after she had expected it, the bell rang and she went to the front door.

It was not Kubelas, but Sasso.

Madame stared at him dumbly with a deadly fear gripping at her heart. Minutes seemed to pass, then at last Sasso stepped forward.

"I want to ask your forgiveness," he said hoarsely. "I was mad yesterday. I didn't know what I was saying."

Madame began to breathe again.

"It's all forgotten, all forgotten," she answered. "I know it was difficult for you."

"I was so ashamed," he went on. "I couldn't sleep. I couldn't get away from myself I was so ashamed."

"It's all forgotten," madame said again. "As long as you bear no ill feelings towards Kubelas, nothing else matters."

"I'll never be (*Continued on page* 68)

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like that again," Sasso assured her. "I realise now that monsieur was right. It ought to have been Kubelas and not me. I am too unstable."

"I am glad to hear you speak like that, Sasso. But there is one more thing I want to say. I want you to promise to assist Kubelas in the future just as you sometimes assisted monsieur. It is too lonely for Kubelas all by himself."

Sasso started and stared at her.

"But, madame, I have just come from assisting him!"

"What!"

"I have just come from assisting him. I couldn't sleep. I knew I had to do it. I got up. I was there as his lackey."

"Then it is all over already?"

"Yes, madame, it is all over. I hurried on ahead to tell you."

"Oh, I see now! You are good, Sasso, I always knew you were good. And Kubelas? He acquitted himself?"

"He acquitted himself nobly, madame. I was proud of him. It was just as if it had been monsieur himself."

Madame's heart was at rest again. The crisis was over. The dynasty assured. She

said nothing more and nothing showed on her face, but after a moment she turned and moved towards the sitting-room and Sasso followed her respectfully.

But just then there was the click of the garden gate shutting, and he whispered hoarsely: "Hist! He's coming now!"

Both of them stood back as Kubelas came in. He carried himself well, but he did not seem to see them as he passed. He went right through between them as though he were walking in a dream and turned into the sitting-room and sat down, still stiff and erect, and passed his hand over his forehead. Madame gave him one glance, then nodded at Sasso; and Sasso understood and tiptoed quietly out of the house. Madame herself went down the passage to the kitchen, and presently she returned with a tray in her hands. Kubelas still did not seem to be aware of her presence when she came in; but she put the tray down beside him and gently touched him on the shoulder.

"Your coffee, monsieur," she said quietly. "I have made it very strong."

END

Fruits of the Earth

(*Continued from page* 11)

The millionaire shuddered: a dish, not only coarse and vulgar, but indigestible. But he was entirely wrong. Rodin revered tripe. The great sculptor said that its warm tones, crinkles and crevices, reminded him of the cathedral of Beauvais.

The truth seems to be that there is no such thing as a scientifically correct diet, for the simple reason that no two human beings are quite alike. Dr. William Hay, the American physician who devised the famous diet that had a great vogue in the mid-thirties, may be approximately right when he asserts that good health depends on a balanced intake, combining eighty per cent alkaline forming and twenty per cent acid forming foods. But Nature has provided *homo sapiens* with a palate, and it is probable that the normally healthy individual keeps himself balanced by eating those foods he likes, in about the quantity that suits him—and that without consulting diet charts, and measuring off calories and protein contents. The diet on which Goering thrives would undoubtedly kill Goebbels, and disintegrate Noel Coward; while if Mr. Duff Cooper were imprisoned with Ghandi, and both were fed either on the diet of one, or the other, it is certain that one of the two would never emerge alive.

Sir George Newman, for long chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health, said once that "suitability of food is even more vital than sufficiency of food"; healthy and complete nutrition being ". . . something infinitely wider than mere feeding or filling of the stomach." This is because we need food for three main purposes: to repair the daily tissue waste, to provide energy, and to manufacture the substances which regulate the process of transforming food into body cells. Each purpose needs its own chemical substance or combination of substances.

There are three main groups: protein, carbohydrate, and fat. The Germans are brittle, despite their external appearance of robust health, because they inhabit a food-poor land, and years of substitutes and guns-before-butter policy, have left them deficient in certain main nourishing substances. They have gone short of milk, eggs, meat, fat. We have learnt enough about food to know that if you starve a human organism of certain essential chemical substances, such as are extracted by the digestive apparatus from fresh vegetables, eggs, unskimmed milk, fruit, fish, you produce anything from a breakdown to one of the diseases in the deficiency group. The advanced practice of dentistry even calls for the examination of the expectant mother by a dietetic specialist; and if she is found deficient in the substances which form bones and teeth, she is fed with the necessary extracts.

A strong organism will always extract more nourishment from a given quantity of food, than a weak one. The child of the rich parents may be brought up with the utmost care on the finest and most carefully selected and balanced foods, administered regularly; yet it may develop into an adult below the A.1 standard of health, or normally healthy but lacking in endurance. On the other hand, some of the strongest, most alert, intelligent and audacious men have been raised on poor rough food, and that in small quantity, and taken irregularly.

Regularity in eating is one of the modern principles which may be all wrong. Napoleon was an irregular eater in his campaigning and empire-building days. He died in middle-age of a stomach cancer. But that may be explained by his well-known habit of bolting his food; and in his later phase he habitually over-ate, and developed a protuberant paunch. Lawrence of Arabia ate any sort of food, at any time, often going for long periods without food, or with little food, and then filling up, Arab-fashion. He continued this irregularity after his Arabian adventure. It did him no harm. He was in full health, young for his age, when he crashed on his motor cycle, and broke his skull.

Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, who has spent his lifetime studying man, and knows more about the human mechanism probably than any other man living, agrees with irregularity in eating—not for every one, but as part of a general system for enabling children to develop into adult individuals of more than average vitality, boldness, and strength: it being his theory that a man's value depends on his capacity to face adverse situations rapidly and without effort.

"Man attains his highest development," remarks Carrel, "when he is exposed to the rigours of the seasons, when he sometimes goes without sleep and sometimes sleeps for long hours, when his meals are sometimes abundant and sometimes scanty, when he conquers food and shelter at the price of strenuous effort."

Try this on your child's nurse, or the family doctor, and see what reaction you get!

Carrel insists that man's adaptation to lack of food has played an important part in his survival. Meals which are frequent, regular, and abundant, don't strengthen man; they weaken him. Elimination of stale bread, tough meat and other hard foods, and the substitution of milk, pulped or mashed

foods, and soft food generally, give insufficient work for a child's jaws, teeth, and facial muscles, and the muscles and glands of its digestive apparatus. The contemporary pampering of teeth and stomach, Carrel asserts, is one of the chief causes of the marked degeneration of modern man.

This austere scientist must view with alarm, as the twilight of the race, the prospect of an age when men feed themselves adequately, and economically—if still ceremoniously—on small food tablets, which provide their systems with all essential nourishment for general living or special tasks. The teeth will have nothing to do; and the stomach little to work on. However, this development seems anyway remote, possibly millions of years distant: since eating is one of the two greatest pleasures which a kindly Nature has equipped man to enjoy during his brief earthly sojourn, and neither men nor women lightly surrender their pleasures.

Besides, there is the economic aspect. It is not industry, but agriculture—food raising in all its aspects—which keeps the world wheels turning. If we nourished ourselves as efficiently as our more advanced scientists desire, half of the world would be out of a job, and a large part of the other half on its way to the breadline or workhouse.

For in spite of all, the land still supports sixty per cent of the world population. If one reads the papers, one gains the impression that British agriculture is bankrupt; but the land here continues to support more people than coal mining, shipbuilding, iron and steel making, or any other single industry. It is a thousand-million-pound industry, with over two hundred thousand farmers, a million workers, and an annual output worth from £210,000,000 to £240,000,000 (agricultural prices swing high and low).

Move to the larger American area, and you find that, although the farm problem is larger, tougher, and more persistent there than it is here (they grow too much, whereas we don't grow enough), agriculture remains the biggest industry. Vegetable growing there is a £200,000,000-a-year business; its average annual income exceeding that from cotton by £10,000,000, from grains by £20,000,000, from tobacco by £120,000,000, and from fruit and nuts by £50,000,000. But if you put all American agriculture together, you get a £1,000,000,000-a-year enterprise, with twelve million farmers dependent on it.

A large dent is being put in this business by the second world war, in which the Germans are blockading or trying to blockade the British island, the British are blockading all Europe except Spain and Portugal but controlling the latters' sea supplies, and the Japanese are blockading the part of China which remains outside their grip. A still larger dent is being made on the South American food-raising lands, and a catastrophic dent on Denmark, which normally exports eighty per cent of its dairy and market-garden produce, and on France and Italy, both lands which export to England high grade, and relatively high-priced foods, like early season vegetables, lemons, fruits, olives, tomatoes, cauliflower, onions.

The four hundred million people of Europe are cut off from the overseas surpluses, and they are going to need food this winter badly. Apart from the damage to crops caused by the severe winter, and later drought, war has destroyed harvests, partly through gutting the fields of necessary labour at sowing and harvest time. The farmers of North and South America reckoned on being able to supply a war market at top prices: and now they find themselves blocked by the warships and warplanes of both belligerents, and also by the money exchange problem. Britain is buying all she can in her own sterling area.

But with a merchant fleet of around 24,000,000 tons now, protected by a huge and matchless navy of some 1,800,000 tons, and growing all the time, and an air force of increasing strength, Britain can still bring in most of the food she needs. Her island at this present time (*Continued on page* 70)

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Can the Europeans who found their high-price market in Britain replace that lost market inside Europe? Can the French sell their fine wines and luxury vegetables in Germany? Can the Italians sell their surplus tomatoes and fruit in Germany? It seems improbable. Payment in any case can be only in German marks, and the marks will buy only German goods.

Stalin has been toiling to industrialise his enormous empire, and equip it with a collectivised food-producing organisation in place of the chaotic agriculture of small farmers and peasants so poor that they shared a plough horse or yoked their wives to the plough. Has he a food surplus to spare for hungry Europe? Can he come to the rescue of the France which the Pétain Government forecasts will starve this winter? Can Hitler get fats and meat from him? All the knowledgeable experts say, no.

Stalin will need all his food: he is not so strong that he can face a famine: he already has other political troubles, notably discontent with the failure of his industry to produce the long-promised stream of necessities, pots and pans, clothes, shoes, household articles, and so on, for the massed millions of the population. It is not altogether Stalin's fault. When his new giant factories, equipped with British, American and German machinery, might have got going in a big way on production of peace goods, they had to concentrate harder than ever on war production. It is a very big, and vulnerable empire, that the Red Tsar has to guard.

Besieged China is more fortunate. The Japanese blockade their whole coast line, and now the hard-pressed British have agreed to a closure of the Burma Road until November (in that undeveloped Asiatic territory, closure of the one motor road means in effect closure of a one thousand five hundred-miles-long frontier).

But that is only a block to munitions, guns, oil, lorries, war supplies. China needs no food. Unoccupied China has a food surplus. If the communications were even a degree or two above primitive mule tracks, if there were even such motor roads as the Western imperialists have built across the African deserts, if there were even such a double-track railway as the Russians have laboriously built to link their governmental and industrial centres in the west to their eastern and maritime provinces outletting on the Pacific, the surplus food of China might be moving into Germany by way of Russia. But one of the first essentials for long-distance movement of anything at all, especially stuff as bulky as agricultural produce, is efficient communications and machines: and between China and Europe, in bulk goods, you move by sea, or you don't move at all.

The Japanese have their food problem—sixty million virile yellow men crowded into the islands of Nippon, but unable to sustain themselves in that space. Their problem has taken them into the Asiatic mainland, and out into the oceans. In the latter element, they drag food in bulk from the sea. They are the great fishers of the modern world: some call them the great fish pirates of to-day.

They go after food so voraciously that experts say they will soon make some varieties of fish, such as salmon, as rare and valuable as Colchester oysters. They are constantly causing international incidents through their hungry fishing in the seas between Japan, the eastern and northern coasts of Russia, and the northern and north-western coasts of the American Continent. They cut in on the salmon runs, and the salmon fishers operating from Alaska—an £8,000,000-a-year business, the Alaskan salmon fisheries—find that the spring-time shoreward spawning drive of the big fish, has thinned. How, and why?

From the far corners of the sea, the great red-gold fish, mature, ranging in age from two to six years, should be running in huge, continuous, straight-driving phalanxes, between June and September, to the breeding grounds in the inland streams: coming into the nets fat and fresh from the salt water, from the small sockeye to the huge chinook, biggest of the five Pacific salmon (the upstream battle tires them, and it is a thin, exhausted salmon that finally reaches the spawning place and lays its eggs). What diminishes the run?

Fruits of the Earth

Ask the Japanese! They come out from their strategic, hungry island, and intercept the run en route to the Western fishers moving out from the canning bases at Puget Sound, the Columbia River, and the Washington and Oregon streams. They have to come a long way; but it is worth while, and they equip themselves for it. They have built 15,000-ton ships, floating canneries. They don't have to make back to shore bases with a catch. They can the salmon at sea.

This is one of several American quarrels with Japan. But it might have been only another of Russia's quarrels. Russia used to own that Alaskan territory. But in 1867, when many things which are clear to-day were hidden, the United States Government bought Alaska from the Tsarist Government for £1,440,000. It was a good investment. The salmon have often paid off the capital cost five times over in a single year.

But if one began to range the oceans, as well as the food-producing lands, one would so enlarge the picture that it would need a step back, and a telescope, to keep it within reasonable focus. In time, these current actions, and disputes, will mean much: for there is a limit to the reproduction of species, and international war on food animals and food fish, high-pressure slaughter and consumption, will have its ultimate consequences.

But these things belong to to-morrow; and in wartime, to-day is all that matters. There never has been a civilization which conserved things. But it is possible that out of this war the historians of the future may discern the distillation of a small residue of permanent value—much as one sees a tiny speck of radium at last emerging from the painful, laborious, complicated reduction of tons of pitchblende melted and stirred continuously in a great cauldron. All the concentration, the desperate concentration, of energy and brains and action, on food, must have some beneficial results for the generations who come after us.

The first world war threw human errors into high-light: and that in itself is valuable. This time, few of the major errors are being repeated. The American farm problem, which torments both the great American political factions, derives from the war of 1914–18, when American farmers over-produced and over-farmed, tempted by high war prices; and no political team from that time to this was strong enough to cut out that cancer—each one, needing the votes of the ignorant and the wishful-thinkers, promised a cure by administration of an aspirin tablet. There is a tragic tale, woven into a tale called *The Grapes of Wrath*, and subsequently made into a film, which has illustrated for a world audience the mechanics, and the human tragedy, of soil exhaustion caused by over-cultivation, plus weather vagaries to make a bad thing worse, plus the inescapable money factor which works on the basis of low prices in time of plenty and high prices in time of scarcity.

The single fact emerges that food production is the most complex and the most obstinate of all contemporary human problems, and that the efficient fuelling of the human machine is the most urgent of all contemporary scientific problems, and the most neglected by scientists.

It is possible that the production and supply problem will never be satisfactorily solved until the central problem of the organisation of world peace is solved; for while there is actually no production problem left, thanks to science, chemistry, machines, pest-eradicator techniques, and political organisation, the supply problem, the bridging of the gap between surplus and want, is wholly a power-politics, and war-technique, problem. Once you could guarantee supply, the production problem would solve itself.

And incidentally we would stop subsidising sugar-beet production and sugar manufacture in this island, and buy all the sugar we needed more cheaply from the natural sugar bowls in the tropical regions.

But the very fact that these seemingly insoluble problems exist is stimulating brains, and energising action, and forcing scores of millions of people to think hard about food, the stuff they feed into their stomachs to maintain and extend their own lives. And that is a gain.

For even if a world board, equipped with full powers, guaranteed food supplies to every sovereign state, even when two or more of those sovereign states were referring a dispute to the arbitrament of war, that world Utopia would not empty the hospitals and mental institutions, and relieve the doctors, scientists, priests, judges and juries of work with a root cause in wrong feeding.

We cannot abolish war. But every individual human being can contribute his quota towards solving the problem of inefficient and ineffectual diet; for ninety per cent of the responsibility doesn't rest on government, it rests on the individual.

END

Smiling Lady

(*Continued from page 41*)

things for herself, and she enjoyed one of her greatest moments of triumph when she learned to acquire a perfect shoulder line simply by stitching parapads into her dresses and coats. She produced one of her very best smiles then, for being made of Dunlopillo cushioning, they are light as air, comfortable, cost next to nothing, and they do give that straight shoulder line that she had always associated exclusively with good clothes.

It is typical of her new-found poise, this adaptability of mind and enthusiasm. And it is one of the reasons why she has so many friends, both old and new. For all of them she finds time in her crowded life, because she has her days efficiently organised, and to all of them she gives warmth and a ready human sympathy.

Complete simplicity is the foundation of these friendships, uncomplicated by social pretensions or false sentimentality, and they last because she takes as much trouble about women as she does about men, she is always ready to accept a last-minute invitation, she never lets herself be bored, and she never breaks a date or is desperately unpunctual.

Her approach to love is equally direct. She does not feverishly search for it, looking for hidden signs and portents in every friendly meeting, nor does she strive to make an impression.

She has enjoyed a very great deal of happiness because she has learned not to snatch, nor to sacrifice the present to the future that is no man's to mortgage, and she is grateful to the past that has given her so many memories to light every spell of loneliness. She avoids artlessness and over-sophistication, and so escapes such damaging labels as "sweet" or "nice" or "fascinating."

In short, she is just a human being with a load of optimism and sound common sense, the sort of Englishwoman an Englishman is proud to fight for.

END

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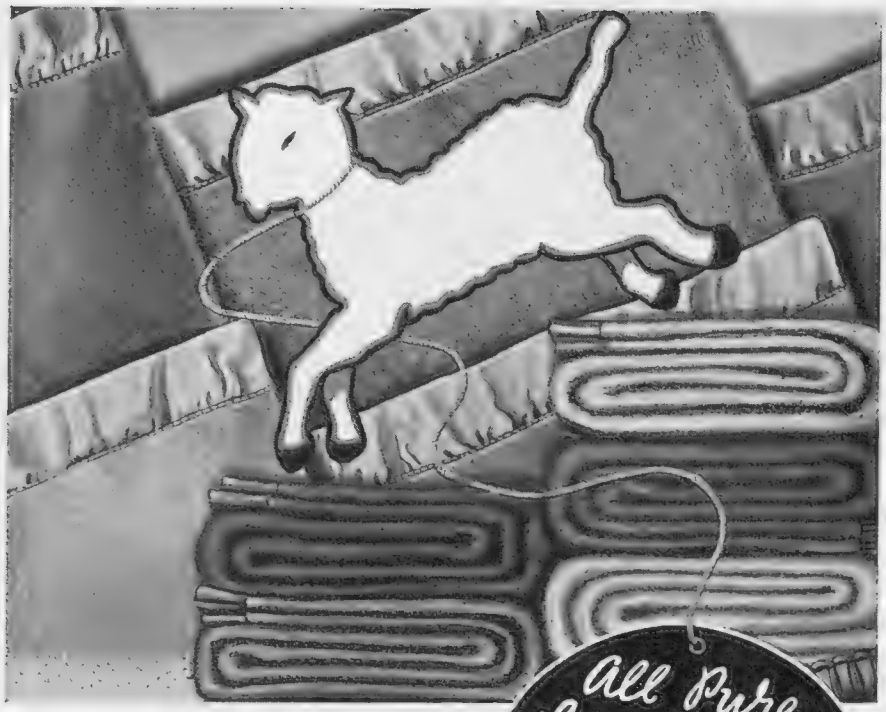

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J/352

Picture Thieves And Their Tricks

(*Continued from page 23*)

young imp, who is one of the screen's most popular personalities to-day, acquired a great deal of stagecraft in a very tough school.

Vaudeville is the survival of the fittest. In that strange branch of dramatic art the glory goes to those who know how to monopolise the limelight and take all the applause. That's what Mickey understands so well. It is completely natural to him to do something that robs other players in a scene of the attention of onlookers. Watch him, and see the way he runs a careless hand through his hair, or tickles the side of his nose, or scuffles his feet in the dirt.

Those things may look haphazard, and sound utterly unimportant. But they are things that should be put on a badge and handed to every scene stealer. For they are scene stealing, in the n'th degree. I remember Mickey, as a kid of about ten, playing scenes with Robert Montgomery in a film called *Hideout*. Now Mr. Montgomery is no slouch when it comes to knowing the kind of things that hand a scene to an actor; but when little Mickey got to work even the experienced star found himself admitting with a grin that the boy certainly knew all there was to know—and then some.

I remember, too, "Woody" Van Dyke, the director, telling young Mickey not to rub his nose when Mr. Montgomery was saying a certain line, or making a certain move. "Rub my nose, Mr. Van Dyke? Did I do that? I sure am sorry!" said Mickey, looking meek. But when the scene was played again for the cameras he rubbed his nose! That's what having scene stealing bred in you will do. And I know another trick that Mickey uses from time to time. If he wants to be sure a comedy scene is "in the bag" he turns on a few tears. It's simple.

Zasu Pitts steals scenes with her hands. Those white, slender, fluttery hands of hers drag every eye in the audience in their direction. Zasu has only to lift her hands and an audience laughs. Sometimes this causes Miss Pitts to burst into tears, for she is a very sincere actress and, like most laughter makers, hankers to be allowed to play a good meaty tragic rôle. But, as she so truly moans, what is the use of asking directors to realise that she *can* be tragic when people burst out laughing at the mere sight of her hands?

She told me that she began to use her fingers a lot—the way she does when she starts murmuring "Oh-dear-oh-*dear*—whatever-will-become-of-me-now?"—because she was always self-conscious of her hands when she was a girl. She thought they were ugly. She was sure such long skinny fingers could never be considered worth looking at. So to cure herself of this foolish fear she began to use her hands whenever she could, and waved her skinny fingers about, to give them a certain amount of grace. Thus the "Pitts Flutter" came into being, and has helped this delightful actress to steal scenes without number, during her screen career.

FRANK MORGAN is without doubt a genius, when it comes to being a picture thief. Have you ever noticed the way he fumbles at his chin? Have you watched him give a sudden quirk to his eyebrows? He does it when nobody expects him to do it; and he has a way of letting a look of anguished bewilderment pass across his face. He turns his head to right and back to left. He blurts out something that is of terrific importance, and forgets half way through what he is trying to say.

Such tricks as these, done with all the art of a real master, make Frank Morgan one of the greatest scene snatchers in the industry. I sat in a projection room at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios one day watching some rushes of a new film in which Frank Morgan appeared in a strong supporting part,

with two big star names above his own. Even from the rough rushes it was obvious that the film really belonged to Mr. Morgan. As we sat in the darkened theatre I heard one of the two stars, sitting next to me, give a low moan. "Look at me!" he muttered. "Just *look* at me—there I am, playing 'straight' for Morgan, when all the time Morgan should be playing straight for me!"

When Frank Morgan, Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold get together there is more scene stealing on hand than a mere outsider could ever grasp, for each man is an expert in his own particular line. Lionel Barrymore has a number of tricks up his sleeve; one of the best is his way of looking up, suddenly, *above* his glasses. If Barrymore does it while another player is talking the whole audience looks at him—they can't help it. Another typical Barrymore-ism is the characteristic use he makes of his gnarled fingers; fingers that are as rugged as the man himself. He uses his hands seldom; but when he does the movement of those fingers becomes of dramatic importance.

The champion fritterer, in films, is Billie Burke, who is far younger and more gay at fifty than many a débutante of eighteen. When Billie Burke breezes into any scene, in any film, she lifts it up bodily and trips out with it in her small, expressive hands. That merry voice, the blink of those pretty blue eyes, the helpless incompetence of the frivolous wealthy ladies she plays with such consummate skill, all add up to a bag of tricks that make her one of the chief picture thieves in existence.

Though she is serene and full of fun in private life, the clever actress who was married to America's famous impresario, Florenz Ziegfeld, is far removed from the chirruping "sillies" she acts so brilliantly. In reality, Billie Burke is a fine business woman. She has managed the somewhat involved estate of her late husband, and has restored order to what might have been chaos. She handles her own business affairs, and those of her daughter. Like Constance Bennett, she is spoken of in film circles as possessing a brain as shrewd and clear as that of any leader of industry. Yet she continues to present for our delight a string of idle, idiotic, amusing females, who run away with every picture in which their characters find a place.

WHEN the name "Allen Jenkins" flashes into view, as the list of players in a film is announced, every one knows they are in for a flock of healthy laughs. Allen Jenkins, lugubrious of face when he chooses, hands out characterisations that are full of chuckles. He talks as though he might be suffering from a cold in his head, which he is not. He puts down his chin, lifts up his eyes—large, dark eyes—and utters a few pungent words in a tone that brings a burst of mirth on its tail.

Any star will tell you that Allen Jenkins is a picture thief. He is celebrated for the scenes he has "lifted," right through his successful film career. He does his best work with a man who is, outside what they call the "factory," his best friend; James Cagney is the name. Allen and James were once just two hoofers in the chorus of any Broadway musical comedy into which they could ooze their way. This was back in the days before talkies were imagined, even by a man with the foresight and vision of Joseph Schenck.

Messrs. Jenkins and Cagney shared many a dressing-room, several tall flights of stairs above stage level. They practised dance routines together, until their feet ached. They sat at drug store counters, making a great big meal off a couple of ham sandwiches and a cup of coffee. They were pals, in the finest sense of the word. Allen put the seal on their friendship by introducing the diffident Mr. Cagney to a merry-eyed little brunette who kicked up a tricky pair of heels in the same chorus as the two lads. Mr. Jenkins had watched Mr. Cagney gazing at the merry-eyed girl and sensed that if Mr. Cagney had possessed enough pluck he would like to have invited (*Continued on page 74*)

Analysis of **LADY PATRICIA FRENCH'S** features

1. *Shape of Face:* Rounded, with a broad, serene forehead.
2. *Eyes:* Starry, dark, almond-shaped with long black lashes.
3. *Nose:* Short and straight with fine, even-pored skin.
4. *Mouth:* Small, beautifully shaped.
5. *Chin:* Round and milk-white, utterly free from blemishes or large pores.
6. *Hair:* Dark, with gleams of copper gold.

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Now that I am having Shredded Wheat regularly, I must say the improvement in my health is most marked, and I have lost my fears.

Shredded Wheat is a boon to modern girls who wish to look and feel their best."

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Picture Thieves and Their Tricks

the lady to join him in a sandwich and a cup of coffee after the show.

But Jimmy Cagney, so tough in the rôles he acts, is the most gentle, unassuming creature in everyday existence. So what does Allen Jenkins do but plan for Miss Frances Vernon, the merry-eyed brunette, to come along with him to the corner drug store after the show, knowing full well that Mr. Cagney will have parked himself at the counter for his usual supper. Then it is a case of "Hullo, there!" And "Hullo there yourself!" And before the soda-jerker behind the counter can bat an eyelid there are three customers for ham-on-rye-and-a cup-of-coffee! The end of Mr. Jenkins's work as fairy godmother was the marriage of Mr. Cagney and Miss Vernon, not so very long afterwards.

All three of them went through some grim and hungry days. Now all three of them are in Hollywood, famous and prosperous, and all married to the same people as they were in those good old days on Broadway. Allen and Jimmy appear together in as many films as possible; they are both happy when they know they are to be together once more, and Jimmy prepares with a glad grin to find Allen sneaking scenes from under his nose—he being quite a scene sneaker himself, in his own special way.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON is a menace to those who find themselves acting with him. Not only does he make them laugh in the wrong places by doing the most absurd things, in the most unorthodox fashion, but he picks up a scene just as casually as he would flick a fly off his cigarette, and leaves other players wondering what it is all about. Eddie Horton's great trick is known as "The Take-'em!" Now a take-'em is a highly technical and involved proceeding, requiring a great deal of skill. For a take-'em, to be at its best, must never be spotted by an audience. If it *is* spotted, it loses all its value, on the instant.

It must be so softly, so smoothly accomplished that nobody knows what the comedian who hands out a take-'em has done. All they know is that they are laughing! To explain a take-'em is rather like crushing a fire-fly; but here goes. A take-'em means that when a comedian is talking to another player he will, at an exact split second, turn his head away and give an affirmative answer to what has been said. That answer is always the last thing he should say. Having given this affirmative answer, the comedian waits for the next exact split second, in which the force of what he has said comes home to him. So he jerks his head back in the direction of the other player, at the same time ejaculating in astonished tones: "What?"

There exists, believe it because it is true, a *double*-take-'em. This, also, is one of the things in which Mr. Horton specialises. If a single take-'em is a matter of tricks and skill, please figure out the enormous ability that is needed to do the whole thing *twice*. Another expert at the take-'em game is Eric Blore, the English comedian. He appeared with Eddie Horton in *Top Hat* and some other films; and when those two got together work on the set became a riot of hysterical laughter. I remember going to lunch with Ginger Rogers, while this film was being made. She appeared, after a long morning's work, with her make-up in streaks down her cheeks. Asking what was the matter—for it was obvious she had been weeping—I was told that those two clowns would surely kill her, if they didn't go home and stop their tricks! Mr. Blore, aided by Mr. Horton, had been indulging in a series of double-take-'ems from nine until twelve-thirty, convulsing Miss Rogers, Mr. Astaire, the director, the camera crew, the electricians—and ruining scene after scene because somebody would break out into gusts of guffaws, at the wrong moment. That's what being a true take-'em artist means.

Ruth Donnelly steals films by being

What a pity

he doesn't take

a laxative which brings smiles instead of snarls, good cheer instead of bad temper. What a pity he doesn't take Lixen! For Lixen is both thorough and pleasant. It is non-griping and non-habit-forming. And it is so completely *natural* that it can be taken with confident safety by children, adults and invalids alike. From chemists only. LIXEN LOZENGES (fruit-flavoured) 8½d. & 1/2. LIXEN ELIXIR (in bottles) 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.

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"blah." She can be the dumbest dame in creation, if she chooses. She isn't, when you meet her personally; and sometimes they let her be a "smart aleck" type of female, as the exact opposite of her "dumb-dora" characterisations. In *The Amazing Mr. Williams* she gave a grand performance as the unwelcome fourth member of a quartet which included a convict just going to spend a stretch of years in Sing Sing. Ruth Donnelly had to dance with him, at a night club, on his way to prison; and when she found out she had been prancing madly for hours with a murderer the faint she threw was a gem. With Jean Arthur, in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, she was a dry-as-dust stenographer, who knew all the answers and did not hesitate to hand them out.

Talking about Billie Burke, a little while back, reminded me of another picture thief who has been in many films with her. Roland Young from England is the actor in question. Roly has only to throw his pained expression to any gathering of people, and make a few brief remarks in his dry, caustic voice, for victory to lie securely in his grasp. No matter how many other stars may glitter in the film, it is Roland Young's performance that people remember most, when they file out after the screen has gone dark. One of these days, when I am having a swell time with Mr. Young and some of our English friends out in Hollywood, I must reveal to him the fact that he and I once appeared together in a certain melodrama in London. Both of us were at the start of careers that had not even begun to crystallise. He was walking-on and understudying one of the smaller male characters; I was merely walking-on. The guinea-a-week handed to me by an indifferent management was the first serious money I ever earned. Roly, I believe, was paid the lordly sum of thirty shillings, because of that understudy!

MISCHA AUER has often played screen characters that do not amount to more than a couple of lines, and yet he has triumphed in them. It is not so much what this Russian-born actor says as what he *looks* that counts. Mischa should have been a professional musician, like his father; but he wanted to act. Every casting director in Hollywood knew him, as "that crazy Russian." His melancholy pale face, with those intense, miserable black eyes, had only to thrust itself up to the window of a casting director's office for the man behind the window to rap out: "No Russians to-day, buddy!" Whereat Mischa would go sadly and slowly home.

He jumped into fame, and began stealing pictures from stars, when he was allowed to do his imitation of a chimpanzee in a scene in *My Man Godfrey*. It was a goofy picture, anyhow, and while a goofy party was taking place, Mischa, who had some tiny and insignificant part, started to do his chimpanzee act at the side of the set, more from sheer boredom than because he thought anybody would take the slightest notice. But somebody did take notice; and the next thing he knew was that he was doing his chimpanzee act in a scene, leaping from sofa to chair, from chair to sofa, grimacing, scratching at imaginary fleas, and all the time presenting that unique, unhappy face, those unforgettable wide-open black eyes to a camera that simply swallowed them whole, and yelled for more.

Mischa Auer has been earning a very large income since he played in *My Man Godfrey*. All he says about it, in his sad, soft voice, is that it seems so strange he should have been imitating a chimpanzee at every party in Hollywood for years and years and years—and nobody ever thought of telling Sam Goldwyn about it! If they had, says Mischa looking more wretched than ever, it is probable he would have stepped into the big money years and years and years ago.

SPENCER TRACY has been a scene stealer from the first day he arrived in Hollywood. To-day, he is one of the few stars who have not the least fear of any supporting player who is known to be a picture thief. I think I know why Spencer Tracy finds he has no need to fear other (*Continued on page 76*)

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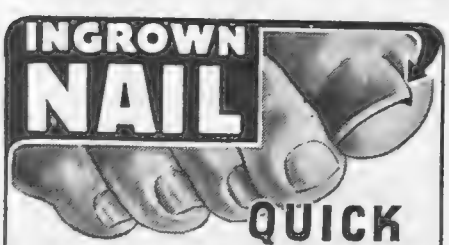

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Dr. Scholl BRAND ONIXOL

Picture Thieves and Their Tricks

players. He depends almost entirely on a low key, for his effects. He talks softly; his reactions are nearly imperceptible. The result is that his methods of putting over a characterisation make other people in his films appear to be over-acting and over-emphasising every point. They seem violent, by comparison with Mr. Tracy. When he was teamed with Luise Rainer in *Big Town* he made that clever actress appear so full of actorish tricks that her fans made loud sounds of protest.

There is a gentle lady, by no means young, who has lifted scenes from some of the biggest stars on the screen, including Greta Garbo. Look for the name of Maria Ouspenskaya, and you may be confident that you will see a grand performance, by a truly great actress. In *Conquest* she stole a scene from Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo, just as casually as you or I would drink a cup of tea. To Maria Ouspenskaya, stage veteran, the scene she had to play over a card table, with Boyer and Garbo, was only another in a long line of make-believe things she had done for many years. Its thrill lay in the fact that she was acting with such great stars.

FELIX BRESSART, tall, lanky, with a long, thin nose and eyes that always look short-sighted, is being spoken about as the chief of the new list of picture thieves. In *Ninotchka*, with Garbo, his attenuated Communist was a piece of perfect stealing; he did some more of the same kind of thing in *The Shop Around the Corner*, and also in *It All Came True*, with Ann Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart. One of the nicest things about Mr. Bressart—apart from his eternal attitude of leaning forward and poking that thin, long nose into everybody's affairs—is the fact that although he is a comedian, *au fond*, he has the power to be intensely pathetic, at the sudden switch of a mood.

Thomas Mitchell, who bounded to fame when he played the drunken doctor in *Stagecoach*, is yet another stage veteran who seems able to do what he likes with any scene he acts for the camera. He told me that character actors, in his opinion, must be particularly ordinary men. They should have no peculiarities. They should be rather uninteresting people, with personalities that resemble a piece of canvas. Then the character they want to portray can be poured on to them, and sink right in. He came to Hollywood to play in *Lost Horizon*, intending to go back to New York; but he has stayed to give the screen some splendid performances, of which one of the latest was Scarlett O'Hara's father, in *Gone With The Wind*. Now he is in *The Long Voyage Home*, made by John Ford, the same director who put *Stage Coach* on the screen.

Just as a matter of record, let me add two more names to this list of picture thieves. They are the names of two non-existent people: Charlie McCarthy, a ventriloquist's dummy, and Donald Duck, who is only a string of drawings on sheets of celluloid. Yet they steal every picture in which they are cast. And rightly, too.

END

Mixing Cable Stitch

(*Continued from page 42*)

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE (right side facing)

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next and every armhole row following until 46 sts. remain. Work ½ in. on these 46 sts. Change to contrast wool and k. 1 row. Then continue in main patt. until 4½ ins. after armhole shaping.

SHAPE THE NECK (wrong side facing)

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of neck edge row, then continue until 7 ins. after armhole shaping, at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 26

4 out of 5

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sts. remain. Shape the shoulder as for the back.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles and main shade wool cast on 51 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue as follows:

1st row.—(P. 1, k. 4) 4 times, p. 1, k. 9, (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times, p. 1. **2nd row.**—(k. 1, p. 4) 4 times, (k. 1, p. 9, k. 1, p. 4) 4 times, k. 1. **3rd row.**—(P. 1, k. 4) 4 times, p. 1, k. 3. Work *back* cable, (p. 1, k. 4) 4 times, p. 1. **4th row.**—As 2nd. Rep. rows 1 and 2 once.

7th row.—(P. 1, k. 4) 4 times, p. 1. Work the *front* cable, k. 3, (p. 1, k. 4) 4 times, p. 1. **8th row.**—As 2nd. These 8 rows make the patt.

Work 1½ ins. in patt., dec. 1 st. each end of every 8th row following until 91 sts. Keeping all increased sts. in main patt. work without shaping until work measures 18½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 41 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK EDGING

With No. 11 needles and contrast shade wool cast on 130 sts' Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

THE FRONT STRAPS (two)

With No. 11 needles cast on 14 sts. with contrast wool. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Make a buttonhole. Rib 4 sts., cast off 6, rib 4: **Next row.**—Rib 4 sts., cast on 6, rib 4. Make 7 more buttonholes 2½ ins. apart when work measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge. Cast off. Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at top. Sew on the neck edging and front strips. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

Rib and Stocking Stitch

(*Continued from page* 43)

THE BACK

Work as front until yoke is started. Now divide sts. in half, having 45 in each side, and work rib until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are 24 sts. left. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 50 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to the large needles and st.st. and work the bodice patt. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 1st row of 2nd st.st. block and every 4th row after until there are 70 sts.

Work straight until side seam measures 16 ins., including rib. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 84 sts. (work a few rows to make side seam 18 ins.). K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on buttons, making loops to fasten. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.

Diagonally Ribbed Sweater

(*Continued from page* 43)

there are 12 ins. along side seam and 40 sts.

Cast off 4 sts. at side seam edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

TWO CENTRE PANELS

Cast on 50 sts. Work straight for 20 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up sleeve seams. Sew centre panels between two side panels. Sew side seams. Sew in sleeves. Tuck front of neck into several little folds and sew at centre.

Shoes going up but—

SHOE BILLS DOWN

They walked through their shoes and their income, until . . .

OH, ARE YOU TAKING YOUR SHOES TO BE MENDED? TAKE MY BROWN ONES WITH YOU
WHAT AGAIN? IT'S ONLY A FEW WEEKS SINCE YOU HAD THEM DONE. THE WAY WE WEAR OUT SHOES IS SOMETHING AWFUL
CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE COFFEE THIS MORNING, SUSAN. I'VE GOT A BIG SHOE BILL TO PAY THIS WEEK
FOOTWEAR REPAIRS
MY DEAR, JUST COME IN THIS REPAIR SHOP AND SEE WHAT I'M HAVING DONE TO OUR SHOES TO SAVE MONEY!
PHILLIPS SAVE YOUR SHOES AND KEEP THEM WATERTIGHT TOO—YET THEY ARE QUITE INVISIBLE IN WEAR. MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS BRING IN NEW SHOES TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RIGHT AWAY; THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE NEVER GETS WORN DOWN
3 MONTHS LATER
LET'S GET AWAY FOR A WEEK-END. WE CAN AFFORD IT, NOW THAT WE'VE BEEN DOING SOME ECONOMISING
THAT TIP OF SUSAN'S ABOUT PHILLIPS RUBBERS HAS SAVED US NO END OF MONEY!

You'll have to get more wear out of your shoes now

Shoes have to go further now. When you buy new ones or have an old pair repaired, get **Phillips** superfine Stick-a-Soles and **Phillips** Heels fitted. **Phillips** keep shoes in shape, keep heels smart longer. **Phillips** save money, treble the life of shoes, **Phillips** are neat, invisible in wear, fixed firm as a rock with **Phillips** solution only. See the name **Phillips** on every pair.

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The R.A.F. Have Attacked

(Continued from page 29)

speed indicators, temperature tell-tales, and altimeters and compasses must be infallible.

At last the time draws near. The men go into the operations room for last instructions. Pockets are turned out and routine statements are signed that nobody carries with him anything that will be of service to the enemy—just in case. . . .

Maps are studied, orders given, and with a few cheery words the men are off out to the aerodrome, where the machines are already being warmed up.

One by one they take off, wheel towards the east, and disappear, climbing gradually.

Aboard the crew settles itself to work. Pilot at his controls, the navigator behind him at his small table, radio operator exchanging last signals with the base. In front the gunner handles his gun, and the rear gunner in the tail settles down to his vigil. Both must keep sharp eyes in case of enemy fighters, or even bombers near the British coast.

Little enough can any of the crew see. The plane is in darkness, only the instruments glow with their luminous paint, and the various gun and bomb controls gleam in subdued light.

Occasionally as they fly high over the earth and sea there may be a glimpse of water in the moonlight—if there is a moon—or that queer dim difference in darkness that tells of water below, even on dark nights. It is amazing how rivers and sea will reflect even the slight light of the sky, especially in summer, even though there be no moon.

One or two British searchlights stab the darkness and a coastal patrol vessel sweeps the sky as they leave the British coast. But only for a second. The navigator gives a quick signal with his Aldis lamp or drops the prearranged grouping of Very lights and the searchlights go out.

Soon the noise of the machine dies away from the land and the squadron are alone. Radio will keep them on the right track, directional radio in touch with the base, and a few glimpses of the stars which the navigator may get through the clouds. Higher and higher the machines roar. Soon clouds are left below and at 15,000 or more feet the sky is clear and navigation by stars becomes easy.

"Bit more east," suggests the navigator to the pilot, and the machine swings round slightly. "O.K. Let her go." Now even the pilot can take a certain amount of rest. With his automatic pilot set on the right course, and the navigator always checking at his table, he can sit back, hands off controls, and just watch the myriad dials in front of him.

Accurate running of every part of the machine is essential, so his relaxation cannot be complete, however. His dials tell him about the engines, their speed, their oil pressure, their petrol supply. Other instruments give information of the amount of drift of the machine, which drift, caused by side air currents, must be corrected frequently if true course is to be obtained. The temperature of the outer air is a necessary factor, so, of course, is height and air speed.

ONE of the most wonderful contraptions on the machine is the gyro compass. The normal magnetic compass cannot cope with sudden turns and twists of aeroplanes and is liable to be inaccurate. To obviate this machines are fitted with a directional gyro, which is a freely supported motor, spinning at high speed and therefore not upset by sudden changes in direction. It keeps the compass floating, as it were, in space, free from the torques of the machine.

An hour passes, two hours, the enemy boundaries have been passed. A few searchlights stab the darkness below the clouds—the crew of the bomber can see them as light patches through the mist.

Twenty thousand feet—pilot and gunners

Personal Hygiene for Health and Happiness

In a matter which so intimately concerns her well-being, mentally as well as physically, every woman should enjoy the happiness and confidence of being well-informed. Nurse Drew, in her free booklet "Hygiene for Women," deals satisfactorily with those intimate questions which in the past have been the cause of constant anxiety. Learn how easily and effectively Rendells Products can bring a change into your life and effect a new adjustment in line with modern conditions.

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FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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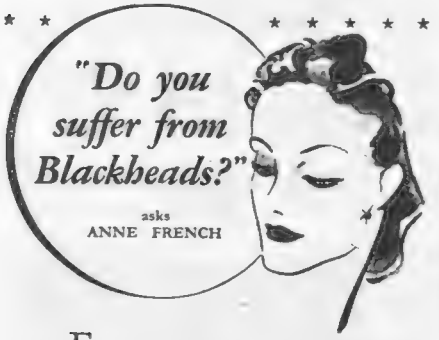

EVERY minute . . . . every second . . . . all day long tiny particles of dirt and dust in the air penetrate and lodge in the pores of your skin. It's these deep-embedded specks which start blackheads and skin blemishes. To prevent them you simply *must* see that your skin is *really* clean. Even soap and water don't penetrate right down into the pores; but my Cleansing Milk is so finely emulsified that it *really* does. Just pour a little Anne French Cleansing Milk on to a piece of cotton wool and wipe it over your face. You'll be *amazed* at the dirt that comes away on the pad. Every day you use Anne French Cleansing Milk you'll see your skin getting smooth, soft and radiantly clear.

Write to Anne French with your beauty query at the address below enclosing 6d. *in stamps for a trial bottle of her Cleansing Milk.*

Anne French
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Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free of all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time . . . it prevents red and roughened skin and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman. *Write for free Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty."*

Larola

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists and Stores or Post Free U.K. direct from
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

are now paying full attention to their work. The navigator has his eyes glued to the window of the bomb-aiming compartment. He is looking for tell-tale landmarks. Through a break in the clouds he spots a river with a bridge. Yes, that's the spot, right enough. Fifty miles from their destination.

Engines are switched off and the bomber begins a long glide towards its objective. No sense in warning Jerry more than you can help of your approach. For twenty to thirty miles they glide, the other machines following some distance behind, doing the same, but each operating as a separate unit.

German radio stations are switching off so that the radio operators of the planes shall not use them as sources from which to gain bearings.

Down through the clouds at last. Once more the navigator spots a landmark, dim though it is. Bit off the mark, but a slight turn of the machine brings them right again.

No use trying to hide one's presence now. The target is getting near. They must risk attack for the clouds have made it impossible to glide right overhead to attack silently. It has been necessary to come down a bit to make sure where they were.

Engines are switched on with a roar and the plane leaps forward. A few minutes and searchlights grope towards the sky. That one nearly had them, but they cannot be bothered about that. The objective is ahead and they are dead on their course.

The navigator is now ready at the bomb sights. He can see his target now. A hand is raised indicating a bit to the left, then steady. "Two hundred at 3,000," yells the pilot. He has given the speed and height of the machine.

Already the bomb aimer knows the speed of the wind, his sights are adjusted, then—the button is pressed and a couple of bombs hurtle down.

The machine lifts slightly as the weight is released. Searchlights flood the sky and anti-aircraft shells begin to burst round them. Below there is a thud and a detonation. As the machine sweeps past the target the rear gunner, spotting for hits, signals : "Short and to the left."

Down goes the nose of the plane as height is altered to mislead the gunners below and a turn is made to bring her back over the target. As she wheels she climbs again to 5,000 feet, and then, bearing down on the target again the pilot adjusts his first error. Perhaps a parachute flare is dropped to help light up the objective.

Crash ! A stick of bombs, some four or five of them straddle the target. The rear gunner signals a hit. And as the plane turns yet again he goes into action with a fighter that is diving down at them from behind.

Feinting a turn to the left the pilot of the bomber suddenly wheels round to the right, throwing the fighter off the track. The rear gunner is swung violently round at the end of the fuselage, but he is used to that sort of manoeuvre and merely braces himself as he pumps more lead at the fighter diving out of line past the tail of the machine.

The sky is now full of tracer shells, bullet and searchlights. And the bomber, still intent on its errand, comes across the target again, this time almost at right angles to the path previously traced.

A wonderful run, despite the fact that a bursting shell had tossed her in the air as it burst close to the starboard wing. The button is pressed again and the rest of the bombs crash down. With them go a score or more of incendiaries and soon it is inferno below.

The rear gunner is almost mad with delight. He signals another hit. The task is complete. All that remains is for the machine to get home.

By this time fires are lighting up the ground and the following bombers will have a more easy task—as regards finding the target. Unfortunately they will probably have a warmer reception from ground and air defences.

Suddenly the machine shudders, but the pilot has it in tight control and the manufacturers have seen to it that the construction can stand shell (*Continued on page* 80)

Happy Baby!
To keep Baby happy and contented and to ensure healthful sleep, use Cuticura Talcum *every day*. It prevents chafing and irritation and imparts a delightful refreshing fragrance to the skin. *Of all Chemists & Stores.* 198
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10/- WILL FEED ONE FOR 10 DAYS.
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Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 319 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

IS 'ACID SKIN' STEALING THE YEARS?

The ambition of every woman is to look young *always*. Don't let your skin 'let you down'. Give it a new chance with these two new delightful creams.

YOU know, of course, that 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' counteracts an internal acid condition. In exactly the same way Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams counteract acidity of the skin externally making your skin look younger and lovelier.

PHILLIPS' Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM. Here at last is the perfect way to get all the beneficial, beauty-giving action of 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' for your skin! This delightful cream smoothes away roughness, corrects oiliness and prepares your skin ideally for make-up and powder. And all the time the harsh, beauty-destroying effects of acid secretions are being soothed away by this remarkable cream, so that your skin is freed from blemishes, made velvety-smooth and delightfully clear in texture.

PHILLIPS' Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM. Liquefies instantly it touches the skin, seeping right into the pores. It cleanses more thoroughly because 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' not only removes acid waste but gathers up all impurities, including dust and make-up, in an emulsion which can be readily and easily wiped away.

Sample tubes of both creams sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp to cover postage and packing. Address: Clare Fenton, Proprietary Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 14M), 1, Warple Way, London, W.3.

From all Chemists and Stores 1/6 and 3/- a jar, new trial size 6d.

PHILLIPS' *Magnesia* CREAMS

NEW SIZE 6d.

TEXTURE CREAM CLEANSING CREAM

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

WHY REMAIN GREY?

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Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book.

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THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

The R.A.F. Have Attacked

bursts. Though a piece of wing has gone she is still airworthy and controllable.

At his radio the operator is sending a report home of the success of the raid and their position. The navigator has gone back to his navigating position. But both forward and rear gunners are in action.

The former has been plastering a searchlight and anti-aircraft unit on the ground and the latter is still blazing away at a couple of fighters on their tail.

FROM now on it is a game of hide and seek. The bomber, banking and turning, dives and twists to shake off the fighters and to prevent them getting a direct line attack on him. The rear gunner is preventing them from getting too close.

Suddenly he sees his tracer bullets plunge into the foremost fighter. The machine shudders, then wheels away and dives down out of the battle. Either it is disabled or winged. And the second fighter is unsighted for a moment by his fellow plane.

With a quick swoop upwards the bomber pilot makes for a bank of clouds, reaches them before the fighter can recover. For a time he will be followed, even in the clouds, for the German will hope either that he will break cover or that if he gets above the bomber searchlights below will show his shadow in the clouds and he will be able to attack.

But he is unlucky. The British pilot is equal to the occasion and he twists and doubles in the clouds to such purpose that all pursuit is shaken off.

"Home James," he calls to the navigator and sets his compass course for Britain.

For some time they fly on compass direction. Then, knowing they must have come out of the danger zone, they climb out of the clouds and set their course by the stars. The radio operator can now get to work again. A call to home is sent and he hears the direction signals of his base.

Soon now the bomber will be on the right course. The direction-finding aerials of the machine are set in motion and in a matter of a second or two the true bearing is obtained. Another bearing is taken from another radio station in Britain, and the exact position of the plane is plotted by the navigator. Henceforth the trip is going to be easy.

When over the sea the bomber drops down to 10,000 feet. A patrol boat challenges them again and receives the secret identity signal. And all the time as he watches stars and any landmarks, such as islands or coastline, the navigator corrects the pilot's course.

Dawn is not far distant now, and the increased light helps the tired crew to find their way through the sky. But the vigilance of both gunners is maintained, there is always the chance that enemy fighters may appear, or they may have the opportunity to put down an enemy bomber coming back from the British coast. Yes, that is the spirit—they have been through hell fire, and escaped with a damaged machine, but they are ready not only to defend themselves but to attack any machine they may come across.

At last the English coastline comes into view. A quick scan by pilot and navigator and familiar landmarks are picked up. Only twenty minutes or so, and they will be home. A call is made to their base announcing their return and ere long the machine is wheeling round the aerodrome awaiting permission to land.

That takes but a second or two and very soon the bomber is at rest on the tarmac once more.

For the last three-quarters of an hour, however, the aerodrome staff have been busy. The station commander stands near the blackboard in the operations room waiting for the signal that shall tell of the first machines' return.

On the blackboard is a list of the machines that have gone, their time of departure, any signals they have radioed during their attack, such as that from the bomber we have accompanied, and an empty column into which the bomber's number will be inserted as soon as it returns. (*Continued on page* 82)

Meat for two, does for three

WHEN YOU COOK IT IN PHOENIX

CARRY ON, CASSEROLES! What a boon they were in the last war, and how this splendid economical method of cooking has advanced with the coming of Phoenix, the clear oven glass. The level, even heat obtained inside a Phoenix dish causes less meat shrinkage than by any other way. Every drop of goodness is conserved. Every ounce of meat goes further. Housewives wanting to prepare a satisfying hot meal for a houseful of hungry young people, find it can be done most economically 'en casserole' in Phoenix. Remember also that you can dish up in smart Phoenix dishes, straight from the oven piping hot to the table—so Phoenix saves a lot of washing up!

NEW CASSEROLE COOKERY BOOK — *FREE*

Phoenix have just brought out a new edition of their special cookery book "Casserole Cookery". Full of practical recipes for wartime. It is published at 6d., but readers of this paper are entitled to a FREE copy. Send a postcard to-day to Dept. B, Phoenix Works, Bilston, Staffs.

CLEAR and stays CLEAR

Phoenix never gets dull or yellow. Cooking stains come away easily from a Phoenix dish, leaving it shining and transparent. Housewives praise the smooth, clever shapes designed by Elizabeth Craig to slip snugly into the oven.

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Keep that happy expression

When the problems of the day seem beyond you, light up a "Player". In the enjoyment of its fragrant aroma difficulties become less formidable, and composure is restored. Remember at all times that happy expression "Player's Please".

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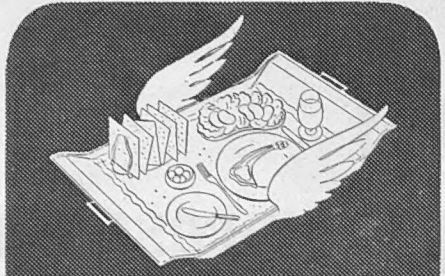

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A stomach loaded with starch means a mind heavy with nervous fears. Now, when everyone needs ironclad nerves, thousands of men and women are finding that a lightweight meal, with very little starch, has an astonishing effect on their nerves. Vita-Weat is the perfect all-British crispbread—crunchy, featherweight, containing the compressed essence of the whole, sun-ripened wheat. Try Vita-Weat for breakfast with fruit and coffee. Try it with salads. Try it with savoury spreads.

Vita-Weat springs from British soil and it builds British nerves

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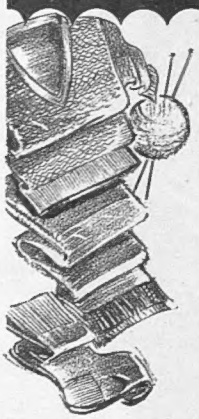

The Nation's wealth is in its raw materials, and in wartime it is essential that every one of us makes the most of the raw materials available.

Wool is, of course, a vital necessity for the conduct of the war, and you will appreciate that it may not always be possible for us to supply the exact quality and shade you may require, therefore we urge you to order your W.B. Good Wool in advance. Order the whole amount necessary to complete a garment at one time to avoid disappointment in matching the shade later, and only knit those comforts for your friends in the Services and the woollies that you really need for this Autumn and Winter. Many excellent ideas for economical garments are available in W.B. Instruction Leaflets. Ask to see a complete range at your wool shop, or write for details to: Penelope of Wm. Briggs & Co. Ltd., (Dept. 78), 34, Cannon Street, Manchester, 4.

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McCALLUM DYED

J.W.P.102.W.B.

The phone rings. "Aircraft T coming in." The control room has picked up her radio. "Aircraft Y coming in." "Aircraft L coming in," and so on as the machines come back one by one.

And on to the board go the numbers as soon as they actually land.

Out on the field the ambulance is drawn up in case of accident, and plane K has reported by radio an air gunner wounded. The doctor stands by the side, and not far away is the ever vigilant fire engine.

Some excitement is caused by the report that aircraft F has its landing gear out of action. She cannot let down her wheels. Radio is busy asking her what petrol she has left. "Plenty? Good. Stay around for a time till the light is better."

The machine obediently flies round and round for a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile conversation with the pilot is going on. Can he land? Bit risky? Right, suggest crew bale out.

GUNNERS and radio operator come down by parachute. Eventually the navigator is persuaded to take the same form of landing, though he is loath to leave the pilot to face the landing of the machine. For that individual has flatly refused to jettison the machine by baling out himself.

"Think I can do it," he has sent in the last radio. The fire engine and the ambulance stand ready as the machine comes down. Slowly gliding till it is close to the ground. Then, with sudden pull on the stick the machine stalls and pancakes to the ground. A wonderful piece of work; slight damage is done but nothing serious and the bomber remains on an even keel.

What of the crews? As they land they go into the operations room where the station commander hears their story in brief. "Good work." He says little. There is not much to say, for these fellows are at this work day after day. It is commonplace to them.

The intelligence officer comes along and each man tells him everything about the raid. As they sip cups of tea they describe every minute point so that the information can be sifted and duly weighed by headquarters.

AS the men go off to breakfast and a sleep they make arrangements to meet again —unless there is a strafe on—the next evening at a dance, or some entertainment. Two of them get into cars and drive out of the airfield to their homes. They are living with their wives in an adjacent town.

And in the aerodrome the armourers and fitters, engineers and signals branches are already hard at work on the machines. Damaged wings must be repaired. That under carriage must be removed. Radio installations must be checked up. Guns cleaned, oiled and made ready for reloading.

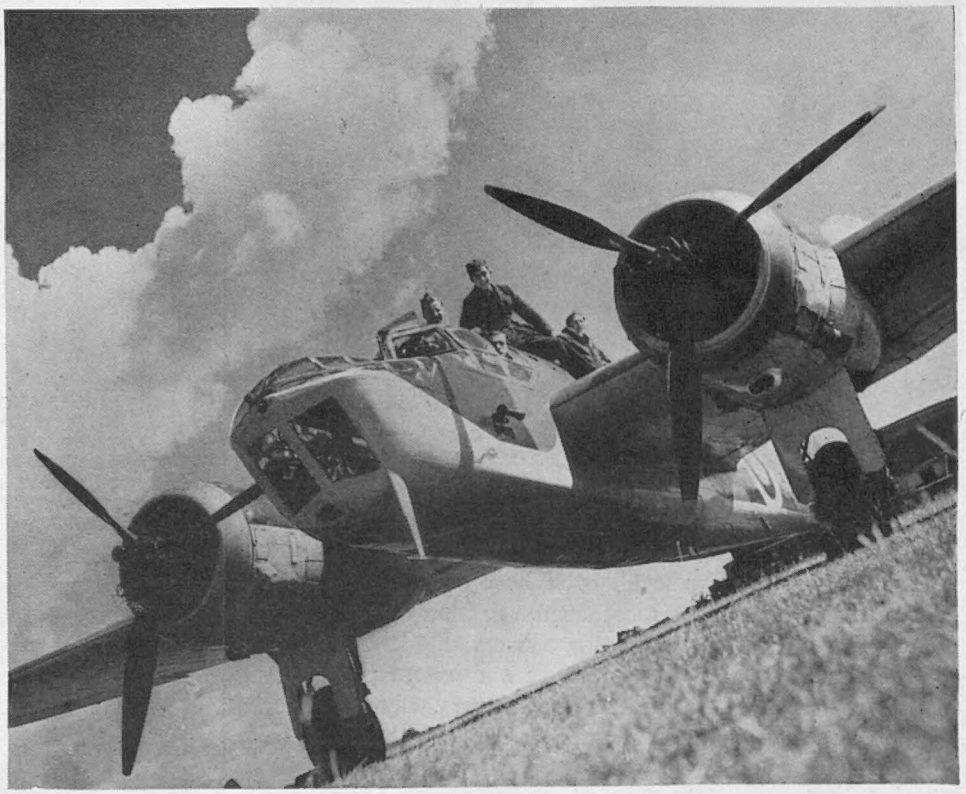
Bomb racks must be serviced and the engine themselves need the regular overhaul they always get after each expedition. "All our machines returned safely" will be the report. They did, and they are being made ready for another raid in which human skill will surely play once more as high a part in making that return safe.

Britain does not waste her machines by skimpy workmanship. Her planes are always in perfect order. We have good pilots and air crews. They cannot be let down by inferior planes or unreliable workmanship. That is why our planes return so often without serious damage. For it takes extremely hard blows to disable a British plane.

And on the broadcast news the next night the public will hear the oft-repeated phrase: "The R.A.F. Have Attacked. . . ." Yes, they have attacked. And they have returned . . . safely.

END

The R.A.F. Have Attacked



An R.A.F. bomber all ready to set off on a raid. At various times during the day and night the bombers of the R.A.F. are leaving their bases in Britain for raids on military objects in enemy territory, where despite intense anti-aircraft fire and the enemy fighter planes, they manage to drop their bombs on their target and return safely to their bases

1.10.40

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

GROW fit not fat on your war diet! Make full use of the fruit and vegetables in season. Cut out "extras"; cut out waste; don't eat more than you need. You'll save yourself money; you'll save valuable cargo space which is needed for munitions; and you'll feel fitter than you ever felt before.

PLAN YOUR MEALS THE 4 GROUP WAY

Choose something from each of these four food groups every day. Remember that the cheaper *energy foods* such as potatoes and bread give more energy than meat; that green vegetables and salads are among the best *protective foods;* that milk is the best of the *body builders* and also a valuable *protective food.*

BODY BUILDING FOODS	ENERGY FOODS	PROTECTIVE FOODS	
		(A)	(B)
Milk Cheese Eggs Meat Fish	Potatoes Bread Flour Oatmeal Rice Sago Sugar Dried Fruit Honey Cheese Butter Margarine Dripping Suet Lard Bacon Ham	Milk Butter Margarine Cheese Eggs Herrings *(fresh, canned or salt)* Salmon *(fresh or canned)* Liver	Potatoes Carrots Fruit *(fresh or canned, but not dried)* Green Vegetables *(fresh or canned, but not dried)* Salads Tomatoes Wholemeal Bread Brown Bread

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2'7

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3'4

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